A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION MAY 1978 \$2.25

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!

THE POLITICS OF TORTURE

TV LIES TO AMERICA

HOW TO WIN AT THE RACES

AUSTRALIA \$4.15/BELGIE 200 FRS/FRANCE 28 FF/ITALIA 3300 LIRE/UNITED KINGDOM 2.3 POUNDS

Make the 1979 Super Bowl your pot of gold by entering the LARRY FLYNT \$1 MILLION GIVEAWAY! Twenty lucky contestants will share \$1,000,000 in cash: a Grand Prize of \$500,000, nine consolation prizes of \$50,000 each and ten Stay-At-Home prizes of \$5,000 each. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO SUBSCRIBE. See rules below.

945	end to: LARRY FLYNT GIVE	AWAY • I	, O	. Box	1650	6 • C	olumb	ous, O	nio 4	3216		
Please Print	Date						DE	171	-6			
N			5				PH	IZE	:5			
Name				GRA	ND I	PRIZ	E			\$5	00,0	000
Address				9 Pri	zes	of \$5	50,00	00 ea	ach		50,0	
				10 P	rizes	s of S	\$5,00	00 ea	ach		50,0	
City, State, Zip				TOT			A-50-00 8 15-05-			\$1,0	00,0	000
Signature	Phor	ne number										
Place this coupon for draw	ving in bin number (circ	le one)	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	OFFICIA	L RULES	3									
Those coupons containing subscript preference in the LARRY FLYNT \$1 MILLI equal chance of winning. NO PURCHASE i 2. To participate in the random drawing, co obtained elsewhere, or on a plain 3" x 5".	ON GIVEAWAY. All entries have an NECESSARY. mplete the above entry blank, or one	last digit (C) the score is 9 (the winn 6. All prize residents (13-i er di s tota	6 (for a to rawn froi aling \$1	otal of 1 m bin 9 million	9), the (), will be	GRAND awarde	PRIZE V	VINNE giveaw	R would ay is ope	be numb en to ad	ber Jult

- code and telephone number, and indicate a number 0 through 9.
- 3. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight November 30, 1978, and received by midnight December 11, 1978, to be eligible for the 20 drawings to be made, two from each bin, on December 12, 1978. The first ten entries drawn will each receive a minimum prize of \$50,000 cash, to be awarded following the 1979 Super Bowl in Miami, Florida. Another \$50,000 in prizes will be awarded to ten entrants, each receiving \$5,000 cash in a drawing to be held one hour following the drawing for the ten final winners
- 4. Each of the first ten winners will be provided an all-expenses paid trip for two to Miami for the 1979 Super Bowl as a guest of Larry Flynt Publications. The ten winners or persons designated by said winners must be in attendance at the
- 5. The score of the 1979 Super Bowl will determine which of the ten winners will receive the \$500,000 cash prize. Each of the remaining nine winners will receive \$50,000 cash. The scores of the winning and losing teams will be added and the
- families, of Larry Flynt Publications and of its licensees, printers and advertising agencies. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the winners. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.
- 7. In the event a prize is disclaimed, or remains unclaimed for over one year, said prize will be awarded to an organization or organizations holding an exemption under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, said organization or organizations to be selected by Larry Flynt at his sole discretion.

 8. Entries are to be mailed to Larry Flynt \$1 Million Giveaway, P.O. Box 16506,
- Columbus, Ohio 43216. A list of the 20 prize-winners may be obtained following the drawings by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the same address.
- 9. Enter as often as you wish, but submit only one entry per envelope. The odds of winning a prize will be determined by the number of entries received for each of the numbers 0 through 9.

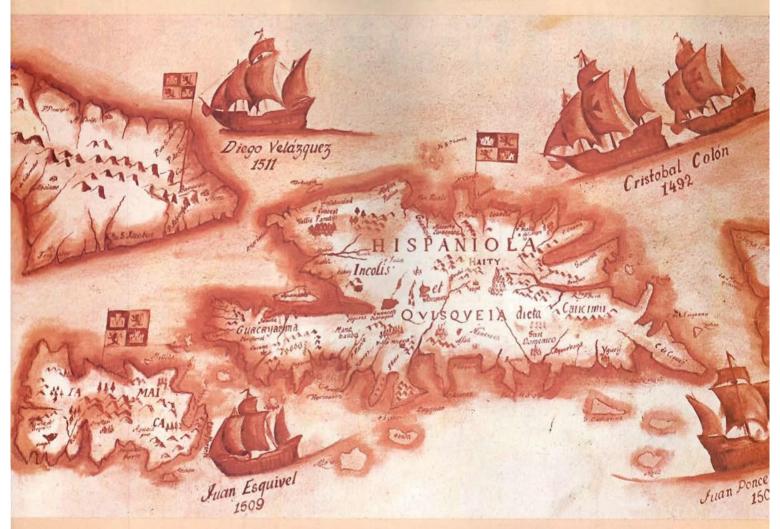
You can win up to \$500,000 in the = = = =

would like to take this opportunity to do so.		Enter my subscription for:
Please Print	HG578	HUSTLER □ 1 year @ \$22,
Name		□ 2 years @ \$42 □ 3 years @ \$6
		CHIC □ 1 year @ \$22
Address	20	□ 2 years @ \$42 □ 3 years @ \$6
City, State, Zip		☐ 2 years @ \$42 ☐ 3 years @ \$6 (Add \$6 per year for foreign orders
September 1991 100 Marie 1		

Signature, Date

ALL MAGAZINES DELIVERED IN UNMARKED WRAPPERS.

COLUMBUS LANDED ON HISPANOLA ON DEC. 5th, 1492 HE LIKED IT SO MUCH HE STAYED FOR 486 YEARS



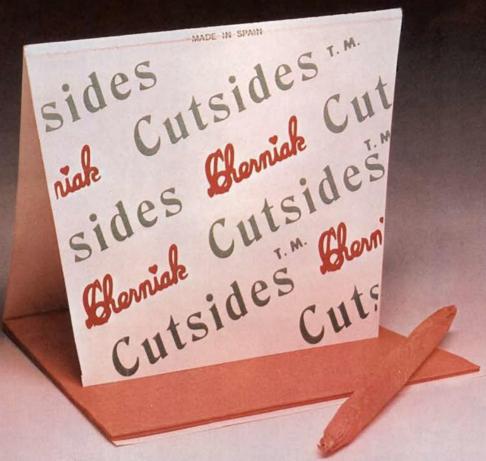
Show your lady this map. Ask her if she'd like to spend seven nights on the tropical island to end all tropical islands. Miles of sandy beaches—casino gambling—cockfights—horseback riding—lobster dinners—snorkling—deep sea fishing—amber and gold mines—the oldest buildings in America—dancing—and the wildest nightlife in the Caribbean. And she won't have to hock her jewels to take you there…less than \$265. per person including airfare, first class hotel, all the booze you can drink, continental breakfast, and tours of the old city. Call us at 800-221-8466 toll free or in New York State 212-877-1781 and arrange your week in The Dominican Republic.

If she says no, tell her you're going to visit your cousin in The Dominican Republic...for Spanish lessons.

If she still says no, CALL US at 800-221-8466 and we'll think of something.
"THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS" by HENRICO CANO TOURS, INC. 29 West 64th Street

New York, N.Y. 10023

The shape you'll never forget. (It's trapezoidal)



There has never been a rolling paper like Cherniak Cutsides. The trapezoidal shape wasn't designed just for looks, it makes rolling so simple, it's actually fun.

The no-loss paper for the people who don't want the inconvenience of using a

But that's not all the trapezoidal shape does. It automatically seals in your blend with no spill. That's right, no spill, and that means no waste.

And once you've rolled it, you'll notice how

quickly it starts. That's because of it's unique flaring edge.

You can get Cutsides in four deliciously shaped flavors: Strawberry, Rice, Linen and Wheat.

But if you send us \$1. and a stamped selfaddressed envelope, we'll send you a sample of four packets of Cutsides. So that you may test-fly this technological breakthrough in rolling papers.

Once you try it, we're sure you'll never forget the shape or the name.

Cutsides

The no-loss cigarette paper.

HUSTLER

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

9 FEEDBACK

WORLD NEWS ROUNDUP

17 ADVISE & CONSENT

21

BITS & PIECES

Tampon Jewelry, Deadly Prose and Sexy Stamps

31 X-RATED REVIEWS

37

SEX PRACTICES

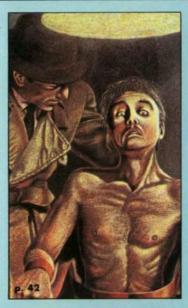
Losing Virginity: A Female Point of View by Suzanne Felzen

40
MOTHERHOOD:
CELEBRATION
OF LIFE

TORTURE:
YOU'LL TELL
THEM ANYTHING
Political Persuasion
by Malcolm Braly

45 SARA Swede Surrender

PROFILE: CHUCK BADONE Professor of Horseplaying by Rob Fleder











MAY 1978 VOLUME 4 NUMBER 11

CENTERFOLD:
ARLENE
Love in the Past Tense

70 HUSTLER HUMOR

72

TV CENSORSHIP Video Voids by Jonathan Black

GRAVE UNDERTAKINGS Cartoons by George Trosley

82
BELLE OF THE BALL
Southern Shuffle

AN AFFAIR OF VERY LITTLE IMPORTANCE Ins and Outs of Love Fiction by Charles Bukowski

96 KELI Spontaneous Combustion

105
BEAVER HUNT
America Bares All

113
KINKY KORNER
Wayward Wife
by Pat Franklin

HONEY
Buttering Up to God
by Mike Toohey
and Fred Fernandez

122 MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK



Larry Flynt knows a winner when he publishes one.

Larry Flynt tends to have a knack for knowing what his readers want. That's why Larry was so obsessed with publishing THE ADVENTURES OF HONEY HOOKER and HUSTLER REJECTS.

THE ADVENTURES OF HONEY HOOKER is an anthology of HUSTLER's very own resident harpy. This 112-page full-color collection proves that our Honey has quite a few tricks up her sleeve. Included in this package is a never-before-published episode of Honey's explicit escapades.

There's no need to suspect when you buy HUSTLER REJECTS that you're settling for sloppy seconds. Larry felt that with all the outstanding girl features he gives you each month, it would only be fair that we open our photo files and show you what it takes for a girl set to be rejected.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS

P.O. Box 2206 . Columbus, Ohio 43216

Name						
Address						
City, State, Zip						
inclosed is my - che	ck money order (cast	h not accep	ted), or ch	arge to my	VISA	O MC
	Interbank No.			Exp. Date		
	Interbank No.			Exp. Date	mo.	year
Signature, Date	Interbank No.				mo.	year
Signature, Date	Interbank No.	011		Exp. Date Subtot	mo.	year

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered.

HUSTLER REJECTS (#6415) @ \$2.95

Postage, handling and insurance

1.25

TOTAL \$_

THE WHOLE WORLD

LARRY C. FLYNT ALTHEA FLYNT

PAUL KRASSNER

JEAN-LOUIS GINIBRE

BRUCE DAVID

TIM CONAWAY BILL NIRENBERG JIM HEINISCH

EDITORIAL

JOHN CALENDO	Senior Editor
ZBIGNIEW KINDELA	Articles Editor
JERRY STAHL	Bits & Pieces Editor
MICHAEL SHEETER MICHAEL TOOHEY	Associate Editors
BRUCE NETHERCUT	Assistant Editor
SUSAN TINSLEY	Humor & Cartoon Editor
N. MORGEN HAGEN	Copy Editor
RICK OSTRANDER	Assistant Copy Editor
VICKI SCOTT	Research Editor
PATRICIA RYAN	Production Editor
MARK BAKER	East Coast Editor
LISA DOERMANN PAMELA EARLY JOHN FERGUSON JONATHAN KING CHRISTINA LOPICCOLO TIM ROBERTSON KEVIN SHERIDAN MONICA WEBB	Editorial Assistants

ART

RALPH FOWLER BRUCE KENNEDY TOM MARTIN	
JOSEPH BROWN	

Associate Art Directors

PAUL CHANG JOHN DE DOMINIC OLIVER PATRICH JOEL ROTHBERG

Assistant Art Directors

MAGGI CARNI MARY DAVIS HUNT

Art Assistant

PHOTOGRAPHY

FRANK DeLIA	Photo Editor
ROB DeMARCO	Assistant Photo Editor
MARSHA RIDER	Talent Coordinator
JAMES BAES CLIVE MCLEAN SUZE RANDALL	Contributing Photographers
PATRICIA FERRY	Stylist

PRODUCTION AL FAER Vice-President, Production DON PERKEY

HARVEY SHAPIRO JACK SHARP

JIM KOHLS

JOANN FAIRCHILD
Public and Trade Relations Director

HUSTLER Magazine is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC., 40 West Gay Street. Columbus. Ohio 43215. Editorial offices: 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Las Angeles, Colifornia 90067. Copyright © 1978 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC. Return postage. Copyright © 1978 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC. Return postage must occompany all manuscripts, drowings photographs, etc. if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicated materials. All rights to letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as succonditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as solpect to HUSTLER's right to edit and to comment editionally. All rights reserved on entire contents, nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in furtion in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photos have been posed by professional models except as otherwise nated. Neither said photos, nor the words describing them, are meant to depict the models, actual conduct, statements or personalities. HUSTLER MAY 1978 VOL. 4 NO. 11.

U.S. subscriptions 322 for one year: Foreign \$28.

HUSTLER MAY 1978 VOL. 4 NO. 1)
U.S. subscriptions \$22 for one year. Foreign \$28.
Direct subscription correspondence to HUSTLER Magazin
40. West Gay Street. Columbus. Ohio. 43215.
Second-class postage gold of Columbus. Ohio. and at
additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A.



Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



A Tale of Two Yippies

New York magazine has called me a "left-leaning satirist." I don't know what that means. I've never even read Marx or Lenin. When I hear those names, I think of Groucho and John.

People magazine has referred to me as a "onetime Yippie leader." All I did was invent a myth for a certain spirit that already existed in countless individuals during the '60s. That spirit was no less than the second coming of the Declaration of Independence.

Our culture was our politics. Our rhetoric demanded fucking in the streets. We were a pelvic movement. This truly threatened a government of professional prudes who preferred citizens to act like mechanical robots.

Every Yippie was a Yippie leader, but Abbie Hoffman was a Yippie leader's Yippie leader. His public image became so distorted that if he hadn't been such a close friend of mine, I would have thought the media were reporting on somebody else.

Abbie was a student of religion. Once he asked the instructor of a Bible course, "How come Christ says, 'Forgive them for they know not what they do,' but another time he complains to God, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?'"

The professor explained, "Well, you have to understand, it took a lot of different guys to sit down and write all that stuff."

Abbie has continued to educate him-

Book. While researching material for a. chapter on drugs in Son of Steal This Book, he got caught introducing a seller of cocaine to a buyer of cocaine. Both turned out to be undercover cops. There was also evidence of illegal wiretapping, which led to this entrapment.

It has been five years since he decided to jump bail, change his identity and survive underground. Abbie and I finally had a secret reunion right in the middle of hundreds of thousands of other Americans crowding the streets of Washington, D.C., for Jimmy Carter's inauguration.

But we shouldn't have to go on meeting like that.

Jerome Washington was the first black Yippie leader. Five years ago he was framed on a murder rap. Unlike Abbie, he decided to trust the court system. He was found guilty and sentenced to a term of 15 years to life at the al Facility in upstate New York.

Besides writing short stories and plays while behind bars, Jerome founded the Auburn Collective newspaper and has received several awards from the American Penal Press Contest, the prison world's equivalent of a Pulitzer Prize for journalism.

His editorial policy has been: "If peoself-and others-by writing history as ple are looking to us for the truth, our

well as living it: Revolution for the Hell of facts must be reliable. Every piece of It: Woodstock Nation; and Steal This information we print must be verified ahead of time by two different sources. The readers can then form their own opinions based on these facts."

> Jerome's case was recently heard on appeal. However, the minutes of his pretrial hearing were lost, and the district attorney couldn't find the police officer's notes that had been used to convict the defendant in the first place. Despite the lack of this evidence, the appeals court denied his request for freedom.

> "I just can't understand," Jerome writes, "how they could rule on something that they have never seen. This has my lawyers and everyone who went to the hearing upset and down as much as it has me.

> "But I will recover. I have to. No one can endure for me. No one can be strong for me. Faith can be an absolute trap, but I have nothing else to cling to. Knowing Abbie taught me to survive."

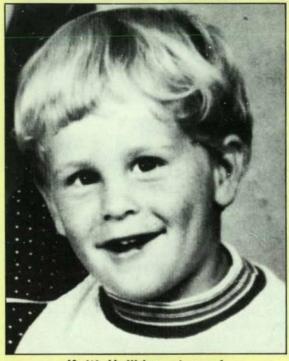
A decade ago Abbie Hoffman and maximum-security Auburn Correction- Jerome Washington served as contemporary Paul Reveres, warning us all about the dangerous escalation of war in Vietnam and Chicago alike. Now the time has come for the authorities to drop the trumped-up charges against these two men.

> They ought to be welcomed home as heroes, not hidden away as fugitives.

Let us not forsake them.

-Paul Krassner

HAYE YOU SEEN THIS LITTLE BOY?



Keith Holliday, at age 4

Keith Holliday has been missing from his home in Alexandria, Kentucky, since December 21, 1977. Keith is 5 years old, has blond hair and blue eyes. He is 4 feet tall and weighs 45 pounds. He was last seen wearing his old blue coat with white paint stains, blue jeans, blue ski mask, multicolored gloves and brown leather boots.

\$20,000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION

A reward of \$20,000 is hereby offered for information leading to the apprehension, arrest and conviction of the person or persons responsible for the criminal

abduction of Keith Holliday. Such reward will be paid by Larry Flynt Publications upon conviction of those involved. Contact your local police or FBI office.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE.

ur special Mother's Day cover was drawn for HUSTLER by a frequent art-contributor, ALEX EBEL. His fine touch with a brush was last seen in our March issue, when we featured his nowfamous cunt portraits in HUSTLER'S EROTIC BEAVER GUIDE. In the accompanying cover story, photographed by JAMES BAES, our model celebrates the natural beauty of woman in one of her most joyful and elemental states: pregnancy.

This issue also contains a few things Mom never told you about-political torture, for instance. HUSTLER wants its readers to know about the brutal political realities of today's world. In TORTURE: YOU'LL TELL THEM ANYTHING, author MALCOLM

BRALY gives us a disturbing country-by-country look at the widespread use of painful persuasion.

Braly was horrified by his discoveries, but he was hardly surprised. "Anyone who's been to prison," he told us, "knows how regularly authority is abused, even in this country." He's a former San Quentin inmate, and the film version of one of his prison novels, On the Yard, is scheduled for release this fall. GENE WILKES executed the accompanying art. His work, by the way, has now appeared in the last three issues of HUSTLER.

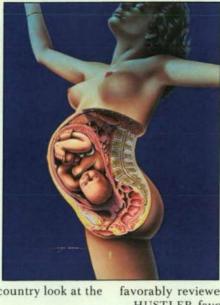
Closer to home, JONATHAN BLACK looks at TV censorship in THE SCREENING OF AMERICA. Though Black, a veteran of the Village Voice and New Times, encountered "considerable hostility" when questioning the closemouthed network censors, his investigative ingenuity turned up the top-secret memos that provide the raw material for this fascinating expose. The companion illustration is by self-proclaimed "airbrush fanatic" ANDY LACKOW.

Charles Bukowski





Rob Fleder



The Daily Racing Form and \$2 are the only raw materials needed to appreciate ace handicapper CHUCK BADONE. He's the subject of our profile by a new HUSTLER contributor, ROB FLEDER, a free-lance sportswriter who's not a total stranger to the track. "I have gambling blood," he explains. "If I'm not betting on football, then I'm betting on the stock market or on how far I can piss." Several HUSTLER editors have already issued their challenges.

AN AFFAIR OF VERY LITTLE IMPORTANCE is the love-labor of frequent contributor CHARLES BU-KOWSKI and is accompanied by another beautiful artwork by this month's cover-illustrator, ALEX EBEL. Bukowski, the well-known low-life raconteur, is also a poet who has been

favorably reviewed by the New York Times.

HUSTLER favorite GEORGE TROSLEY has been sending us so many excellent cartoons in the last year and a half that we asked him to do a feature. The result: his tongue-incrypt look at funerals, GRAVE UNDERTAKINGS.

Initiating our previously announced editorial changes, SEX PRACTICES expands Sex Play to encompass global sexual mores. This month's column features HUSTLER firsttimer SUZANNE FELZEN, a teacher-turned-model, who sheds few tears over LOSING VIRGINITY.

This month also marks a turning point for HONEY HOOKER. She is now simply HONEY, as she leaves the world's oldest profession for new personal and spiritual discoveries-like HUSTLER itself. You'll be seeing other new developments in the coming months.

That's a heavy lineup for the merry month of May. But if you eat your spinach (the way Mom would want), your eyes won't pop out when you turn to the centerfold.



Jonathan Black



Andy Lackow



Malcolm Braly



"The better to please you with, my dear."

"You're not Grandma!" exclaimed Red. "You're a big, bad wolf that's gonna eat me."
"Not this time, Red. Tonight's main course is a Love Kit from LEASURE TIME."

These three Love Kits contain an array of quality-crafted sex aids designed to leave any story with a happy ending. Each of our kits includes a 7" cordless vibrator and 6" french tickler sleeve, which, when used together, will tickle her pink. In addition, each kit features a unique 8" vibrator extension, individually styled to fulfill all your sexual needs.

So sink your teeth into the Midnight Special (#1828), Anal Intruder (#1829) or Sensual Encounter (#1830)—batteries included.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS O. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216	Please Print HUS	578D
Please send:	Name	
#1828 @ \$19.95	Address	
#1829 @ \$19.95 #1830 @ \$19.95	City, State, Zip Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not acceptor charge to my □ VISA □ MC:	pted)
Subtotal \$		T
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax Postage, handling and insurance 2.00	Interbank No. Exp. Date	
Postage, handling and insurance 2.00	mo.	year

days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.



PEEDBACK

Hot for Honeys: The photo-spread Jungle Jill: Bush Baby (March) was superb. Let's have more photos of hairy women.

James Gesell Belleair Bluffs, Florida

I want to thank you for your Angel: Spreading Her Wings pictorial (March). She's one of the classiest chicks I've ever laid my horny eyes on.

> Richard Kraner Brookline, Massachusetts

What does the model on the cover of your November 1977 issue really look like underneath that scarecrow costume?

Ted Sterns Williamsville, New York

Cover girl Debra was featured in an October 1977 photo-spread. This shot, an outtake from the shooting, shows her face.

Youthful Heroics: Apparently, Mr. Richard "Racehorse" Haynes (Profile, March) not only succeeds in pulling the wool over juries' eyes, but also succeeded in doing it to your editorial staff, which praised him for alleged bravery during the fighting on Iwo Jima during World War II. You gave Haynes's age as 47. Even if the article had been written in 1977, his year of birth would be 1930.

On page 104 you stated that he "later won the Navy Cross for saving the lives of two Marines on Iwo Jima." World War II ended in September 1945, and the fighting on the island took place long before then. A quick mathematical computation indicates that his alleged heroics were accomplished at age 15, or possibly earlier during his life.

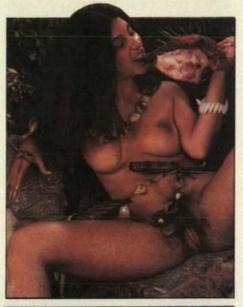
Emil M. Stranz Redondo Beach, California

Regrettably, this typographical error slipped by us during our transition from Columbus to Los Angeles. When the article went to press, Haynes was 49. It's inexcusable and we apologize.

"Chosen" Comments: John Eskow's article The Chosen Few (March) contains the premise that Scientology is other than a bona fide religion; this is patently false. Such editorial irresponsibility degrades your reputation for integrity as well as the potential for responsibility that HUSTLER might develop were its editorial staff to eschew the promotion of lies. I suggest you publish an acknowledgment of the true religious status of the Church of Scientology.

James P. Higgins Los Angeles, California

Because Scientology brings religion to its followers through mechanical means (specifically, the E-meter), the author found he could not call Scientology a religion in the traditional sense







of the word. But this doesn't mean it can't be a vehicle for spiritual growth.

I read your article on Scientology and feel that you have presented the subject matter in an unfavorable and very distorted way. There are many incorrect things in the article—in fact, most of it is quite inaccurate. I feel it is unfortunate that the author didn't even bother to inform himself about the subject before attempting to expound on it.

Myrna Dwyer Los Angeles, California

Our writers are professional and responsible, and our research department is one of the best in the field. We stand behind the information in our articles.

As a reader of HUSTLER and also one who has been involved in Scientology, I feel that John Eskow's article was misleading by implication.

Scientology, according to my own experience, builds an individual's health and strengthens the mind. By no means at all should it be equated with the other religions discussed in the article. As a nonfanatic, I found humor in Eskow's outlook. But there are a lot of good, freethinking people in this organization, and to make them sound like a bunch of Moonies really pisses me off.

The icing on the cake was the cheap-shot reference to the fact that "Charlie Manson was a part-time adherent." We all know that people with problems are attracted to many things for help. But Charlie was no more a Scientologist than he was a pharmacist—and he did dispense a lot of drugs too.

Name and Address Withheld by Request

Bluenose Blues: I have just read John Henry Faulk's article *The Law Can't Save Us* (February), and I want to say that Anita Bryant has got a lot to learn from that 86-year-old rancher. Self-righteous idiots like her are worried that our young people may read about or watch the simple act of love being performed; yet a day doesn't go by without a mugging, knifing, shooting or raping. Let some young person try and read about his or her own natural instincts (love and sex), and he or she is either degraded or jailed because people like Anita Bryant scream "porn."

Bullshit!

Kenneth A. Richardson Pacific, Missouri

You have a very terrible, filthy pornographic magazine. Please stop publishing it. This nation is being returned to godliness at the end of the world, which is now, you fools! You fools!

Mary Humphrey Williams Hastings, Michigan

FEEDBACK

Congratulations, Larry, on finding God and on moving to Los Angeles. They are related events. I am closer to God here in L.A. than I was ten months ago in Boston—and warmer too.

P. M. Jones Los Angeles, California

As a vegetarian, I can appreciate the January Bits & Pieces item "Pigskin Preview." Animal slavery and slaughter can't be included in a genuine concept of decency. Real pornography is what most people have on their dinner plate.

Larry T. Wear San Antonio, Texas

Although I think your magazine is as tasteless as a pound of snail shit, I like the way you tell it like it is.

Name Withheld by Request Long Beach, California

Die Laughing: I enjoy HUSTLER Magazine and was thinking of subscribing to it until I saw the cartoon by Quinn on page 77 of your February issue. Elvis was such a super person! Why this? You can cut down anyone you want to, but you will never degrade "The King."

Shirley Gannott Marshall, Minnesota

I have a complete collection of your magazine, but I will never buy another copy. I am not a big Elvis fan, but I feel that Quinn's cartoon went too far.

Ralph Buller Houston, Texas

Your Elvis cartoon was in very bad taste. If you had to print it, it should have been the Most Tasteless Cartoon. I'm afraid this cartoon will cost you some readers, since it concerned not a black or a cripple, but a part of our history.

Terry G. Hembree Grove, Oklahoma

All in all, I really enjoy your magazine, especially the jokes and cartoons. But your February issue touched a tender spot with your nauseating cartoon about "The King." Colonel Tom Parker (Elvis's manager) doesn't much matter, but Elvis all strung up! Don't you have any respect for the dead?

Mrs. Jo Morgan Houston, Texas

That was the point of the cartoon: the shameless exploitation of a celebrity after his death.

I understand that a cartoonist's job is to make people laugh. However, I found it very difficult to laugh at Dwaine B. Tinsley's Humorous Look at Rats (February). Rats are no topic from which humor can be extracted. Small children often die from the infectious diseases carried by these rodents. Do you consider the death of a child funny?

Another aspect of the cartoons that I found most unpleasant was the fact that Tinsley strongly associated the filthy rat with the black family. He did not even bother to leave out food stamps or the switchblade. Anyone who enjoyed Tinsley's Rats is scum, just like the rat itself.

Gregory T. Ashe Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Why did four out of Dwaine B. Tinsley's eight rat cartoons involve black people? Is it because black people come in contact with more rats than any other race?

Carrington Smith Newark, New Jersey

Dwaine B. Tinsley reports that because he has lived in the streets, he feels a close association with the plight of the urban black, who—as a result of racism—is forced to live in rat-infested inner-city ghettos. That was the point he made in his cartoons.

Aboriginal Sin: I wish to express my deepest thanks for your timely and well-written article The State of the Indian Nation (January). As a medic, I was one of the many people who occupied Wounded Knee in 1973. And I have seen much violence directed at those who work to change conditions for the red man. HUSTLER Magazine seems to be the only voice, outside of leftwing and native-American publications, speaking out against what the government is doing in the name of all non-Indians.

Ron "Leading Eagle" Rosen Denver, Colorado

Charles Raisch's report on the Indian Nation gets an "F" for ignoring the state of Alaska's native Americans. Knock, knock! Is there anybody home down there? Hello! Hello! Hello!

> T. Herlinger Petersburg, Alaska

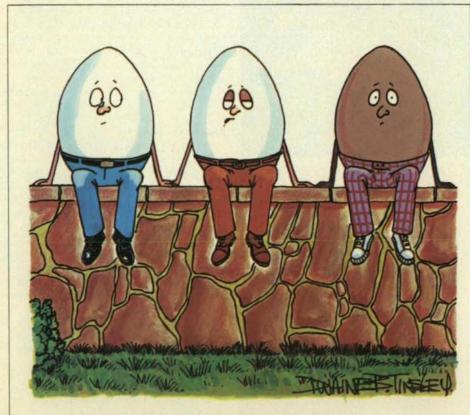
True, there are a lot of Indians living in ghettos, but what about those who aren't? There are a lot of different tribes in Oklahoma that are still living and maintaining ancient tribal traditions. Why didn't you include Oklahoma in your study?

Michael Smith Great Falls, Montana

A detailed account of the state of the Indian Nation would fill several volumes. We tried to give our readers as accurate and concise a report as space permitted.

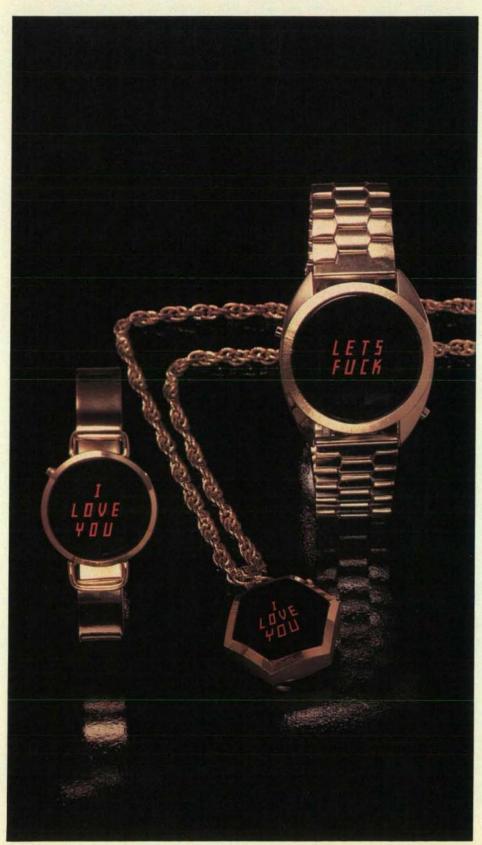
Rebuttal: One thing that really bugged the shit out of me was your selection of Hugh Hefner as Asshole of the Year (January). In the column you continually put down Hef, but if it wasn't for Hefner's guts, courage and inspiration, HUSTLER might not be here today.

The Playboy Empire may be going down the tubes, but for a couple of decades his



"Well, there goes the neighborhood."

You'll never be at a loss for words again.



LEASURE TIME knows that timing is very important for getting your message across. So we designed a unique digital watch and pendant.

Our LED digital watch goes beyond just telling the time, seconds, date, month and day of the week. We've personalized the accuracy of its five functions by adding a sixth the intimate message.

And you can complement your digital watch with a unisex pendant. Though it's not a timepiece, the pendant was specially styled to say just what's on your mind.

When you're having trouble expressing yourself, do it with a digital watch and pendant—the elegant jewelry that will put words in your mouth.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING ... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASUE	RE TIME PRODUCTS	
P. O. Box 2	206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216	
Please send:	dir landar hand @ \$50.05	
	with leather band @ \$59.95 with "LET'S FUCK"	
	322)gold (#3323)	
metal ban	nd(s) #3324 @ \$5 extra	
	h with leather band @ \$59.95	
silver (#3	325)gold (#3326) nd(s) #3327 @ \$5 extra	
	OU" "YOUR PLACE OR MINE	10
Unisex pendan	nt @ \$49.95	
	343)silver (#3646) (OU""LET'S FUCK"	
TLOVE Y		
Ohio socia	Subtotal \$	-
	dents, add 4% sales tax handling and insurance 1.	50
	TOTAL S	
These solid-	GUARANTEE -state timepieces carry a manufac-	
turer's guarantee		3G
turer's guarantee manship fo	state timepieces carry a manufac- e against defects in materials or crafts- or one year from date of purchase.	3G
turer's guarantee manship fo	state timepieces carry a manufac- e against defects in materials or crafts- or one year from date of purchase.	BG .
turer's guarantee manship fo	state timepieces carry a manufac- e against defects in materials or crafts- or one year from date of purchase.	BG -
Please Print	-state timepieces carry a manufac- e against defects in materials or crafts- or one year from date of purchase. HU578	3G
Variety Suprante Manual Please Print Name Address City, State, Zip Enclosed is my Common C	state timepieces carry a manufac- e against defects in materials or crafts- or one year from date of purchase. HU578	BG -
Variety Suprante Manual Please Print Name Address City, State, Zip Enclosed is my Common C	-state timepieces carry a manufac- e against defects in materials or crafts- or one year from date of purchase. HU578	BG -
Name Address City, State, Zip Enclosed is my caccepted), or chi	state timepieces carry a manufac- e against defects in materials or crafts- or one year from date of purchase. HU578	3G
Variety Suprante Manual Please Print Name Address City, State, Zip Enclosed is my Common C	p check money order (cash not arge to my USA MC;	3G
Name Address City, State, Zip Enclosed is my caccepted), or chi	e against defects in materials or crafts- or one year from date of purchase. HU578 p check money order (cash not arge to my VISA MC;	ag .
Please Print Name Address City, State, Zir Enclosed is my Caccepted), or chi	p check money order (cash not arge to my USA MC;	3G
Please Print Name Address City, State, Zig Enclosed is my Caccepted), or chi	pp check money order (cash not arge to my USA MC:	}
Lurer's guarantee manship for Please Print Name Address City, State, Zip Enclosed is my Caccepted), or chiderapak No	p check money order (cash not arge to my USA MC;	ng

FEEDBACK-

magazine brought great joy and sexual pleasure for the fans of *Playboy*.

Bernard Richards Buffalo, New York

I feel that someone should respond to your inarticulate and incomplete criteria that gave former Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis the dubious award of Asshole of the Month (December 1977). You lambasted the individual thought and expression of a man who has chosen to speak out for his beliefs. You almost make some of his beliefs sound immoral—as if you're in a position to pass judgment!

As a Los Angeles police officer, I may someday be called upon to protect you from a violent act or some other unforeseen danger should a perpetrator of a heinous crime come your way. Don't you think it would be more appropriate to name some bona fide criminal Asshole of the Month?

While walking the streets, you may seek some comfort in the fact that you will never have to be protected from Ed Davis.

Robert A. Stresak Los Angeles, California

Promise?

Requiem: Your full-page ad for Hoobert "Gas Bag" Humphrey must have cost a few thousand bucks, so you must want a reaction from us, the boob public. You may say that Gas Bag Hoobert was "good and decent," so

let me tell you what he meant to me.

He was a leech and a parasite who sucked at the public tit since he was 21. He never did a day's work in his entire life, except to emit a 40-year steady stream of gas from his mouth, which replaced the lower part of his anatomy. Humphrey was a colossal hypocrite. When he was brown-nosing LBJ, we couldn't kill the Vietnamese fast enough to suit him. When it became politically necessary to switch, he switched—fast and shamelessly. In addition, he supported corrupt unions and any rotten "liberal" cause that showed its ugly head. He was a disgrace to our country.

Name and Address Withheld by Request

Potpourri: Ernie N. Onsten (Feedback, January) sounds like a good old American asshole. What's wrong with HUSTLER's little beaver on a pack of rolling papers?

Ernie, you're full of shit! Your letter suggests that you would use X-Rated Rolling Papers to roll tobacco; so what's wrong with other people using them to roll their pot? If these "hippies" will be changed into vegetables as you suggest, then, Ernie, you must have smoked pot for quite some time, as you appear to be a cracker-brained idiot.

One of my favorite pastimes is to roll a few joints of my finest, high-grade grass and sit back and get fucked up while I read HUSTLER. I even enjoy balling a chick after smoking grass. Imagine that, Ernie!

Ernie, all I can say to you and your kind is "Go fuck yourself!" If HUSTLER wants to sell X-Rated Rolling Papers, don't you go bitching about it. Buy a pack, roll a few joints and relax.

A Pot-Smoking Hippie Waupun, Wisconsin

As a good old American, I feel it is my duty to reply to Ernie N. Onsten. Ernie, what do the following have in common?

President Jimmy Carter
American Bar Association
American Public Health Association
National Council of the
Churches of Christ
Governing Board of the American
Medical Association
National Education Association
B'nai B'rith
American Civil Liberties Union
William F. Buckley, Jr.
Art Linkletter
Ann Landers
National Institute of Mental Health

Answer: These people and organizations, among others, endorse and recommend the removal of all criminal penalties for the private possession and use of marijuana.

Victor James Molero St. Bernard, Louisiana

OK, We'll Bite: I'd like to propose a new idea to you. I'm a young dentist, and I have thought how fantastic it would be to be able to teach the general public about dentistry. There are so many facets and specialties in dentistry, and so much that so many people could do to help themselves if they only knew how.

One or two pages every month in a special HUSTLER "Dental Section" could do more than you realize to help people. For the public to know what their dentist is doing to them and to be able to ask, "Do you use wedges to help prevent overhangs?" or "How come you never probed my mouth for periodontal pockets?" would greatly help many patients.

Andrew Greenberg, D.D.S. Orlando, Florida

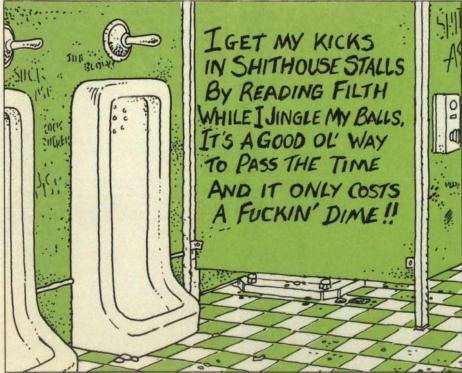
Sorry, Doc, but gynecology has always been our main interest.

Parting Shot: I have been reading and enjoying HUSTLER since I first saw it a couple of years ago. What I would like to see in future issues is cum-shots—pictures of your beautiful girls with cum on their faces, hands and asses. I'd also like to see goldenshower shots featuring a girl pissing in different positions. I am looking forward to stickier and wetter photos.

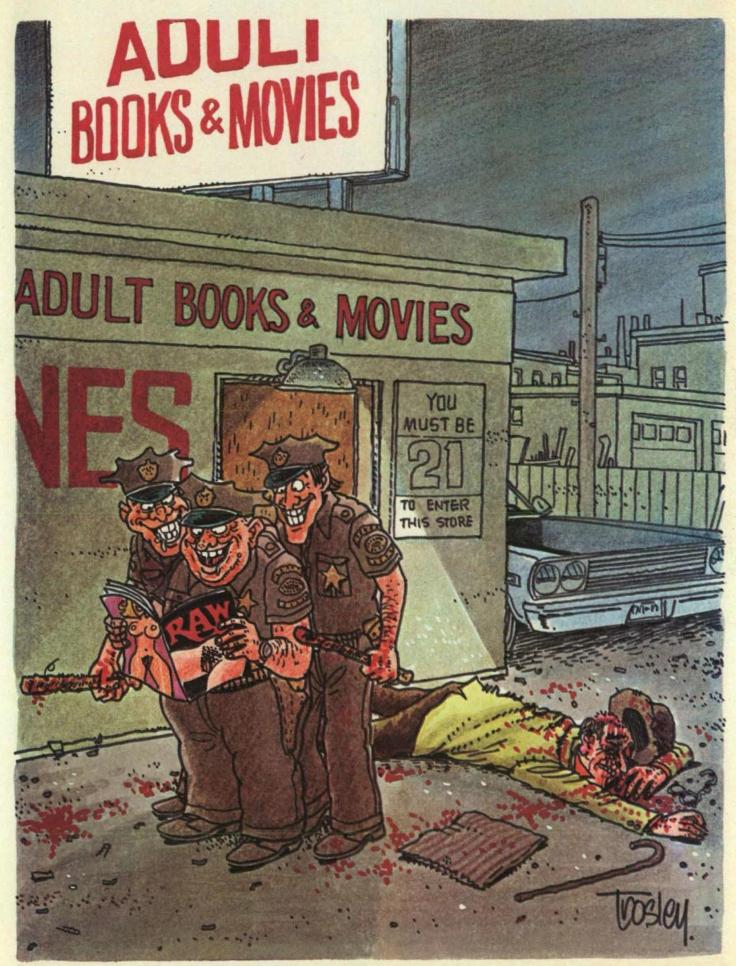
D.H. New Haven, Connecticut

We'll be more than happy to serve up all the cum and piss you can handle—as long as it is done with taste and dignity.

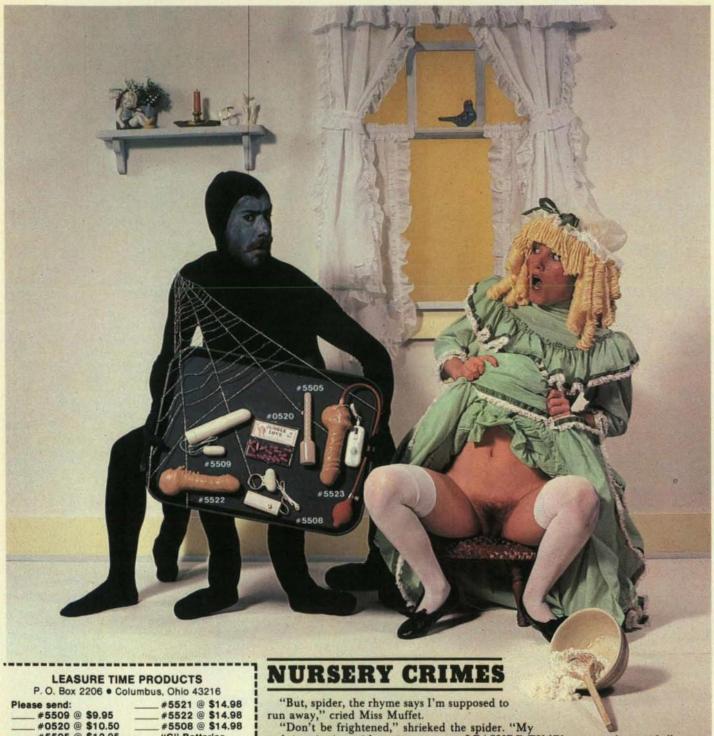
GRAFFILTHY



THANK AND \$25 TO G. KAPLAN SALEM OREGON



"Just look at all this filth we're protecting that sick son of a bitch from!"



#5509 @ \$9.95 #0520 @ \$10.50 #5505 @ \$12.95 #5523 @ \$39.95	Ξ	#552	2 @ 5 8 @ 5	\$14.98 \$14.98 ies
Please Print				HU5780
Name	BI	10		
Address		0		
City, State, Zip			1	
Enclosed is my □ check □ mo or charge to my □ VISA □ MC		der (cash	not ac	ccepted),
Interbank No.		Exp. Dat	0	
			mo.	year

Signature, Date

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

all sales are final.		
	Subtotal	\$
Ohio residents, add 4%	sales tax	
Postage, handling and i	nsurance	1.25

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

web is spinning with excitement over LEASURE TIME's imported sex aids."

For instance, the Dual Vibrator (#5509) works together for perfect stimulation. Each vibrator has its own cord and is controlled by a single battery-operated power pack. Uses 2 "C" batteries.

Jungle Love (#0520) is the imitation "Spanish Fly" that will produce heightened responses for both sexes.

The Rectal Aid (#5505) fits over any standard vibrator. This delicate aid was specially formulated to provide vibrating sensation to the anal area.

Electro Orgasm and the Godiva dildoes are made of technically advanced, extra-soft

latex that heats up to body temperature when being used. The dual-function Electro Orgasm (#5523) is the Rolls-Royce of dildoes. It comes with both an attachable pump and an automatic vibration control. The pump enlarges the dildo to any size, while the vibration control sends a woman into high gear. Uses 2

The Lady Godiva is very flexible, yet rigid enough to maintain any position or angle. Available in both smooth (#5521) and studded (#5522) models.

The Cock Ring (#5508) is a safe, rigid ring you wear around your penis. It can turn the limpest cock into a pulsating piledriver.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

World News Roundup



2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor Los Angeles, California 90067

Teachers are allowed to beat schoolchildren in 48 of our 50 states. In West Virginia recently a married couple went to court when two of their children had to be hospitalized as a result of punishment inflicted by a seventh-grade teacher. The parents' lawyer, Daniel F. Hedges, argued that if the Constitution protects a child's right to wear his hair and sideburns long, how can the courts not protect the child "against a beating requiring ten days' hospitalization"?

This case, still in the courts at press time, has caused an outcry from the medical profession. One social psychologist testified at a Toronto, Ontario, Board of Education hearing: "I have no data on the mental health of teachers...but the mental health of the general population (is) such as to give us pause in allowing the use of corporal punishment on children. If we add to this the findings that approximately one in every ten children is in need of special psychological services, the probability that either an ill teacher or an ill child or both will be involved in an instance of corporal punishment is simply too high to allow it to go on at all."

Sociologists have long pointed out that black prisoners are sentenced to death far more often than white prisoners. But a recent study by the Southern Poverty Law Center suggests that juries' attitudes are changing. For one thing, there are now more whites than blacks awaiting execution.

John Carroll of the Southern Poverty Law Center says the black/white ratio is less disproportionate than before, due to a variety of reasons, including the elimination of the

death penalty for rape--a sentence once reserved almost exclusively for blacks.

Carroll maintains that persons who kill blacks are given death sentences far less frequently than persons who kill whites. However, the most influential factor seems to be the race and wealth of the victim. The killer of a rich white is more likely to be sentenced to death than the killer of a poor black.

Swinging bathhouses for gay men operate in almost every major American city. Now there is a bathhouse for gay women. Located at 137 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010, KZ is a well-appointed spa featuring disco dancing, two whirlpool baths, lockers, game rooms and a maze of private compartments where friendly females can discreetly meet and get friendlier. The charge is \$10 a visit and includes an unlimited buffet.

In Sante Fe, New Mexico, Court of Appeals Judge Lewis Sutin issued a ruling that sexual intercourse between an adult woman and a consenting young boy "is nothing more than sex education." The judge said such relationships were "essential and necessary" to the boy's "growth toward maturity and subsequent domestic family life." In delivering his ruling, he dismissed all charges lodged against the 23-year-old woman, who had argued in court that her actions in taking a 15-year-old to bed were not illegal. The judge agreed: "The Legislature abolished fornication as a crime.... It recognized... that this conduct did not violate the mores of the 20th century."

Judge Sutin went on to say: "Sexual intercourse is recognized as normal conduct in the development of a human being.... The fact that a normal young man experiences one act of sexual intercourse does not tend to cause or encourage a perversion of the sexual instinct." However, the New Mexico Supreme Court overturned Sutin's ruling and the case

will be tried again.

A recent poll reveals that many lawyers believe their colleagues are incompetent, dishonest or both. "Juris Doctor" magazine reports that half the respondents contended that roughly 10 percent of all attorneys are incompetent. A quarter of them said that as much as 20 percent of the profession is also incompetent and unethical. A large majority named "low public regard" as the worst problem facing the legal profession. &

Queen for a day.

A feature in the March 1978 issue of CHIC Magazine and available only through Leasure Time Products, these 22" x 28" posters will dress up any wall. Artist Peter Green has transformed seven of the world's most powerful and successful men into their female counterparts. Leave your friends in titters with this exclusive from Leasure Time.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING ... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS

P. O. Box 2206 . Columbus, Ohio 43216

- Please send me the following CHIC Celebrity Drag Posters @ \$2.95: Bobbie-Sue Carter #3946 Charlene Bronson #3947 Cyndee Redford #3950
- Edie Amin #3951 Rhonda Winkler #3948 Angela Stallone #3945 set(s) of all 7 @ \$15.95 (#3952)

Raeleen Cash #3949 Please Print

Name

HU578AE

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted) or charge to my □ VISA □ MC

			-	no.	year -
Interbank No.		Exp.	Date		1

Signature, Date

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

Subtotal 5 Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax Postage, handling and insurance

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered (Add S5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

laeleen Cash













Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers to sexual questions regarding fetishes, hang-ups, maladies or other problems of a personal nature. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and treatment of a physician. If you have a question on any topic whatsoever, direct your correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Penile Blisters: For the past year now I've been troubled with small, blisterlike sores on the shaft of my cock. I know it can't be caused by the friction of jerking off because I don't do that much. And I've never been fucked, so I know it's not syphilis. I'm too shy to visit a doctor, but I need a solution. I'm tired of being a virgin, but I'm also afraid of what a girl might say if she saw my cock in this condition.

R. B. Stafford, New York

We can't cure you long-distance; you'll have to see a doctor. You are probably correct in assuming the sores are not from syphilis, since you've never had any sexual contact. Besides, the chancre sores associated with that disease usually disappear within four to ten weeks. You may have a type of wart called "moist warts," which prefer the damp, dark areas of the genitals. These can linger anywhere from three months to two years. Most likely you have a form of dermatitis caused by exposure to an irritant, such as a dye, detergent or even clothing. Inflammation can also result from a nervous condition.

Only a doctor can identify the cause and prescribe the best treatment. Don't wait any longer, because if the blisters ulcerate and remain untreated, you may eventually have nothing left to be shy about.

Foreign Imports: I have been writing to a few Mexican girls and would like to try living with one. What kind of red tape would I have to go through to get one into the United States, and would I be legally obliged to care for her during her stay?

G. B. Bethel, Pennsylvania

According to the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, you must submit a petition for intended marriage (called a "fiancee visa") and promise to marry the girl within 90 days. If you have no intention of marrying, she must get a nonimmigrant visa, but she would not be allowed to work in this country. Therefore, you must agree to support her financially and assure the government that she won't become a welfare case. But since the courts fail to recognize assurance as a binding obligation, immigration officials view it as a matter of keeping a promise rather than of meeting a legal agreement.

If your lady friend wants to become a nat-

uralized citizen, she must be a resident in this country for five years (three years if she marries you) and a resident of the state in which she applies for citizenship for at least six months. Also, she must prove good moral conduct, take a literacy test and be at least 18 years old.

Fat Deposits: I'm ashamed to take off my shirt because I have fat around my nipples. It makes me look almost like a woman. How can I get rid of it?

> A. J. Columbus, Ohio

Almost one-third of all boys develop a minimal amount of swelling below the nipples. This normally disappears during puberty. Quite often, though, the problem of fat deposits is due to poor diet control.

If you are at the proper weight for your height, exercise might be the solution. Karate, isometrics or swimming may help. "Bent-arm-fly" exercises are particularly good. Lie down with arms outstretched (preferably on a workout bench or the edge of a bed, so your arms can be lower than the rest of your body) and, holding dumbbells or heavy books, slowly bring your arms up to a vertical position. Keep elbows slightly bent to increase tension across the pectoral (chest) muscles.

If there is no improvement after a few months

of careful exercise, check with a physician. As a last resort the problem could be solved by surgical removal of the fatty deposits.

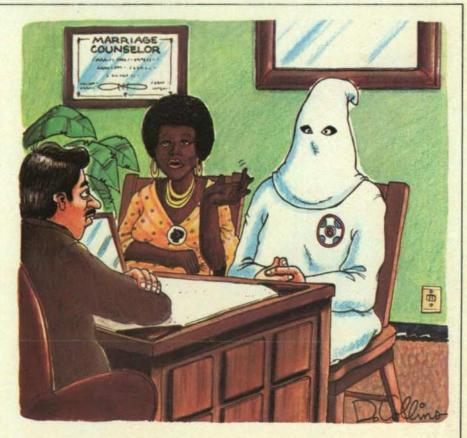
Jogger's Nipples: I'm a health nut who runs nearly every day. Since I'm a girl with fairly small breasts, I like to run without a bra. I feel more comfortable and less confined. But my jogging shirt is irritating my nipples. Sometimes they get so red I can't stand to have my boyfriend touch them. Is this a widespread problem among joggers, and is there anything I can do to prevent it?

J. F.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Jogger's nipples is common among men and women. Some male long-distance runners with irritated nipples use tape and gauze to prevent further chafing. If the problem is not that acute, coat the nipples with petroleum jelly or talcum powder. To further reduce friction, wear clothing with a smooth finish.

weight and Birth Control Pills: Before I started taking birth control pills, I weighed 99 pounds. When I dropped down to 82 pounds, my doctor took me off them. Besides losing weight, I also had migraine headaches, which continued for several



"Somehow, Doctor, our marriage just isn't working."

MSE&CONSF

months after I stopped taking the Pill. The headaches have finally slacked off, but I can't regain my weight. (I am five feet tall and should weigh about 100 pounds.) I've seen a good deal of information on weight gain as a side effect of the Pill, but I've never read anything about weight loss.

Chester, South Carolina

Bloating, fluid retention and weight gain are commonly reported side effects of oral contraceptives. Occasionally, the Pill interferes with thyroid functions and also can cause vitamin deficiency. Check with your physician to see whether your inability to put back some weight is due to either of these conditions.

Neck Fetishist: I'm a male virgin who has a particularly strong sexual interest in one part of the body: the neck. While I openly admire a woman's breasts or ass, I feel shy about admitting that her neck turns me on. I get a hard-on whenever a pretty, little dainty walks by with her sweet neck in full view. Do many people have this perversion?

"Dracula" Fryeburg, Maine

It is hardly a perversion to be turned on by part of a woman's anatomy. There are hordes of men who are turned on as you are. Even Solomon openly sang the praises of a lady's neck when he described it in the Bible as "a tower of ivory."

Some animals, such as the mink and sable,

actually bite through the skin of their mates' necks. According to Dr. Alfred Kinsey, there is no reason to believe the genitalia are the only erogenous zones. So go ahead and indulge, providing your interest does not tend toward that of your ghoulish namesake.

Marital Blahs: I was a virgin when I met my husband two years ago. We had a great sex life while we dated, but it seems that right after we moved in together it slowly started to diminish. Now when my husband tries to make love to me, I find myself tense and very unresponsive. It's gotten to the point that I look for excuses for not going to bed with him. My husband blames my birth control pills, but I think there's more to it than that. My gynecologist told me I have a tilted uterus, and I thought that might have something to do with my problem.

> J. C. Buffalo, New York

About two-thirds of all women using the Pill notice no difference in their sexual desires or amount of sexual activity. Those who do notice a difference say it is usually for the better. A minute percentage report a lower sex drive, and some researchers believe the problem may be due to the amount of estrogen or progestogen in the pills.

According to some scientists, estrogen-dominant pills are less likely to decrease a woman's sex drive than progestogen-dominant ones. Progestogen is a hormone more closely related to the male hormone testosterone than it is to the female

hormone progesterone. You didn't mention which brand of the Pill you are taking, but you might ask your gynecologist to prescribe an estrogendominant brand if you are on one that is progestogen-dominant.

A tilted uterus is caused by a tightening or loosening of the ligaments holding the organ in place. This frequently causes painful menstruation, which can make intercourse uncomfortable. If there is no pain, it is not necessary to correct the condition, since it will not interfere with your sex drive or your ability to get pregnant. If the problem is not physical, see a marriage counselor.

Polygamist: I have been married to two wonderful women, one for six years and the other for three. Before I got my present desk job, I was a trucker. I bought a house, and we're all living happily together. Both women are very levelheaded and get along with each other. And with three paychecks coming in, we're on top of the world. Recently we've become concerned about the possibility of an overzealous district attorney sending me up. One wife wants to get a divorce and become a "live-in"; the other thinks we should go to a religious commune of some sort. I simply want to go on as is, if it's at all possible.

Amsterdam, New York

Our society is monogamous (one-mate marriage), and the laws reflect that fact. Just being married to two women puts you in violation of the law, even if neither woman objects. Polygamy is illegal in every state-even Utah, where the Mormons settled to escape persecution. To avoid legal hassles, check with an attorney, who can tell you if a divorce or annulment is necessary.

Reconstructive Surgery: Recently I read an article about a woman who had surgery to remove a roll of flab around her midriff, but the story was short on information. I am a woman in my late 20s and about 60 pounds overweight. What can be done with this type of surgery? Is it possible to have the tummy, thighs and butt taken in? Would a plastic surgeon do this? Would insurance such as Blue Cross provide coverage for the operation?

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Plastic surgery is invaluable to some people because it not only changes their physical appearance, but can restore confidence and relieve anxiety. Most plastic surgeons will interview you beforehand to find out how long you've been dieting and just why you haven't been able to lose weight. Sixty pounds is not a great deal to lose if you diet and exercise properly. Imagine how confident you'd feel knowing you were able to control your own body and its functions, rather than subject it to the whims of a plastic surgeon.

Basically, plastic surgery involves an incision made along the lines of a natural fold of skin. Fat is removed, and the skin is pulled tight and stitched back into place. The lipectomy ("tummy



18

tuck") can cost as much as \$2,000 for the surgeon's fees, \$150 per hour for an operating room (the procedure usually takes about four hours) and \$500 to \$700 for anesthesia. Of course, all these things depend on how deep the surgeon must cut into the abdominal cavity. Finally, there's the cost of a hospital room for a five-day stay.

As for coverage, unless it is a medical necessity, the major insurance firms will not pay for this type of surgery. Although surgeons say the results are permanent, further surgery may be required, depending on muscle tone and the aging process.

Buttock or thigh "tuckings" are not requested as often as the "tummy tuck"—and are not as expensive or time-consuming. Excess fat is removed from the buttocks through a wedge-shaped incision extending from the hipbone across the "crack" of the buttocks to the inner thigh. Similarly, in a "thigh tuck" an incision is made from the top of the leg down to the knee.

Biorhythms: Biorhythms are big now, and I was wondering if a child's sex can be determined before birth, based on the mother's biorhythms on the day of conception?

D. H. Rochester, New York

Biorhythm experts say they can tell you your emotionally, physically and intellectually "critical" days of the month, according to your birth date. With charts showing one's monthly rhythms, you can supposedly tell on which days of the month you'll be most susceptible to illness. A ballplayer can know when he is most likely to have a bad day, or an actor when his performance will be off.

Determining a child's sex would not fall within the scope of biorhythms. To date, the only accurate method for telling the sex of the fetus is a medical procedure called "amniocentesis," in which a fluid sample is taken from the gestational sac in the uterus. This is generally done around the sixteenth week of pregnancy. The cells of the fluid are then examined. After testing, the child's sex can usually be predicted correctly.

Swinging Nudists: My girlfriend and I are interested in swinging. How do we contact other like-minded couples in our area? Is there a liberal nudist colony nearby? I live 60 miles from Corpus Christi.

J. M. Beeville, Texas

orders invited.

You might try subscribing to a swingers' magazine, such as Select (\$4.00 per issue from P.O. Box 889, Camden, New Jersey 08101) or The Seekers (\$4.00 per issue from P.O. Box 781, Cherry Hill, New Jersey 08003).

According to the American Sunbathing Association, there are several resorts in Texas, although we cannot guarantee how liberal they might be. There is the Acorn in Goliad, Cedar Valley in Bonham, Live Oak Ranch in Washington, Riverside Resort in San Antonio and Texsunaires in Alvord. (And, incidentally, researchers have found that nudists tend to have a lower rate of high blood pressure than those of us who dwell in our uptight society-at-large.)

JACKIEO COIN

The August 1975 issue of HUSTLER revealed exclusive nude photographs of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Within a few months this issue became a valuable collector's item.

To help commemorate this event, LEASURE TIME has minted a limited supply of silver-dollar-size coins dedicated to the nude Jackie O. These finely crafted, sterling silver coins—sculpted by Boris Buzan and produced by Pacific Mint—capture the sexuality that helped to make Jackie O. the world's best-known and most widely exposed woman.

Smart collectors know coins are one investment that usually increases in value. And at LEASURE TIME we are confident the Jackie O. coin will become a highly sought-after and valuable coin.

To prove our confidence, we're offering a guarantee to buy back your Jackie O. coin. Each coin has been numbered and comes with a certificate registering its authenticity, making it easy to establish the rightful owner.

So whether you're a connoisseur of coins or just an enthusiastic novice, this is one coin you'll want to add to your personal collection.





FRONT

BACK

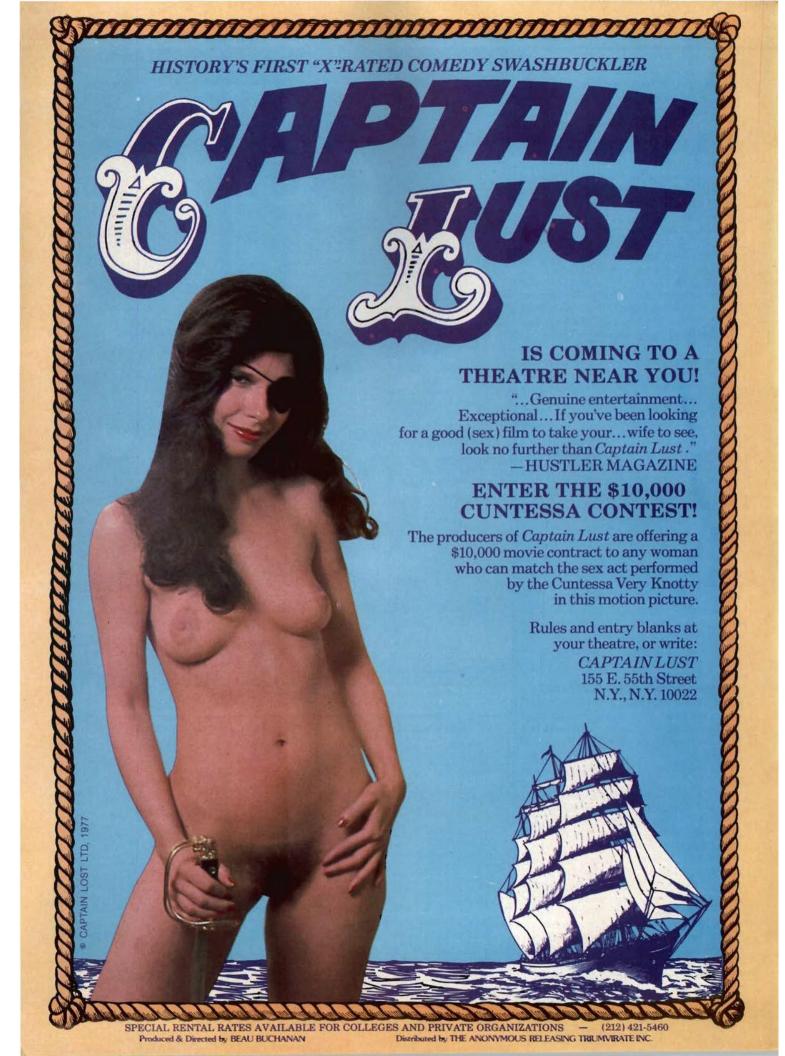
An exclusive from Leasure Time

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service.

Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

	d meJACKIE O. COIN(s) in si old available upon request.) Each co		ich.
Please Print			HU578N
Name			
Address			
City, State, Zip			NIC V
	hook - money order (coch not acco	pted), or charge to my D VI	SA D MO
Enclosed is my a c	neck is money order (cash not acce	bernall at annual Ba to mil to the	
Enclosed is my □ c	neck I money order (cash not acce		
Enclosed is my 🗆 c	Interbank No.	Exp. Date	
Enclosed is my □ c			year

TOTAL



BitaSPieces

re gasoline prices pissing you off? Then consider this: If the gas you bought was refined from Iranian crude oil, you have unwittingly contributed to the support of this month's Asshole, the Shah of Iran, Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, and his brutal fascist regime. Languishing in the Shah's jails are as many as 100,000 political prisoners, many of whom have undergone grotesque tortures. Worse than that, the United States is partly responsible for this Asshole. He was reinstalled on the throne with American tax dollars when the CIA helped him solidify his power in 1953.

The Shah is the Idi Amin of the Middle East: a vicious, violent man who seems to think he is God Almighty. But, unlike Amin, the Shah is respectablethanks to all those petrodollars. Celebrities such as Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Gregory Peck, Elizabeth Taylor, Senator Birch Bayh and Henry Kissinger pay him court by attending his ambassador's parties, while 13year-old girls are raped in his prisons until they betray their parents, brothers or relatives in hiding.

In 1972, President Nixon secretly promised the Shah that Iran could purchase any arms other than nuclear weapons. Since then, this suave camel-jockey has been using his country's funds to outfit the Iranian military with some of the most sophisticated armaments available.

This lavish spending has depleted the Iranian treasury (the budget deficit exceeds \$2 billion), leaving little or no money for such "low-priority" items as education. In a country with an illiteracy rate that tops 60 percent, such extravagance

ASSHOLE:

is a crime. In fact, while the Shah throws champagneand-caviar parties for Washington fat cats, the bulk of his population is hopelessly mired in poverty and suffering from disease and malnutrition.

An even greater outrage, however, is the Shah's secret police, SAVAK, whose interrogation methods include fingernail-plucking, boilinghot enemas, electric shock, whippings and worse. According to Reza Bahareni, a political activist who was finally freed from prison under international pressure: "First [the prisoner] is beaten by several torturers at once . . . with clubs. If he doesn't confess, he is hanged upside down and beaten; if this doesn't work, he is raped . . . he is given electric shock which turns him into a howling dog . . . sometimes all his teeth are pulled . . . a hot iron rod is put into one

side of the face to force its way to the other . . . a heavy weight is hung from the testicles of the prisoner, maiming him in only a few minutes."

(For a detailed discussion of governments' use of torture around the world, see Malcolm Braly's report You'll Tell Them Anything, beginning on page 42.)

Not even Iranians abroad are safe from SAVAK, which is reputed to have a worldwide network of more than 60,000 agents. Iranian students in Europe and America are so fearful of SAVAK that they wear masks to avoid being photographed at anti-Shah demonstrations-for it is said that if such photographs come into the hands of the secret police, the students' families may be searched out and systematically tortured.

"The Shah of Iran," according to Amnesty Inter-

national's Annual Report for 1974-75, "retains his benevolent image despite the highest rate of death penalties in the world, no valid system of civilian courts and a history of torture which is beyond belief."

Yet many educated Iranians are kept ignorant of their despot's horror chambers because the majority of the Iranian press is controlled by two families, which take their orders from the Shah and his gestapo. (In fact, Iranian citizens are required to give their names and addresses whenever they purchase a book.)

This deception is continued even in our own country. At the Shah's heavily protested White House reception in November 1977 (in which 124 people were injured), the Shah recruited nearly 4,000 fake pro-Shah counterdemonstrators, paying for some to be flown in from as far away as Texas and California. Because of America's dependence on Iranian oil, President Carter has never made a strong plea specifically for the human rights of Iranian dissidents.

After being charged with violations of human rights by both the International Red Cross and Amnesty International, the Shah has made a token effort to show his liberal spirit by releasing several hundred political prisoners. Speculation is he is trying to polish his image in an attempt to obtain Carter's clearance for future arms purchases.

In our opinion, the Shah already has more weapons than he needs and should be restricted to buying less lethal toys—like buses to transport his starving population to soup kitchens. As for where to find bus drivers, we know of 60,000 SAVAK agents who aren't serving any useful purpose.

UPDATE



JOHN AUSTIN PAYCHECK April 1977

During his singing career John Austin Paycheck has had his

ups and downs. However, he has finally hit it big on the country single and album charts with "Take This Job and Shove It" (Epic Records, 1801 Century Park West, Los Angeles, California 90067). Only nine weeks after its release, the single disc was number one, while the album was picked by Billboard to eventually reach the top. In addition, Paycheck was also accorded a slot among the male vocalists in Cashbox's Country Album Poll Winners.



STATE OF THE INDIAN NATION January 1978

The Council on Interracial Books for Children has charged that

most children's books depict the American Indian as a violent, treacherous savage. A study issued by the council says that, because of cultural bias, Indian children's first picture of their people is likely to reflect racist stereotypes.

The council's study echoes some of HUSTLER's conclusions. To quote from Charles Raisch's article: "Children are taught that the Indian is a bad gene in the evolutionary development of America. And this type of spiritual genocide... perpetuates the problems faced by the Indians."



PROFILE: BARRY REID August 1977

Maverick publisher Barry Reid is still aggravating the au-

thorities. Publication of his manual on false identification, The Paper Trip (\$14.95 from Eden Press, P.O. Box 8410, Fountain Valley, California 92708), has led to the creation of a congressional committee aimed at halting the proliferation of bogus IDs. Now Reid has written Privacy (\$10 from Eden), a book on how to disappear—baffling cops, creditors or whomever.



It had to happen. America's recycling craze has hit the world of fashion, giving rise to a new line, Tampon Jewelry. Backers claim that tampons, part of the Douche-Deco look, go well with

anything—and they never cramp a woman's style.

If the lovely model looks familiar, it may be because she is Evelyn, our July 1976 centerfold, who demonstrated that "Pink Is Beautiful." Since her last appearance in HUSTLER, Evelyn has attained the full flush of her beauty. Like other appearance-conscious women, Evelyn knows what's really in.

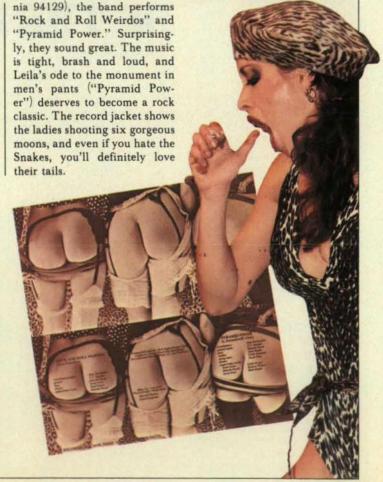
Rock Around the Cock

Lawrence Welk would choke on his bubbles if he ever met up with Leila and the Snakes, a new group of hot porn rockers working out of San Francisco. Head Snake Leila (Jane Dornacker) started out with the mondo-bizarro Tubes.

With the Snakes, she's taken the Tubes' kinky outrageousness and added a dose of her own raunchy appeal. Along with sidekicks Pearly Gates and Pam Wood (who replaced Natasha the Tongue), Leila puts on a show as alluring as it is grotesque.

Onstage the Snakes back the music with their own campy acts. Leila portrays a French whore along with her favorite character, junk-food junkie Marge Battaglia. No one can gulp down a Devil Dog as erotically as Pearly Gates. Performing such tasteful tunes as "You Stained My Karma (You Bastard You)" and "Don't Fuck Me There," the slinky serpents parody lust even as they arouse it in the audience.

On Leila and the Snakes' first release, a single on Asp Records (\$1.50 from P.O. Box 29502, San Francisco, Califor-



CHILD ABUSE



An Official Report

Wes Uhlman, mayor of Seattle, has written us a letter. "I must commend you for bringing this tragic subject into public discussion.... As a father of two boys, my heart goes out to the children pictured in this article. As a public servant, I know that I have a substantial obligation and responsibility to seek out solutions to problems such as child abuse."

Mayor Uhlman, like so many public servants around the country, was responding to Dr. James W. Prescott's article Child Abuse in America: Slaughter of the Innocents. After its publication in HUSTLER (October 1977) reaction was so great we decided to send reprints to those most able to do

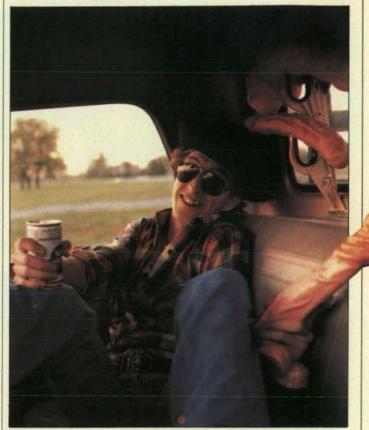
something about the problem: those who make the law and those who enforce it.

Again, the response was staggering. Everyone from town clerk to social worker wanted to let us know how Dr. Prescott's article affected them. There were citizens like Robert Williams, chief of police in Shelbyville, Indiana, who requested 1,000 copies of the reprint, and those like Charles J. Moore, a young state congressman from Rhode Island, who said his law school class examined the child-abuse question after he received our expose.

The point? Simply that HUSTLER is not just advocating social change-it's doing something about it. Indeed, after Florida State Senator D. Robert Graham read Child Abuse, he wrote back explaining the action he was taking on the issue: "In order to attack the problem of child abuse in Florida I have proposed the adoption of legislation creating a family court." He enclosed a copy of this bill, SB-421, with his letter, and it's just one of dozens of proposals we've seen since the reprint was circulated.

Perhaps the most heartening reply was that of Police Chief A. F. Gomez of Las Cruces, New Mexico. Chief Gomez sent us a bumper sticker reading: "Have you hugged your kid today?" It seems the Las Cruces Juvenile Division is distributing them to townspeople. Now that's affirmative action!

Such reaction lets us know that we are making an effect on this country, and that by enlightening others we can make the world a more enlightened place for everyone.



SOUTHERN COMFORT

It used to be that a good ol' boy kept a Winchester rifle in the rack of his pickup and a little hand-held, gas-operated number in the seat beside him. But no more. You're looking at a member of a new breed of American redneck.

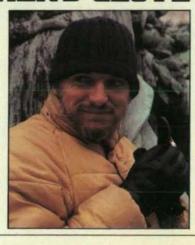
When this sumbitch spots a shapely doe, he doesn't plug her full of holes—he'd rather plug

her hole. And these down-home dongs are just the things to use. As Turkey Bob says, "Ah ain't lookin' to kill 'em. Ah just wanna make 'em squirm a little."

All rednecks aren't like this, but "easy riders" should still beware. One false move and a guy like Turkey Bob will make your asshole big enough to carry bowling balls.

NOSE-PICKER'S GLOVE

Winter colds can really clog up the nostrils, but it's hard to root out nasal blockage when one's fingers are trapped in heavy gloves. An enterprising fellow has found a way to keep his fingers warm and his nose clear. By simply adding a zipper to the glove's index finger, only one quick motion is required to get to that hunk of congestion. We wonder why he didn't also sew a pocket on his glove to carry Kleenex.









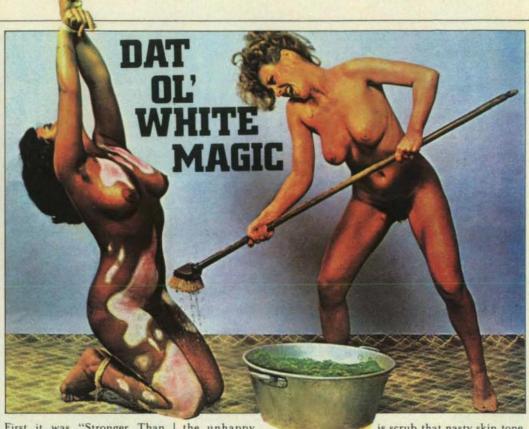
Deadly Prose

If novelist Raymond Chandler were alive today, or if Dashiell Hammett were right now working on a sequel to *The Maltese Falcon*, chances are these past masters would be published in *Real Pulp* magazine (single copy \$1.25 from 149 Franklin Street, New York, New York 10013). Packed with "tales of sex and ammo," *Pulp* offers the kind of hard-boiled, hard-bitten prose missing from the current literary scene.

In the premiere issue, publisher Kevin Bartelme—himself a great fan of the genre—has assembled eight short stories that blend the format of the 1940s with the special cynicism of the 1970s.

From Bartelme's own "Morons on Hormones" to Hal Croves's "Hard Knocks in Nothingtown," the fiction exudes the kind of sleazy, low-rent ambience that marked Philip Marlowe's portrait of the raunchy L.A. underworld.

In fine tradition, Real Pulp is actually printed on pulp paper, but despite that fact the covers are prizes in themselves. A back-cover panel on "The Soiled Panty Racket"—the poop on the dirty-knickers trade—sets the tone for the whole magazine. Straddling the extremes of parody and imitation, it has come up with the perfect mix. Pick up a copy of Real Pulp, and you'll be talking out of the side of your mouth for days.



First it was "Stronger Than Dirt!" Now Madison Avenue has created another blockbuster—BOLDER THAN BLACK!! Spokesmen say this new ad campaign is aimed at

the unhappy Negro who wanted to change over but didn't know how. With new industrialstrength "Darky-Dunk," all a minority guy or gal has to do is scrub that nasty skin tone away. Centuries of oppression go right down the drain. Promoters are duly proud of their product, and Idi Amin is said to have ordered a boatload.



LOCK-UP

We've been trying to draw some conclusions about offbeat sexual behavior, and we think the key lies buried deep within each individual's personality. Perhaps trying to meet society's dual pressures of appearing sexy but acting lily-pure has caused some people to go overboard in rebelling against this hypocritical standard. Most of them can be helped, but others are marked for life.













Stamping Out Erotica

Chances are you're not too familiar with the Republic of Equatorial Guinea, or the wild and wonderful things its postal service does. Like countries all around the globe, Guinea prints postage stamps, but the Guinea stickers don't show the same

old generals and monuments.

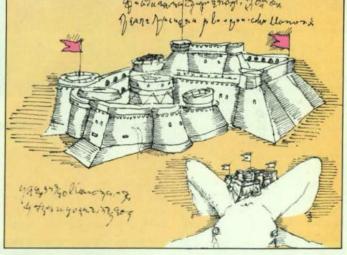
No, indeed. When you send a letter or postcard in this tropical nation, you don't have to lick Eisenhower's bust. Instead, you can press your lips against some of the most beautiful women you've ever seen.

That's right: Nude stamps are the going thing in Equatorial Guinea, and we think our own government could learn something from this.

The next time it raises postal rates, maybe it could raise our postal peckers too.

DRAGRACE

It all started at a slumber party featuring all-night TV. Someone asked whose legs were best, and without mincing words, these two slipped out to the local track. The pair swished by a throng of puzzled spectators, only to finish in a dead heat. The rest, as they say, is locker room history.



GENIUS & FLUFF

Sigmund Freud and Leonardo da Vinci both changed man's way of seeing himself, and both lived lives so full of discovery that later generations have never tired of scrutinizing them. In his wryly comical Freud's Da Vinci (\$4.95 from Images Graphiques, Inc., 37 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10023), Dr. Mark Podwal unites the two geniuses, fabricating sketches of Da Vinci's ideas and then providing Freud's analyses of them.

The book has 40 plates in all, making up a kind of laundry list of Leonardo's psychosexual quirks. Subjects range from a "Device for Inducing and Maintaining an Erection," which shows a man getting his prick pulled while tied to a pole, to the elaborate design for a "Fortification to Prevent the Spread of Venereal Disease," which translates into a massive castle wedged firmly between a woman's parted legs.

The collection is sophisticated, if a trifle cute, but perfect reading for someone in bed or on the toilet. Mona Lisa, no doubt, would giggle if she ever picked up a copy.

You Must Read This

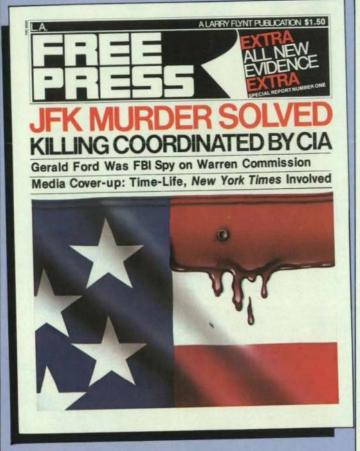
I remember looking at the national wire during lunch that November 22. It was clacking out the 1:00 p.m. summary of U.S. news and some mundane commodity reports. Suddenly, there were ten bells-the highest-priority bulletin.

The killing of that president of the United States was one of those indelible, pivotal events that someday evoke memories of where we were, what we were doing and how we felt. Now, 15 years later, we'd better start asking where we, as a nation, have been, what we've been doing and where we are going.

There were two killings on November 22, 1963. One was quick, and the victim was President John F. Kennedy. The other was a much slower, corrosive death, and the victim was our Constitutional right to know the truth.

For a decade and a half, the American public has been subjected to the raw, unmitigated manipulation of its opinion about these critical events. The shameful press-agentry of giant newspapers, their weekly magazine cousins and the TV networks-all of which have conspired to perpetuate a boldfaced, moronic lie-may finally | be over.

The special edition of the L.A. FREE PRESS on the Kennedy Assassination properly exposes the conspiracy designed AN UNBIASED REVIEW BY CHUCK ASHMAN



to lull the world into accepting a convenient theory of that day in Dallas. No thinking person can any longer accept the scenario whereby Lee Harvey Oswald, alone and unaided, killed

an American president.

No thinking person can any longer accept the fiction that the Warren Commission thoroughly investigated the killing and confirmed the "truth" for the American people and the world's history books. All evidence shows that the FBI's inquiry and the investigations by other federal agencies were slapstick comedies clumsily acted out by agents avoiding key witnesses and overlooking relevant facts.

We now know the truth. It has taken a decade and a half of courage by dedicated patriots, the insatiable curiosity of a score of scholars and the natural expansion of those tiny cracks in the cover-up, which widened into huge canyons of disbelief.

This new chronicle from the L.A. FREE PRESS may well be one of the major journalistic achievements of the '70s. It is accurate. It effectively compiles that which the Warren Commission, the Time-Life staff and others sought to suppress in order to orchestrate a massive

Some of the persons involved in the Kennedy Assassination edition-such as Mark Lane, Dick Gregory and Robert Groden-are already familiar as fighters on the question. These talented craftsmenwith their typewriters, sketch pads, cameras and microscopes-have produced a fascinating and profoundly challenging publication.

The paper's revelations of the government's involvement are



Zapruder frames 312 (left), exposed 0.55 second before impact of the | tour of JFK's head in 335 indicates front entry and rear exit, contrafatal shot, and 335 (right), 1.2 seconds after impact. Note that the con- dicting the "lone assassin [Oswald] firing from behind" theory.



astonishing and well-documented. Lingering questions are finally answered. For the first time you can see how those in power have been able to airbrush the truth from the public consciousness.

The American people have long needed a weapon against those who are satisfied to substitute popular fiction for fact, because fiction accommodates special interests in this nation. This special edition may be that weapon.

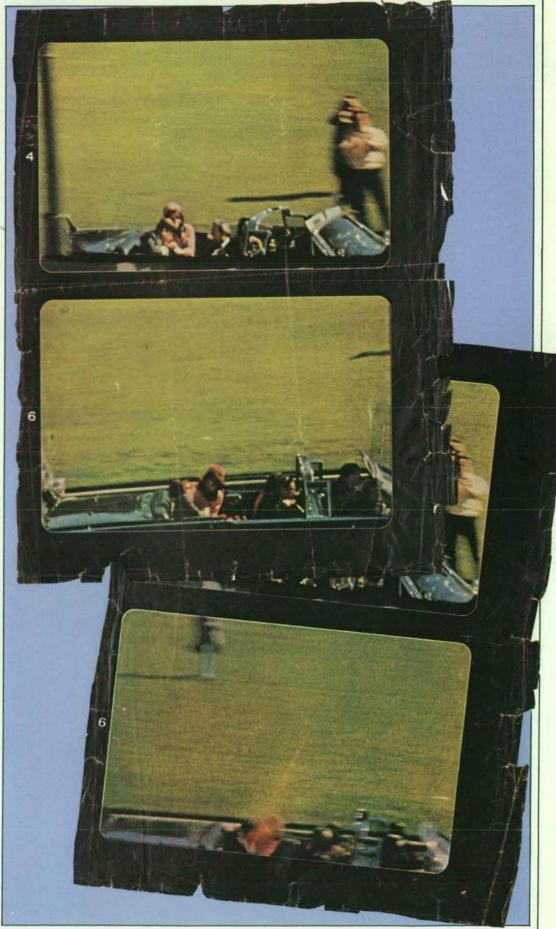
The truth about the Kennedy Assassination now raises critical questions about America today and tomorrow. Are the killings of our leaders, the energy crisis, the fear in our streets natural social ills? Or are there a handful of superpowerful people who dictate our politics, regulate our economy, mandate our culture and predetermine our future?

Perhaps "conspiracy" was the call of kooks in the '60s, but today it must be considered the call of the conscience of thinking people. This special issue of the L.A. FREE PRESS must be read and studied. It finally explains what happened on November 22, 1963. More important, it signals the end of our political innocence.

What emerges from these words and photographs is the ultimate study of deceit, in which our national press and our federal government combined to destroy the essence of democracy. There is now credible evidence, articulate analysis and scientific documentation. Read it and have others do the same. It is time we graduated as a people from fantasy to fact.

Chuck Ashman was nominated for a 1977 Pulitzer Prize for his intensive coverage of Jimmy Hoffa's disappearance. He has compiled eight biographies, including studies of Henry Kissinger, John Connally and Billy Graham. He now anchors the news for KTTV-TV in Los Angeles and writes "The Ashman File," an investigative column for the L.A. FREE PRESS.

To order a copy of L.A. FREE PRESS, SPECIAL REPORT NUMBER ONE (#6100), send \$1.50 postpaid to Leasure Time Products, P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216.



The first copies of Life's October 2, 1964, issue featured | being driven rearward by the fatal shot. Presses were

the two Zapruder frames (top) that show JFK's head | stopped, and the ambiguous frame below substituted.

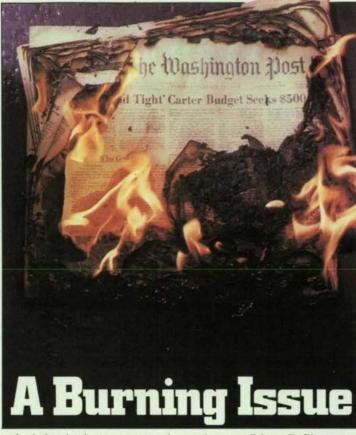
HUSTLER has always kept its eye on America's media. In Press Report, we hope to continue this watchdog policy, covering developments—both good and bad—in this ever-changing field. We only know what we are told, after all, and it's up to all of us to make sure we're told the truth.

In the days of Watergate, when the Washington Post played David to Nixon's Goliath, each day brought some new airing of the capital's dirty laundry. Recently, however, the Post has found new material: gays in government. But instead of naming names, the paper has begun hiding them.

This new twist has its roots in a fire that hit Washington some months ago. On October 24, 1977, eight patrons of the Cinema Follies, a theater frequented by homosexuals, were killed. A ninth died a couple of weeks later.

Normally, death-by-fire is a hot item at any newspaper's city desk. Obituary-type pictures of victims, especially of the prominent, are definite front-page fodder.

But this was different. Sever-



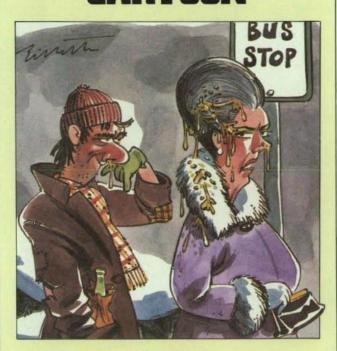
al of the dead were respected members of the community. Among those enjoying the flamingo fare at the Follies that night were Edgar C. Platt, an Army major stationed at Fort Meade; Charles Beebe, a congressional aide; and Wilbur E. Brumbaugh, a well-known clergyman.

Rather than label these gentlemen as possible homosexuals, Post editors decided to provide general information about the deceased without mentioning who they were. Managing Editor Howard Simons justified this censorship by saying it was necessary to protect their families. "We couldn't be sure if the victims were homosexual," Simons said

Still, if the dead had been reputed Mafia dons instead of Washington bigwigs, the Post might not have been so discreet. These men were at the Follies, after all, and to withhold their names is to hold back hard news from the public. Indeed, the capital's other daily, the Washington Star, had no compunction about disclosing the victims' names.

Whether or not the Washington Post has set a precedent for the media's reporting on homosexuals remains to be seen. For now, those affected should certainly take heed. The next time you go to the movies, remember to put on some asbestos underwear.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Gesundheit!"





Another Nutty Scene

After a little foreplay these two squirrels decided to turn their lofty perch into a trysting place. The photographer who captured this couple doing it squirrel-style reports the two were so wound up they did it five times in five minutes. Is there a lesson here? No, just a couple of squirrels fucking.

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visual items and stories for <u>Bits & Pieces</u>. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany all returnable material. For May, \$100 and thanks to: Dave Patrick.

SUPER-COCK KIT

FOR YOUR MAIN MUSCLE

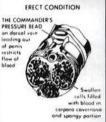
You can make your sex organ bigger, better, longer-lasting with this super package designed especially for improving your main muscle.

LONGER-LASTING

Once you've built up to your desired dimensions with the Hyperemiator organ builder, Leasure Time's patented Commander Cock Ring will keep your Super Cock standing. Made of soft, pliable rubber, this medically tested device fits comfortably over any size penis. The Commander is designed to prevent the escape of nourishing blood from the engorged and excited organ, thus sustaining a normal and natural erection during intercourse... and for a relatively long time after ejaculation.

The Super Cock Kit comes complete with the only full-color, illustrated book of information, history and instructions ever written about enlargement of the male organ.





BIGGER AND BETTER

Read what some very satisfied men had to say about the Hyperemiator organ builder:

'VERY WELL SATISFIED'

"I purchased your penis builder about three months ago and was very well satisfied. My friends have tried it, too, and they all were pleased!!"

'GREATEST INVENTION'

"I think it is the greatest invention of all time, and I have enjoyed it very much. I would like to purchase another one."

'VERY HAPPY'

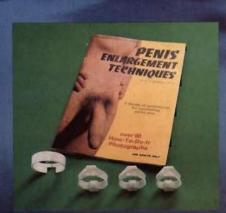
"I purchased one of your Hyperemiators and am very happy with the results. I will certainly recommend it to my friends."

'SEND LARGER SIZE'

"Send me another one. I need a larger size, about 2½ inches inside diameter."

BECOME A SUPERHUNG SUPERHERO. ORDER NOW AND SAVE MORE THAN \$10.00 (Regular Price \$50.55—Kit Price \$39.95)

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)



Send meSuper-Cock Kit(s) #5908 @ \$39.95		Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC:						
The kit contains the Hyperemiator Pump								
Commander Cock Ring and the Penis Enlargement Techniques Book	Interbank No.			Exp. Dete				
						your		
Blacco Burt HUS	578N			-1	mo.	•		
Please Print HUS	578N					5,000		
Please Print HUS	578N Signature, Date	î		lan	n of le	gal age		
	1.135000.		Subto		n of le	3/6/7.5		
Name	Signature, Date	sidents, a	Subto	otal S _	n of le	3/6/2.5		
Please Print HUS Name Address	Signature, Date Ohio res			otal S _	n of le	3/6/2.5		

I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.)



HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE

A. Show Me!

This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. The text, by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt, answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.

#2605 \$12.95

B. Desire

This collection features Ron Raffaelli's artistic photography, which glorifies and captures the true essence of eroticism. The book combines over 100 photos, many taken on the sets of his recent films, with noted quotes from famous people who praise love and sex. #2675 \$14.95

C. First X-Rated Coloring Book

This book introduces an unusual concept in adult entertainment. It combines the pleasure of looking at ancient and modern erotic art classics with the childhood joy of coloring pictures. Each book is $11\%'' \times 11\%''$ and contains an $11\%'' \times 22\%''$ centerfold. #2653 \$5.95

D. Sexual Positions

Break up the boredom caused by constant use of the conventional intercourse position. Through the use of more than 300 explicit photos, this unique text will teach you novel approaches to fulfilling your lover. #2642 \$9.95

E. Dirty Funnies

Take the eroticism and mystique of pulp pornography out of the adult-book stores and bring it into your home with this collection of five dirty comics. Stocked with hundreds of illustrations, these comics will titillate, arouse and entertain you all at the same time.

#2677 \$8.95 (set of 5)

F. Masturbation • The Art of Self-Enjoyment

Learn exciting techniques available to help you improve your sexual satisfaction. This liberated book contains not only a factual review of the art of masturbation but also more than 190 photos portraying men and women in acts of self-sexual release.

#2613 \$15

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING ... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

		#2642 #2677 #2613	@	\$8.	95
Please Print				+	HU578F
Name					
Address			275	12 16	
City, State, Zip Enclosed is my □ che	eck □ money order (cash	not accepted),	or ch	arge	
	Interbana No.	Ε.	p Date	mo.	year
to my USA MC:	Interbank No.	1.	am d	mo.	year al age
to my 🗆 VISA 🗓 MC:	Ohio residents, a	Subtot	am o	mo.	

X RATE DRAMENS

MOVIES

by Frank Fortunato

Pier Paolo Pasolini's Salo (The 120 Days of Sodom) deals explicitly with perversity and illustrates how porn films have changed the whole movie industry. Pasolini was one of Europe's best filmmakers at the time of his murder—allegedly at the hands of a psychopathic male hustler.

Salo was the director's last picture, and it accurately sums up his particularly brutal sexual vision. Like the De Sade novel it's based on, the film is brilliant and bizarre.

Set in Fascist Italy, Salo begins on an erotic note. Lecherous lawyers, judges and businessmen are looking over a group of beautiful boys and girls. Several women help strip the youngest girls for inspection, and one child is rejected because of a missing tooth. Then, as in De Sade's novel, the youths are herded to a castle, where they are paraded for the pleasure of their tormentors.

At first the games are relatively tame. A "refined" woman regales the Fascists with lewd stories of her own prepubescent experiences while the men are being serviced by the children. The men tell the woman she is not being graphic enough, so the tales become lewder. From time to time during her narrative an adolescent is sodomized or whipped.

But these are just the preliminaries. Suddenly a title appears on the screen: "The Circle of Shit." Mounds of human feces are brought into the dining room on silver trays. While the guards hold their noses, grownups and children alike lap up the fecal feast from bone china plates. This segment gives way to "The Circle of Blood," a gruesome series of murders and mutilations.

Pasolini's aim, I suppose, was to show us the escalating depravity of the Fascist regime. At one point, when a young guard is caught sleeping with a black maid, the lechers prepare to shoot him, but the guard quick-



'Salo' may be the grossest film ever made, as children are walked on leashes and forced to eat human waste in this brutal vision of fascism.



HUSTLER's reviews will keep you up to date on the latest films and paperback books. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the porn movies we review might not be the version you see. We suggest you check with your theater to make certain you're getting the real thing. Censorship treads on your rights.

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.

HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

ly raises his fist in the Fascist salute. This blatant appeal to the men's common nationalism stops the Fascists, but only for a moment. They riddle the guard with bullets as bloodlust runs roughshod over political beliefs.

To call Salo "controversial," as its promoters and critics have, is not only an understatement; it is a euphemism. This is no film for the squeamish.

On the lighter side (nothing could be heavier than Salo) we have John Waters's latest comedy, Desperate Living. Waters is a Baltimore-based filmmaker who may well give bad taste a good name.

His most famous film, Pink Flamingos, looks like it was shot in three days at a trailer park. It was a big hit with hippies, society folk and crazy people, and still packs them in at rerun houses. Waters fills his hilarious films with freaks, fats, fems, transsexuals, dykes and fags. Not surprisingly, the performers handle his tasteless material quite well.

Like all satirists, Waters is also a moralist who uses his medium to make social commentary. His special target is middle-class values. Thus, in Desperate Living we meet Peggy Gravel (played beautifully by Mink Stole), a neurotic, uppermiddle-class housewife. When someone dials her number by mistake, Peggy screams hysterically into the phone, "You're sorry! How can you ever repay me for the thirty seconds you've stolen from my life?"

After murdering her husband—by having her 300-pound black maid, Griselda, sit on him—Peggy and the maid take flight in a Mercedes-Benz. After an incredibly gross scene with a transsexual cycle cop, the pair winds up in Mortville, a town populated by thieves, rapists and murderers.

From here the story proceeds like a macabre fairy tale. Mortville is controlled by an evil queen—another 300-pound mama—backed by a crew of leather-boy fags. Peggy and Griselda take a room in the house of a bull dyke, who has some unfortunate personal hab-



'Desperate Living': Fifty-year-old bombshell Liz Renay gets sleazy.

its. For starters, she blows her nose on the ground and serves cooked rat for dinner.

Eventually, Peggy takes up with the evil queen. After infecting the populace with bubonic plague, they declare Backwards Day, during which citizens must walk and wear their clothes backward. As the obese queen is carried on her throne through a crowd of her backward-walking subjects, she looks around and laughs, "What a bunch of jerks!" After some crazy twists the queen is ultimately roasted and eaten by her subjects.

Desperate Living is Waters's slickest and most theatrical film to date. Establishment critics have grudgingly recognized his genius, and Desperate Living shows he is ready to move into major studio production. I, for one, hope he does. I also hope he can maintain his savage wit. At present he is one of the best satirists in any art form.

Health Spa

This film contains so much sex that the straight scenes seem like inserts. Nevertheless, Health Spa emerges as a coherent story.

It features Abigail Clayton, the nubile teenie of Dixie fame. Spa shows that she has filled out in all the right places. A Garbo she isn't, but she can deliver a line—and fall for one too. She is responsible for most of the sex in this flick.

The health spa in this film

has a fun approach to losing flab: fuck it away. One mem-

ber, June Winters (Kay Park-

er), is really a reporter sent to

write an expose.

She visits the spa with her assistant, Alice (Clayton), but is too repressed to get into the "therapy" because the instructors are always firming up muscle tones to the point of orgasm.

However, this doesn't stop June from getting it on with Alice back at her apartment. Later, she regrets the dykish tryst so much that she threatens to fire Alice if she breathes a word about it.

Obviously, June is a woman with problems, not the least of which is liking the spa. Her asexual boss (Rudy Graham) threatens to can her if the health club isn't vilified in the article. In the end, though, the boss goes hetero in a hurry at the hands, mouths and pussies of the spa's ladies. While Alice

takes incriminating pictures, June chalks up a series of orgasms with the head instructor.

Because many Hollywood cameramen are unemployed, West Coast porn benefits from better production values than its East Coast counterpart. Excellent photography, Abigail Clayton and a decent, if lightweight, story make Health Spa an entertaining package.

Expectations



-RATEDREVIF

I brought a friend to the screening of Expectations, and he fell asleep. I wasn't sur-

prised. The only thing that kept me awake was my irritation at porn distributors. Why do they keep foisting fluff-jobs like Expectations on us? No doubt the public is tired of spending up to \$5 on films that are about as erotic as National Geographic documentaries.

Expectations is about two women who exchange identities. Margo (Delfina Raffino) and Montana (Martina Holland) decide to switch names, apartments and lovers. Margo, after five years of marriage, is a disillusioned housewife. Montana is a jaded party girl looking for kicks.

The sex scenes are slow and drawn-out, with ethereal background music that is supposed to represent a woman's idea of lovemaking. Actually, the music represents no one's idea of lovemaking—just tedium.

Margo makes it with two of Montana's lovers—one of each sex—while Montana balls Margo's brother. Margo eventually runs home to beg out of the arrangement, but is stopped at the door by her brother, who treats her like a complete stranger. The film makes no sense at all.

At the end there is some drivel about how the old Margo is now the new Margo's slave, trapped in a life of decadence and sin. By this time, I too felt trapped—in the screening room. I woke my friend and we took off.

In all fairness, the film's color quality is excellent. But that's the only virtue. Unless you're a masochist, avoid this piece of silliness.

The Seduction of Amy



The reason most porn from France looks better than our domestic variety is

that 50 percent of French porn films were once subsidized by that country's government. Consequently, films like *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* and *Kinky Ladies* have a professional gloss rarely equaled on this shore. Although the subsidy has now been lifted, *The Seduction of Amy*—the latest imported French flick—is lavishly produced and is an above-average, if flawed, film.

There are several problems with Amy: a weak plot (stolen from a Marquis de Sade tale), a soupy musical score and a dubbing job that makes the lame dialogue sound even lamer.

On the plus side is a bevy of fresh French faces headed by the heroine, Amy (Tiffany Smith). There is also a sumptuous backdrop—a huge castle—that adds a nice touch to the generally imaginative sex scenes.

As the opening credits disappear, Amy is being violently accosted in the woods by an escaped convict. Later, Amy wakes up in the castle, where she finds a blond count leaning over her.

He comes on like Mr. Nice Guy and gives her fresh clothes that—significantly—belonged to his dear, departed wife. Then he leads her into the bowels of the castle and shows her some



Body building at the 'Health Spa' inevitably leads to stiffened joints.



Tiffany Smith goes on a two-way joyride in 'The Seduction of Amy.'

ancient scrolls he has discovered. Left by some friends of De Sade, the scrolls outline a secret cult of depravity, torture and death, a cult the young count decides to revive.

The rest of the film is devoted to the usual orgies, whippings and deflowerings. Several of these scenes have interesting touches: for instance, a pair of pigtailed twins at an orgy; assfucking; and a whipping scene complete with welts.

Amy sort of wanders through all this without having sex until the end of the film, when she gets it on with the count on a windswept beach.

She spouts, "I will give you my life as the greatest act of love I can imagine." And sure enough, in the next scene the count is interviewing for a bride-beneath a wall photo of the dear, departed Amy.

The Seduction of Amy works well enough when the dialogue doesn't interfere. I suggest that director Dale Martin find a decent script next time.

The Love Couch

Carter Stevens, the man who brought us roller-rink fucking and lesbian twins.

has given us his latest novelty: a horny couch. Unfortunately, this innovation doesn't salvage The Love Couch, another formula porn film. For those who don't know, formula porn em-

phasizes quantity over quality. It's what the distributors-who buy and book these filmsdemand and all too often get.

Love Couch is jam-packed with sex, and features tencount 'em, ten! - new porn starlets. Nevertheless, the sex scenes are uninspired, and the acting of these average-looking "starlets" doesn't make up for the picture's shoddy plot.

With the exception of Richard Bolla, a skilled actor who plays a lecherous porn producer, the only top-notch performer is the couch, which speaks in a sexy female voice and tells everyone who sits on it to ball.

The film opens in a ramshackle loft, where the semenstained, raggedy sofa reminisces about the good old lays. Miss Couch, who can experience the thrills that take place on her sentient cushions, is very horny. "Things have feeling," she tells us. "I can remember the first

And we're transported back to her youth, when she was the brand-new office couch of a lady psychiatrist. But the primand-proper shrink turns out to be a libertine who seduces her patients as soon as they lie down. These encounters eventually ruin her marriage, and the couch is sold to a young couple for \$75.

Playing the couple are a porn veteran, Eric Edwards, and a relative newcomer, JoAnne Miquel (Dirty Lilly). JoAnne is sexually repressed, but the couch works its magic, and soon she learns to give her husband head. The couple tries swinging (with vintage swing music playing in the background), and finally JoAnne tries lesbianism.

Before the couple's marriage goes down the tubes, we are introduced to their baby-sitter, Fluffy La Bush, who is fistfucked by her boyfriend. The couch soon inspires orgies.

Love Couch is pretty pedestrian stuff, but the story is cute and the photography is good.

Her Coming Attractions



Her Coming Attractions is a mediumbudget effort, executed with porn

films' usual disregard for acting and story line. The sex is delivered through flashbacks and fantasies, which failed to dazzle this viewer.

Attractions features porn veterans Sharon Thorpe and John Leslie, who portray Emmy and Bob, two lovers driving to Las Vegas for a vacation. Emmy is an uptight, shrieking bitch, and the only time she isn't complaining is when her mouth is filled with genitals. Mercifully, this is quite often. The film is top-heavy with oral sex.

Emmy and Bob pull into a gas station, interrupting the attendant, who is fucking a blow-up doll. Emmy flashes her charms at him, and he scampers into the men's room to masturbate. Typical of the film's sparkling wit, she shatters his reverie with the childlike question, "What are you doing? Jerking off?" The rest of the plotless vignettes are equally predictable and trite.

At one point their T-Bird breaks down, and while Bob is tinkering with the car, Emmy does some tinkering of her own. She spots a black dude walking along the highway and gives him a little roadside service. From there on it's downhill for our fornicating motorists.

The film closes with a shot of a deserted highway. In my opinion, this was the only scene that worked: It summed up the movie's emptiness

ON TH

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.



Erection

Barbara Broadcast Big Thumbs Butterflies Desires Within Young Girls Erotic Adventures of Candy Hard Soap, Hard Soap Kinky Ladies Odvssev Punk Rock! Seven Into Snowy



Sex Crazy

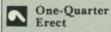
Three-Quarters Erect

A Coming of Angels **Breaker Beauties** China De Sade Portrait of Seduction The Jade Pussycat The Secret Dreams of Mona Q The Spirit of Seventy-Sex V-The Hot One



Half Erect

Cinderella Dirty Lilly **Dutch Treat** Feelings Hard Candy Inside Jennifer Welles Joint Venture Playgirls of Munich



All Night Long A Teenage Pajama Party Foxy Lady Long Jeanne Silver Overnight Sensations Sharon The Lure of the Devil's Triangle Underage



Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers Cinderella 2000 Let My Puppets Come Reunion

BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

Looking Good: A Guide for Men

By Charles Hix Photographs by Bruce Weber Hawthorn Books, Inc. 260 Madison Avenue New York, New York 10016 (138 black-and-white photographs, 14 drawings) \$14.95



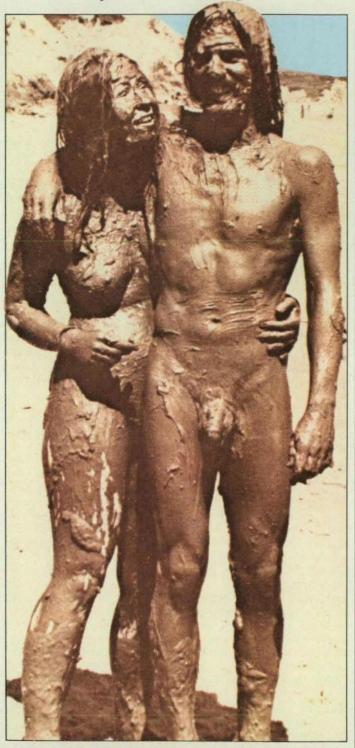
Looking Good is a coffee-table book for men who are determined to do just that:

look good. Author Charles Hix has been awarded a "Lulu" by the Men's Fashion Association and Menswear Retailers of America for his excellence in reporting on the male fashion scene. Here he shows off his wisdom to great advantage.

Hix's book is the Mein Kampf of fashion. It is inflammatory, radical, divisive. Looking Good will give fashion conservatives fits and fashion peacocks the runs. Consider, if you will, the plight of the conservative-the guy who just got used to wearing a pink shirt at the officewhen he reads that pedicures and mudpacks are now indispensable to good grooming. Not only mudpacks, but complete mud baths too. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but, according to Hix, you'll have to wallow around like a pig if you want to look good.

Or consider the peacock, a man who sees clothes as a sort of armor that will enable him to get to the top in the fastest and most efficient way. Along comes Hix, like an Old Testament prophet, saying that it's not enough to wear a snazzy Cardin suit; you have to have a Cardin body beneath the suit, filling it out with muscles toned at the health club and complementing the color scheme with an unblemished complexion tanned from many leisure hours under the hot sun. Ulcer time?

There are tips here for every man: how to choose a toupee;



'Looking Good': Flush out your pores with a good, clean mud bath.

how to rid oneself of an unpleasant facial mole; the haircut that will bring the best out of a face with a long nose or protruding forehead; where to go for a fanny-lift—yes, even that.

You can't help having mixed feelings about Looking Good. The advice is smart, but reading the book takes dedication. No doubt it will scare off some

men. It's equally certain that Hix's guide will put some males in mechanic's overalls forever. But others will be inspired. We do live in a world where—like it or not—we are judged by our appearance.

For those who are dedicated, Looking Good will be a wise investment. As for the rest of us, we'll just have to wait for the film version.

The Professor of Desire

By Philip Roth Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc. 19 Union Square West New York, New York 10003 \$8.95



When we last left David Kepesh, in Philip Roth's *The* Breast, he had un-

happily been turned into a giant boob. He was so trapped by the object of his desire that he ultimately became it.

Now, in The Professor of Desire, Roth turns back the clock, showing us Kepesh before he turned tit and tracing his development from good boy to bad and back again. It is a tale of passion: how it burns, how it fires us up and how, in the end, we taste its ashes in our mouth.

At the heart of Desire are the women with whom Kepesh lives. He moves through a series of them, and each, in one way or another, exists as an extension of his own deepest conflict. He is partly the studious, academic winner his parents groomed him to be. But another part of him—by far the most vital—lives for total, endless and ecstatic consummation in the flesh.

This is the stuff that psyches are made of, and Roth shows the subtle link between balls and brain better than any writer on the scene today. We watch Kepesh make the transition from Horny College Boy, when girls didn't relate "on that level," to Worldly Young Man, sharing his London apartment with two Swedish blonds, Birgitta and Elisabeth, who fulfill his fantasies of domination and three-way love. Through it all, however, Kepesh keeps an eye on Kepesh, who is as intrigued by the idea of sex as by its reality.

Not until he meets Helen, the wild WASP goddess whom he marries, does Kepesh let go and sink mind-first in the bog of utter abandon. Certain that he is destroying himself, he nevertheless cannot stop. "In the aftermath of orgasm," he says, "I find myself weak with gratitude and the profoundest feel-

X-RATED REVIEWS

ings of self-surrender. I am the least guarded, if not the simplest, organism on earth."

From the depths of this pleasure—and the pain it inevitably evokes—Roth emerges with a portrait so profound, so accurate, that any man who does not recognize himself is blind.

- Jerry Stahl

Phonographics: Contemporary Album Cover Art & Design

By Brad Benedict and Linda Barton Introduction by Charles Perry and Peter Plagens Collier Books Division of Macmillan Publishing Company, Inc. 866 Third Avenue New York, New York 10022



\$9.95

Popular culture is a term tossed around a lot these days, mostly by people who sell

words for a living or who teach courses like "Popeye: The Sailor as Wimp in Society." The unspoken premise of Popkulch is that everything means something. Thus, soup cans are art, tailfins are phallic icons, and rock 'n' roll album covers are the hieroglyphics of post-'60s America. From the days of peace and love, Sergeant Pepper and LSD, the music's package has become as sensational—and as significant—as the music itself.

This said, the impact of *Phonographics*, a photo-book of rock album covers, should be immediately apparent. Looking at the cover R. Crumb did for Big Brother and the Holding Company's *Cheap Thrills* is one way to step back in time. Suddenly, lead singer Janis Joplin is alive again and, strange as it seems, people are wearing flowers in their hair.

Similarly, seeing the Rolling Stones in devil-drag on the cover of *Their Satanic Majesties* Request is as evocative as hearing "Yesterday" or "California Girls" on the car radio. What were you doing back then? asks the disc jockey of the mind.

Phonographics fascinates on two levels: the visual and the historic. As pop art, the wonders of airbrush, collage and conventional photography can be truly breathtaking. Andy Warhol's cover for the Stones' Sticky Fingers album was an instant classic, and Norman Seeff's two-color, two-page spread of Claudia Lennear gives new meaning to the word exotic. Just as the Beatles and the Band have changed the way we hear, their visual counterparts-photo-groups like Hipgnosis or Mouse Studio-have altered the way we see.

In the book's introduction Charles Perry and Peter Plagens explain that the "one big difference between commercial art and fine art is the constant plundering of previous aesthetics; commercial art recycles like nobody's business."

In other words, everything from Art Deco to subway graffiti is likely to show up on an album cover, living on as eternally as Elvis. The "spacy joy and slick malaise of our age" are captured. Music and art are linked in a mutually enhancing package. To borrow from Chuck Berry, "Roll over, Rembrandt, and give Da Vinci the news."

-Jerry Stahl

The Life, the Lore and Folk Poetry of the Black Hustler

By Dennis Wepman, Ronald B. Newman and Murray B. Binderman Holloway House 8060 Melrose Avenue Los Angeles, California 90046

\$1.95 (hardcover edition \$10.95 from University of Pennsylvania Press)



Sooner or later every culture finds a way to tell its own story. Such stories are al-

ways epic in scale and reflect not just the struggle of one particular hero but the struggles of his whole race.

In America we have as many epic heroes as we have nationalities. WASPs have Yankee Doodle Dandy; southerners have Scarlett O'Hara; second-generation immigrants have the Godfather.

Yet these heroes belong to every American because, although they translate the American experience into their own dialects, they still tell us a story we are all, in some part, living. The Life, the Lore and Folk Poetry of the Black Hustler is the story of another type of national figure: the black pimp.

Wepman, Newman and Binderman have collected pimp "toasts"—rambling ballads that evolve from street experience and are usually coined in prison. These toasts are rarely written down. Instead, they are passed on, by word of mouth, from older convicts to younger ones to instruct them in the code of the street—the supercool jive, famous boasts and legendary insults that will get them in solid with their subculture.

The toasts are always about true-blue hookers, treacherous rivals and incredibly clever heroes—black pimps or pushers. In some respects this hero has made it by square white standards: He rides around in a fur-lined, customized Continental, flashes diamond rings on every finger and sports silks, leathers and Italian-made shoes.

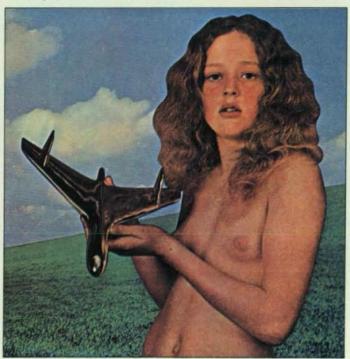
But for all his apparent wealth, this hero lives a warrior's life, and it is to his survival skills—strength, audacity and dog-eat-dog ruthlessness—that the toasts are always addressed. But he is not a winner. Unlike some other epic heroes, the ghetto hero is often destroyed by the powers that be. He is shot at by competitors, pushed up against the wall by the cops or hooked on killer drugs.

Not surprisingly, many of the reoccurring figures in these toasts—Stagger Lee and C. C. Rider, for instance—have attained folklore status and have been celebrated in rhythm-and-blues songs.

Most of the toasts, in fact, cry out for musical accompaniment: not rock 'n' roll; rather, slow, bluesy jazz—the kind of music you might hear sung by weary black men breaking rocks on a chain gang.

Undoubtedly, many of the toasts in *The Life* have now been written down for the first time. Entertaining and definitely cultural, these documents are the type of literature that should be put into the cornerstone of a penitentiary.

'Phonographics': Record covers without records, all in the name of art.





LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS • P.O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print HUS	78B AUG '74 SEP '74	MAR '76	DEC '76 B.O.H. #2 (\$2.95)	AUG '77 (\$5)
Name	DEC '74JAN '75	MAY '76 JUN '76	JAN '77 FEB '77	OCT '77
Address	FEB '75 MAR '75 OCT '75	JUL '76 AUG '76 SEP '76	— MAR '77 — APR '77 — MAY '77	DEC '77 JAN '78 FEB '78
City, State, Zip	DEC '75	OCT '76		MAR '78
Enclosed is my check conney order (cash not accepted), or charge to my VISA CMC:	JAN '76 FEB '76	NOV '76	JUL '77	APR '78
Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. yea	Money order and cre	# \$3.25 each; ' (B.O.H.) The Best of	Ohio residents, add 4% sa	otaling \$ 5 each beach ubtotal les tax

Signature, Date

discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

TOTAL \$___

by Suzanne Felzen

Throughout history the "first time" has been an anxious proposition for both sexes. Women, however, have had to deal with other fears: pain, pregnancy and a possibly soiled reputation. Society traditionally perpetuates these fears to keep its young ladies pure.

For instance, the following excerpt from The Pearl, a 19th-century collection of erotica, promoted virginity through scare tactics: "At length, by fierce rending and tearing thrusts, the first defenses gave way.... Poor Rose had borne it heroically, keeping the bedclothes between her teeth in order to repress any cry of pain."

Now, any woman who's ever had sex knows that having her cherry popped isn't all that bad. Some women, myself included, have even been known to enjoy the experience. My only difficulty in getting myself deflowered was finding someone to do it.

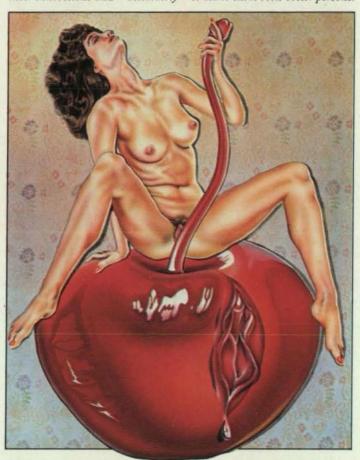
I was hopelessly pegged as a "nice girl," and it was widely believed that the first guy to violate a nice girl would never be able to get rid of her. I finally engineered my loss of innocence on the night of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's junior prom.

Afterward, at my apartment I rolled my boyfriend, who was in a drunken stupor, onto his back and proceeded to take advantage of him. The next day he barely remembered what had happened, but I had a truly wonderful time.

For girls like me, of the rock-aroundthe-clock generation, deflowering was supposed to take place on honeymoon night, with champagne on ice and Jackie Gleason's Music for Lovers piped through hidden speakers. In reality, the "first time" most often occurred in a parked Chevy coupe, with bodies hopelessly entangled in the steering wheel. Added was the problem of removing ironclad brassieres, panty girdles and starchy crinolines.

Apart from reading books like Peyton Place, our sex education has left a lot to

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex practices throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.



OSING VIRGINITY:

A Female Point Of View

be desired. One friend of mine, on viewing a cock for the first time, was amazed that it curved upward. She just figured men's penises were always little and bent, the way they looked in anatomy drawings.

I recently spoke with a group of New York City high-school girls, some of whom admitted their virginity, and realized that the lot of virgin girls hasn't changed a bit in the disco-till-dawn era. Even in this wanton age of punk rock and X-rated movies, their "first-time" fantasies still include hotel rooms, huge water beds and soothing music.

Other than thinking about the pain,

the schoolgirls hadn't thought about the physical act of intercourse. I concluded that females' erotic fantasies come with an active sex life. Many experienced women regularly have sexually oriented daydreams, but their novice counterparts do not.

This doesn't mean that sexual urges are lacking. Anyone who has seen thousands of teenyboppers go wild over the music of the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix ormore recently-Kiss knows that all those sopping-wet seat covers are the result of repressed sexuality.

But why do girls repress what boys so easily express? I guess in most Western societies there is still a double standard: It's all right for men to engage in premarital sex, but wrong for women to do so.

This attitude is strongest in Latin American countries. Boys customarily learn about sex from prostitutes, while girls are literally guarded until their wedding day. Latin American and European men often have difficulty making love with their well-brought-up wives, whom the men hold in the same high esteem as their mothers and sisters.

A similar situation exists in America and most other countries whose people adhere to Judeo-Christian principles. In the early 1950s the Kinsey report on female sexuality showed that virginity in a prospective marriage partner was nearly twice as important to men as it was to women. Subsequent surveys have indicated that virginity is becoming increasingly less important to both sexes, leading one to hope that our country, at least, is gradually freeing itself from the repressive and demeaning double standard.

Interestingly, although the ancient code of the Jews strongly forbade adultery, it placed few restrictions on premarital sex. Polynesians of premissionary days likewise allowed unmarried young people to experiment with sex, but expected marital fidelity. Even

SEX PRACTICES

today the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya does not consider a woman marriageable until she proves she can bear children.

With few exceptions, then, only Judeo-Christian cultures have equated virginity with marriageability. Since America's culture is largely Judeo-Christian, we all have the same problem about virgins—what to do with them.

Let's see. Imagine you are the boy. You have your sights set on a brand-spanking-new lady (hopefully of legal age, but girls rarely make it that far nowadays). Soothed by the knowledge that we live in a modern world and that you won't be ruining her chance to stand at the altar beside Mr. Right, you offer to teach her the ways of the flesh. A modern virgin, she accepts.

OK, here she is: Little Miss Teenage Virgin, slender and delicate, with the innocent, dewy eyes of Rima the Bird Girl, jugs like cranshaw melons, and a tight, little crotch like an American Beauty rose. She's finally accepted your offer of a pear brandy nightcap at your pad, and you, the experienced male, are going to tenderly initiate her into the ways of physical love. You want it to be memorable for her, since you are planning to have her return for seconds.

Don't forget that no matter how confident your lady looks, it's still all an act,

and she's really scared shitless. She wonders if she's going to faint when she sees your massive peter. Give her as much brandy as you think she can handle without barfing. She's going to need it.

If you've really thought of everything, you've got about six hours of reel-to-reel tapes going (songs like Andrea True's "More, More, More" rather than the largo from Death and Transfiguration). On a table beside the bed you've placed lubricant, contraceptives and maybe a towel, but no Band-Aids or antiseptic—they'd only scare her.

Now that the girl is starting to relax, you can begin—slowly. Although it's obvious what she wants, don't rush anything. Invest a lot of time in foreplay. Kiss her all over. Caress her breasts. Lick her nipples. Play with her clitoris. Bite her ear. Reassure her.

Before you attempt to enter her, remember the hymen isn't a stone barrier to storm like the Bastille. It is a pliable membrane that is normally perforated and easily stretched. It should tear only slightly during the initial penetration, causing a trickle of blood perhaps, but little or no pain. If your girl has been climbing trees or riding bicycles or engaging in indoor sports like fingerfucking or masturbation, she probably doesn't have much of a hymen left.

If your penis is unable to penetrate the membrane, stop and try using your fingers. Gradually widen the vagina with one or two fingers and then stretch, break or push aside the hymen with digital manipulation. You might also have suggested, before this encounter, that she do this with her own fingers (nails cut short) while squatting in a hot tub. Also, she might have visited a physician to cut her hymen.

In the event of bleeding, have your partner rest on her back with her thighs together. If the bleeding is excessive or continues to the next day, she should consult a doctor. If your girl's vagina is exceptionally narrow, it may be necessary for a doctor to provide her with cylindrical vaginal dilators—a series of graduated cylinders worn until the entrance is widened. Of course, this should have been done before attempting sexual intercourse.

OK, back to the main attraction. Enter slowly, inserting your penis a fraction of an inch at a time and pausing to ask if it hurts her. It doesn't. As you wetly squeeze and slide together, she'll be lost in the sweet sensations of first sex. If you want to make your lady feel really great, tell her how good she was. "You're wonderful, baby" is about the highest compliment a girl can get.

The Best of Both.

Larry Flynt does it again—and again. Collections of the year's best from HUSTLER and CHIC magazines are now available.

HUSTLER proves it's the most controversial men's magazine with two articles that shocked the world—THE REAL OBSCENITY: WAR and

AMERICA'S BIGGEST PUSHERS: THE CIGARETTE

Please send: BEST OF HUSTLE BEST OF CHIC #1				
Please Print		HU578J		
Name				
Address				
City, State, Zip Enclosed is my che accepted), or charge to r	ck in money ord my VISA in MC:	ler (ca	sh not	

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign customers: Use International Money Order or check in U.S. dollars, plus \$5.)

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax Postage, handling and insurance

Subtotal \$

TOTAL S

50

COMPANIES. Under the same cover you'll find ex-Playboy photographer Suze Randall exposing herself, plus the year's best women, humor and fiction, and a special bonus—13 pages of never-before-published Beaver Hunt photos.

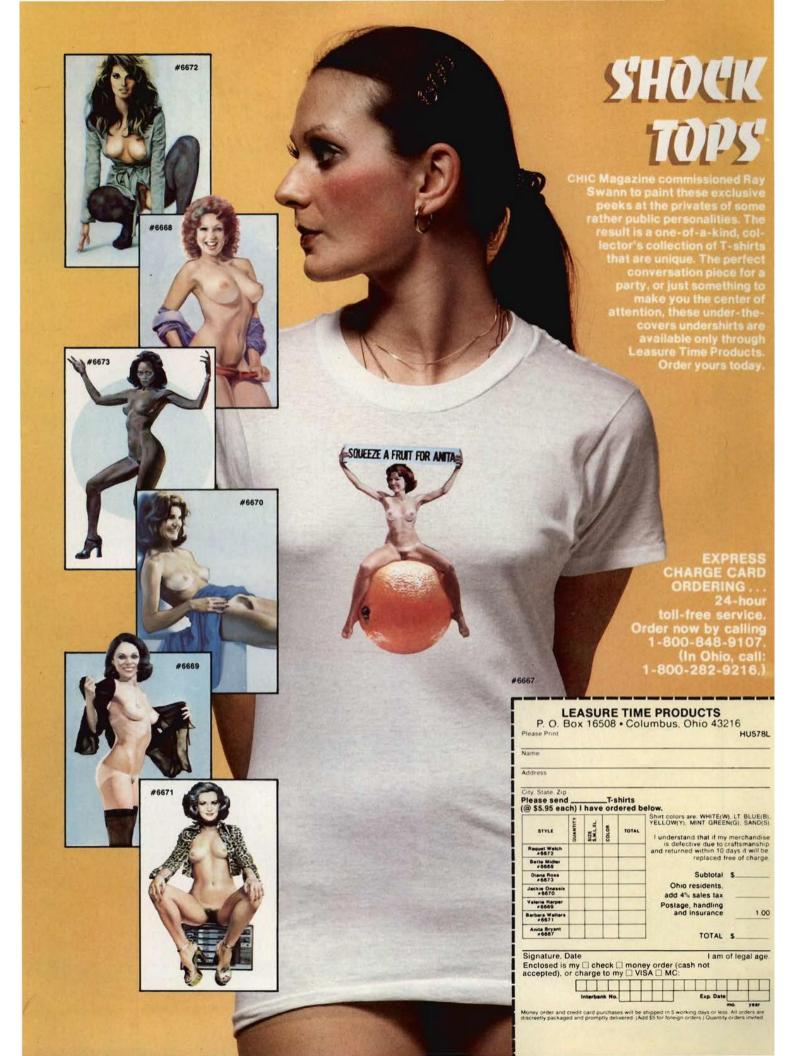


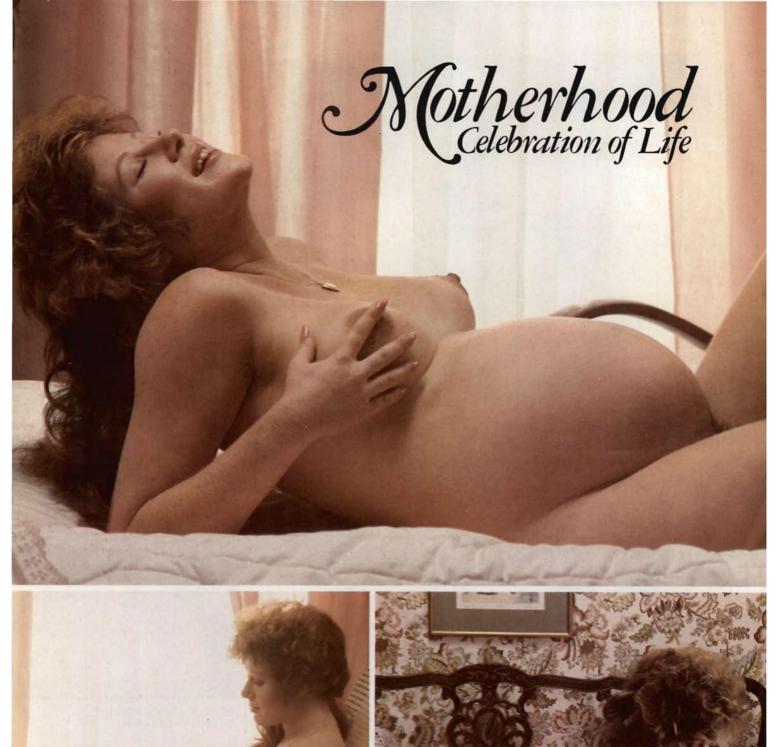
The Mailer-Ehrlichnun Debote
High School Leibkuns
G. Gordon Leidy Spain, kin Mind
Rudy Mana Looks at Super Can Man Glenn Turner
The Wirang on The Women's Roose Wall
Contention of a Male Massart
Jackie O., Dhans Ross and Riber Wawa Node
Pilss The Fabilitions Girts of CHIC

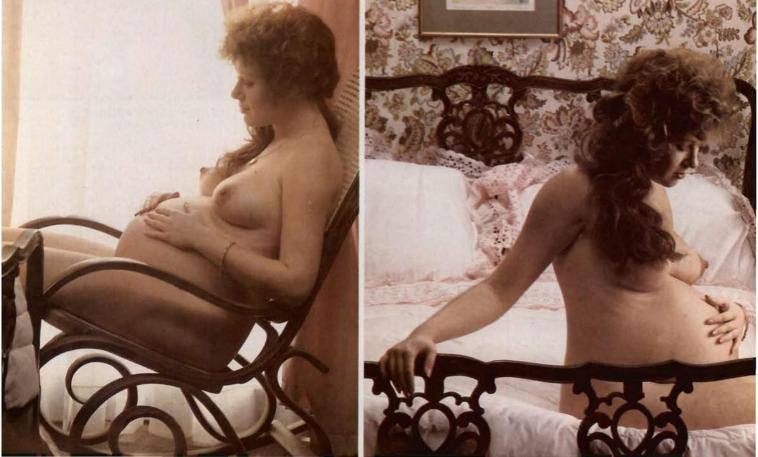
CHIC is the class of the men's magazine market, and now the creme de la creme can be yours. Featured in the BEST OF CHIC #1 are the Mailer-Ehrlichman debate, painted peeks at six celebrity women in the nude, and repeats of top-notch cartoons, articles and those fabulous CHIC girls.

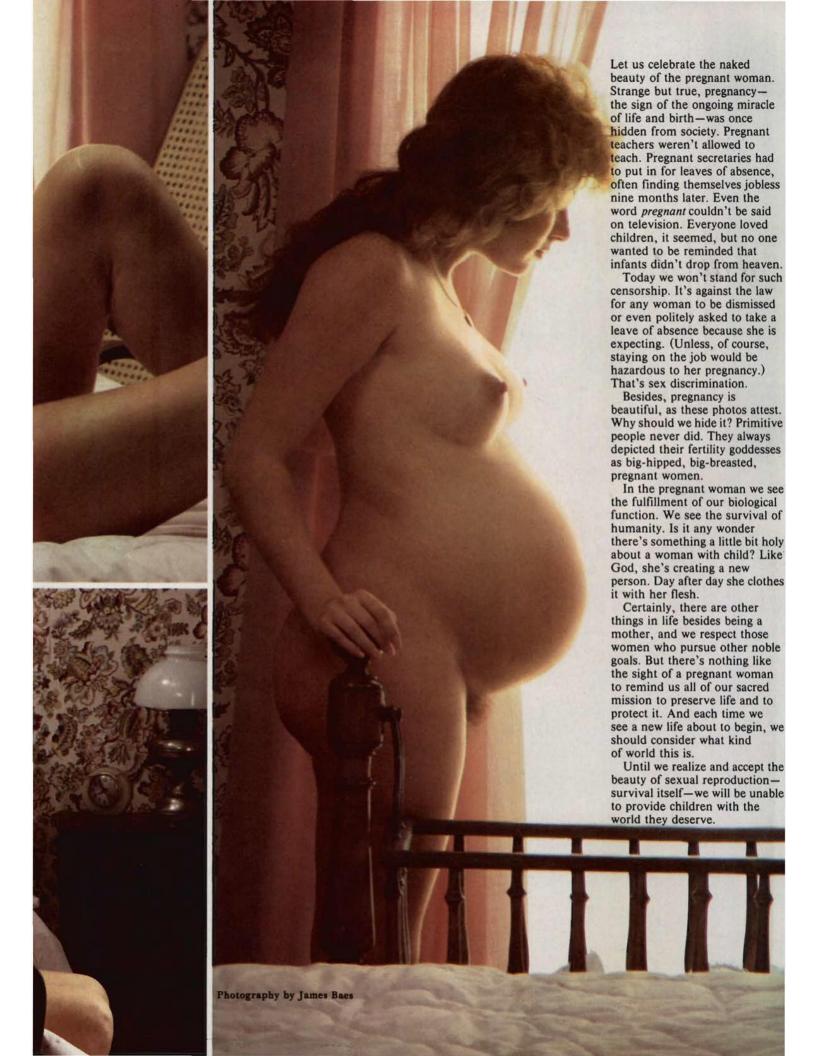
Get both the BEST OF HUSTLER #3 and the BEST OF CHIC #1.

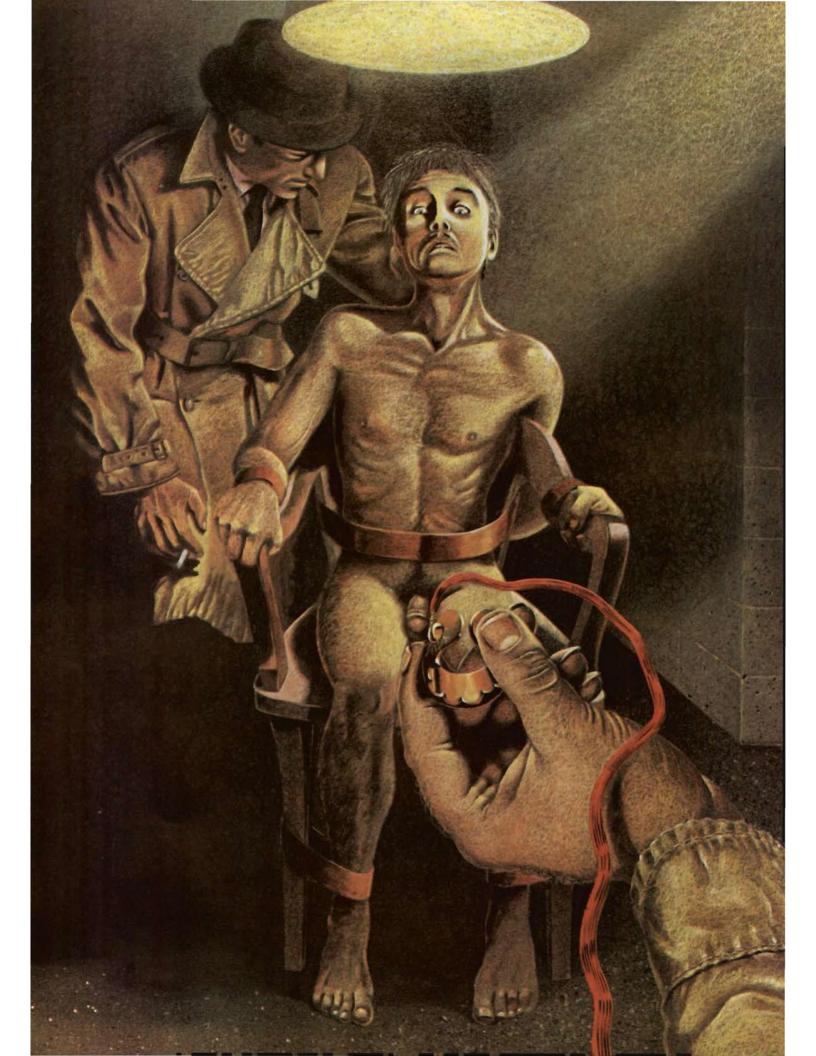
EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)











YOU'LL TELL THEM ANYTHING Article by Maicolm Braly

Torture is the most terrible event remaining in man's memory.

—Jean Amery

You wake just before dawn to the sound of several cars stopping in the street below, and you wonder whose turn it is now. When you hear heavy boots on the stairs, you know it is your turn. They break down the door and crowd into your home. Your woman wakes and begins screaming. Your children are crying, but you are powerless to soothe

their fears. Your own fear is an enormous emptiness.

There are five men and a leader—too many for any one man to fight—and while the men seize you, the leader calmly sweeps the few jars of creams and the bottle of lotion from the dresser top. They break together on the floor. He is telling you that your body will be



is being destroyed, that the sweet, soft life in your woman's arms is over.

You don't know why they have come for you. You have your own thoughts, but you have kept them to yourself. Your nose is shamefully clean. But you know who they are. Everyone knows that. Everyone knows the building to which they'll take you. All know and curse it, because through its basement rooms evil enters the world.

You are blindfolded and driven in an unmarked van. Someone you can't see kicks your shins sharply while someone else slaps your face. You smell them all around you, and you try to feel contempt for these dog servants. You hope you won't disgrace yourself before such shit.

Still blindfolded, you're hustled from the van and taken inside, then led downstairs and through another door. You smell the sharp stench of hot urine. When the blindfold is pulled away, you find yourself in a small, whitewashed cement room. You will wait here. They want you to lean against the wall, and one of them shows you how. The officer rests against the doorframe, rubs his earlobe and smiles.

You assume the position, leaning forward with your arms stretched out, your palms pressed against the cool cement. Your weight falls into your shoulders

broken just as casually, that your home and hips, and at first this is comfortable. You stare at the floor and try to think of nothing. This is impossible because just ahead looms some great awfulness. You study the vague stains on the floor, and you wonder how they came to be there. You remember something you once heard as a child: "Blood never washes out.'

Soon the small of your back begins to ache. You shift your weight restlessly. This brings a moment's relief, then the ache returns. Soon your legs begin to tremble. Behind you a guard sits at an old wooden desk. He watches you impassively.

You begin to measure time by the cigarettes he smokes. You try to imagine he's a man like yourself, and you beg him to let you rest. He shakes his head. No, you must stay in the position of discipline. But twice he brings you water, and you are grateful for the few moments it takes to drink it.

That afternoon you are taken out, and the leader asks you to make a statement. He's genial as he accuses you of crimes against the government. He seems to suggest these matters are trivial; but you know that if you admit to them, you will certainly be executed.

You try to make him understand he has taken the wrong man. You become desperate. You're no one-you work hard and you keep your head down, your bills paid and your mouth shut. And the leader continues to smile at you as if you're an old friend caught in some momentary foolishness.

You're dismissed and taken back to the wall. For a while you feel stronger, almost refreshed, but soon you begin to tremble again. You wonder how your wife and children will manage without you. Finally, you're allowed to lie down on the floor for a few hours, but anxiety steals your rest. You drift in and out of troubled sleep until a fresh, rested guard kicks you awake.

Now you're ordered to strip naked before you resume the position of discipline against the wall. Soon your body remembers its pain. You begin to lose all notion of time, and after a while the only reality is the enormity of your discomfort. At first it shames you that the guard behind you can see your legs trembling. In time it doesn't matter.

Then you hear the sound of many heavy boots on concrete, and you don't have to be told they're coming for you. They take you to another room, where they strap you into a straight wooden chair. You see small copper clamps and a transformer, but you can't imagine what these things are for. The guards begin to beat you, smashing your legs with their clubs. You smell the garlic on their breath, and their faces are more awful than the pain-twitching masks without human feeling. To do what they are doing, they have become less than

The leader stops this random, senseless beating. He speaks kindly to you. He knows that it has been hard and that these rough fellows have hurt you. A shame. It should be over, and it can be if you will only tell him a few small things. Where is this one? What have you heard about that one? He mentions names whispered in the streets, unsafe men who have acted openly against the government and questioned its right to rule. You do not know them, and you say so, but now your truth is beginning to sound like lies.

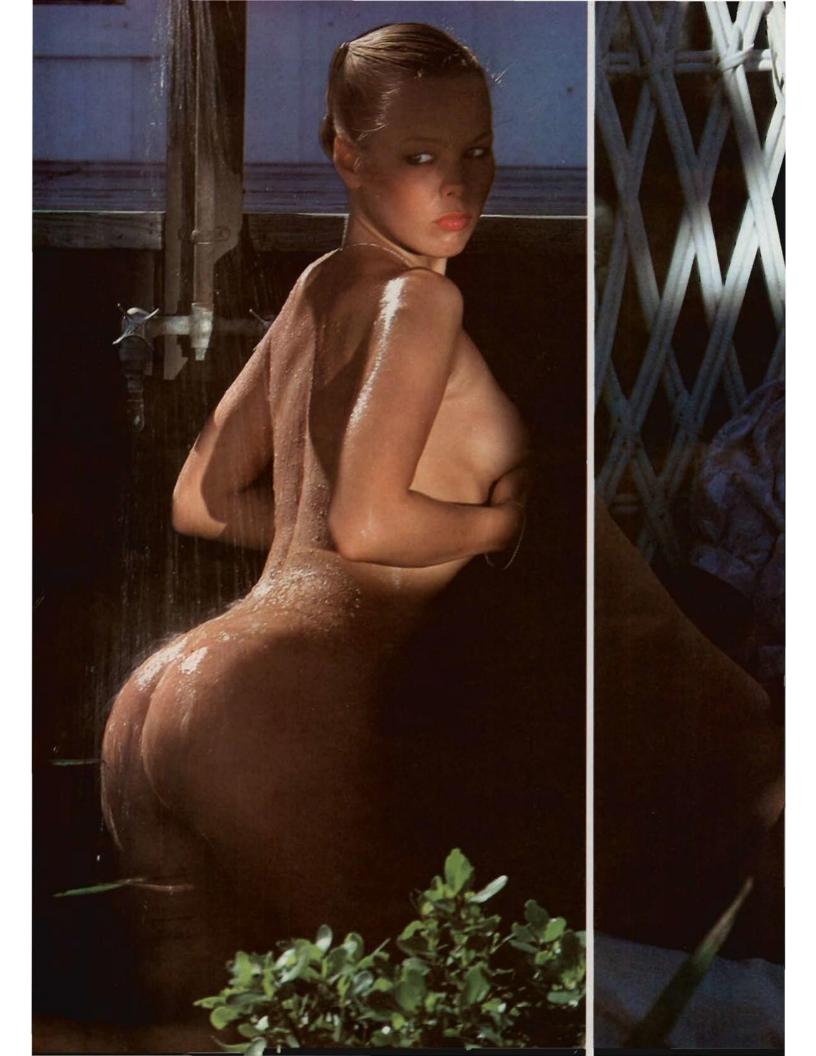
The leader is disappointed in you. He can't understand why you would protect such useless men with your silence. He tells the guards to hook up the clamps, and you are horrified at what they begin to do. This is something you had been unable to imagine. And you watch in despair as they fasten the copper clamps to your testicles. Your pole shrivels as they fix a larger clamp over its head. You sit naked with the small metal teeth gnawing your most precious parts.

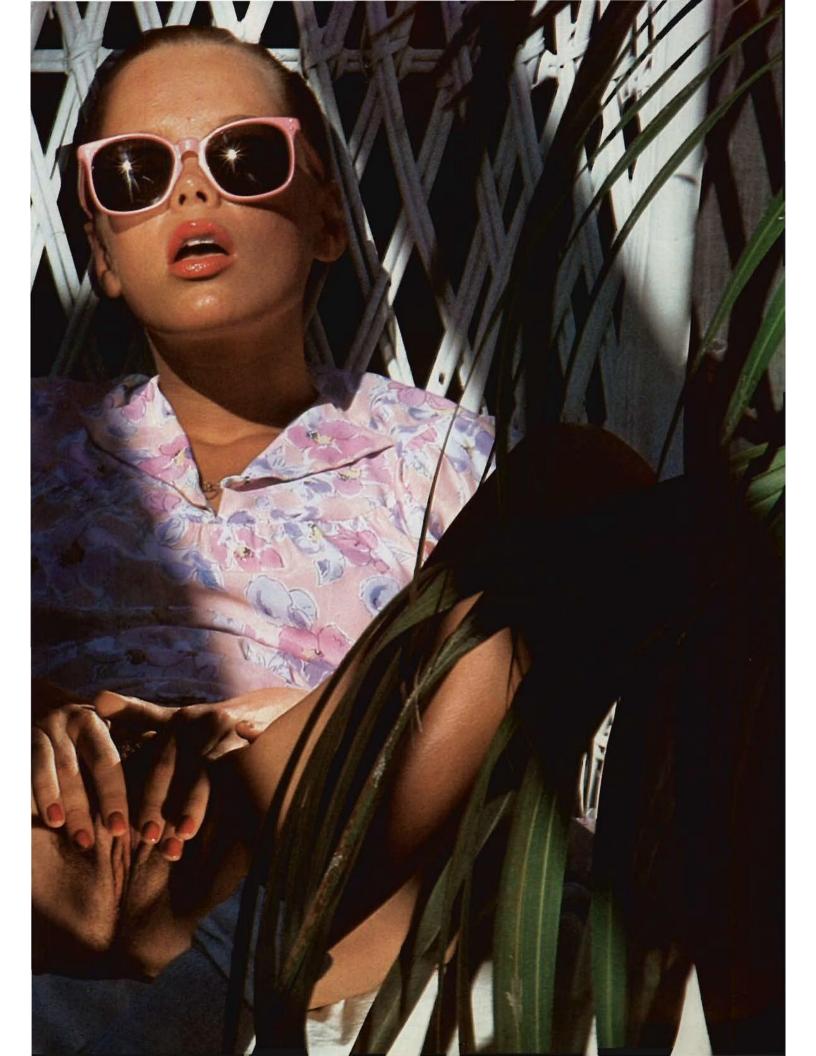
Again the leader asks you for information, and you weep openly as you tell them you know nothing, you have done

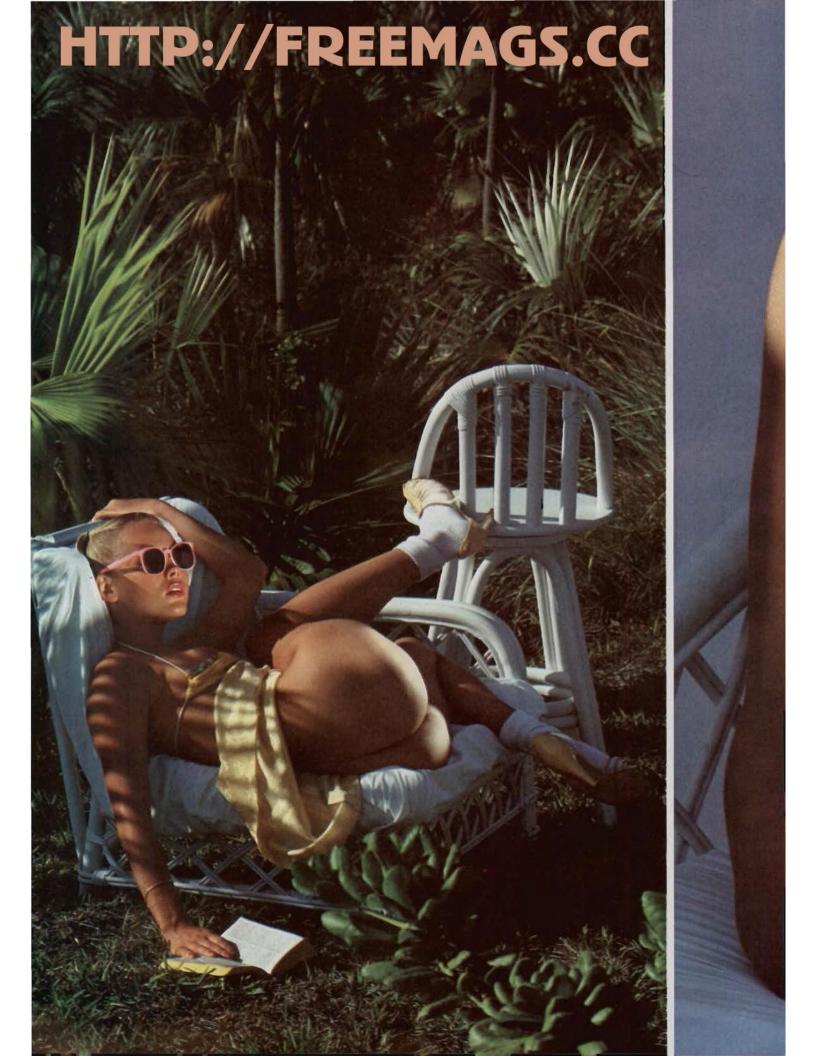
(continued on page 52)

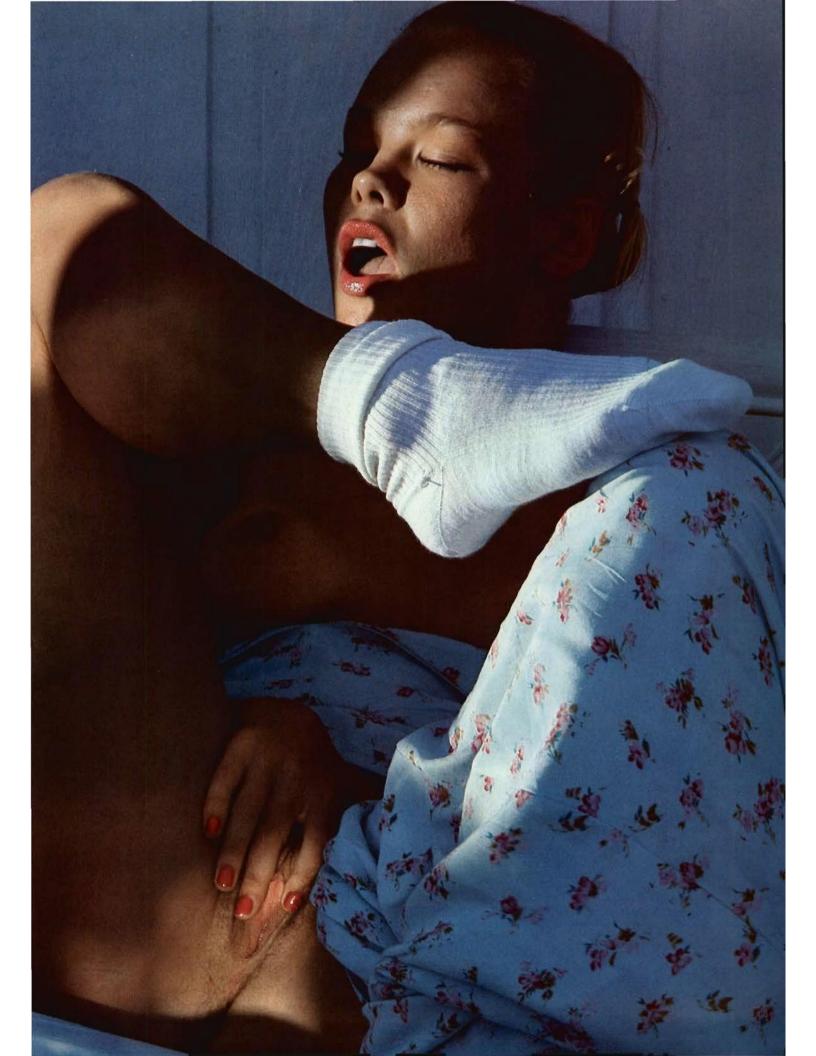


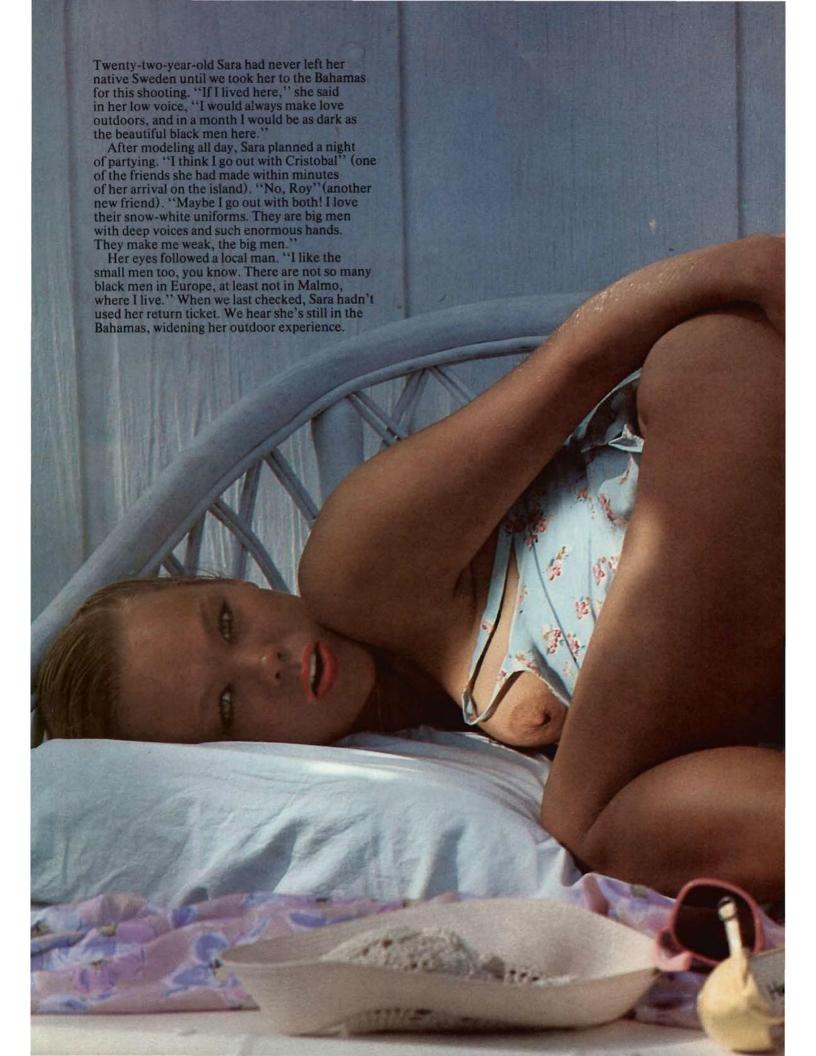














(continued from page 44)

nothing. He looks at you like a kindly father who must punish, and his hand moves on a switch.

Abruptly your agony begins as the electricity surges through your genitals, and you hear yourself screaming. Again you're asked. Again you scream. Your legs jerk convulsively, and your hands tear from your arms. Your brain is full of burning sparks. You begin to smash the back of your head against the chair just to focus on something. It goes on and on. Little by little, all the manhood in you breaks up and begins to fall apart.

Now you'll tell them anything. You're desperate to understand what they want you to say, so you can tell them exactly that. It doesn't matter. You know that your body could stubbornly tolerate this awful abuse for days and that they will carefully deny you the oblivion of death, while your spirit and all the precious humanity you have won from your struggle with life will be systematically destroyed.

Does this incident read like a horror story from the old days? A page from Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia? A barbarity that could have only happened in the past? Isn't that what most of us comfortable Americans would like

to go on thinking? But we can no longer afford the luxury of a view so naive—because torture, with all its modern refinements, is a routine political tool in more than 60 nations. And far from drying up, the practice is flourishing. So to see where torture may be going, we must take a brief look at where it has been.

The strength of the muscles and the sensitivity of the nerves of an innocent person being known factors, the problem is to find the level of suffering necessary to make him confess to any given crime.

-Marchese de Beccaria (1764)

Judicial torture enters history late, with the Greeks and the Romans. At first, free men were tortured only for conspiring against the life of the emperor (one crime in which the emperor took a sincere interest). Soon, however, citizens were suffering torture for a variety of offenses. With the triumph of the Christian church, torture virtually vanished from the Western world for almost 1,000 years—only to reappear in the Middle Ages. By the 13th century torture was commonplace, and the practice was carefully regulated with all of man's genius for sanctifying and institutionalizing his inhumanity toward his fellows.

This legal torment was conducted in a

special chamber by a civil servant, who often doubled as the executioner. The judges sat around at their ease, sipping refreshments and nibbling sweets, while they routinely noted the time and the amount of weight applied in the various tortures. In time, they wrote down the inevitable confession.

In the light of the Renaissance, torture was slowly driven out, and by 1920 a European scholar could write that torture was a relic of the barbaric past. But now Europe was plunging toward the Holocaust, and again leaders were emerging who thought no price was too high to pay for personal power. When the concentration camps were first constructed in Nazi Germany, torture rooms contained brand-new equipment. When Germany was finally brought down, there were humanistic cries of "Never again!"

The use of torture as a political weapon, though, has been one of the most enduring legacies of the Hitler years. It's an irony of our times, because at no point in history have the nations of the world been more united in their condemnation of torture; yet never has its practice been so prevalent.

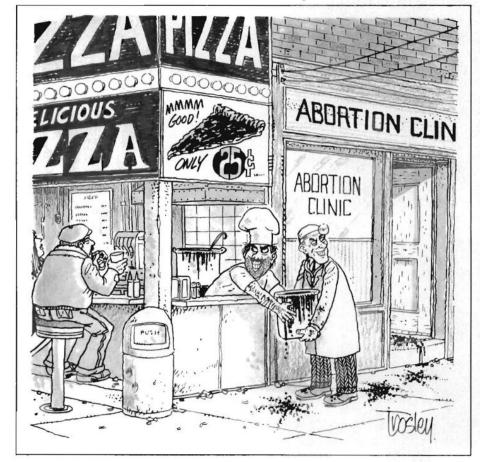
There are a few lumps of hard sense to be gained from the sorry shit of history, and one can see the close link between the use of torture and crimes, real or imagined, against the sovereign or state. Pierre Vidal Naquet, a French lawyer, mathematician and author, put it this way: "[Torture] is in effect nothing other than the most direct and most immediate form of the domination of one man over another, which is the very essence of politics."

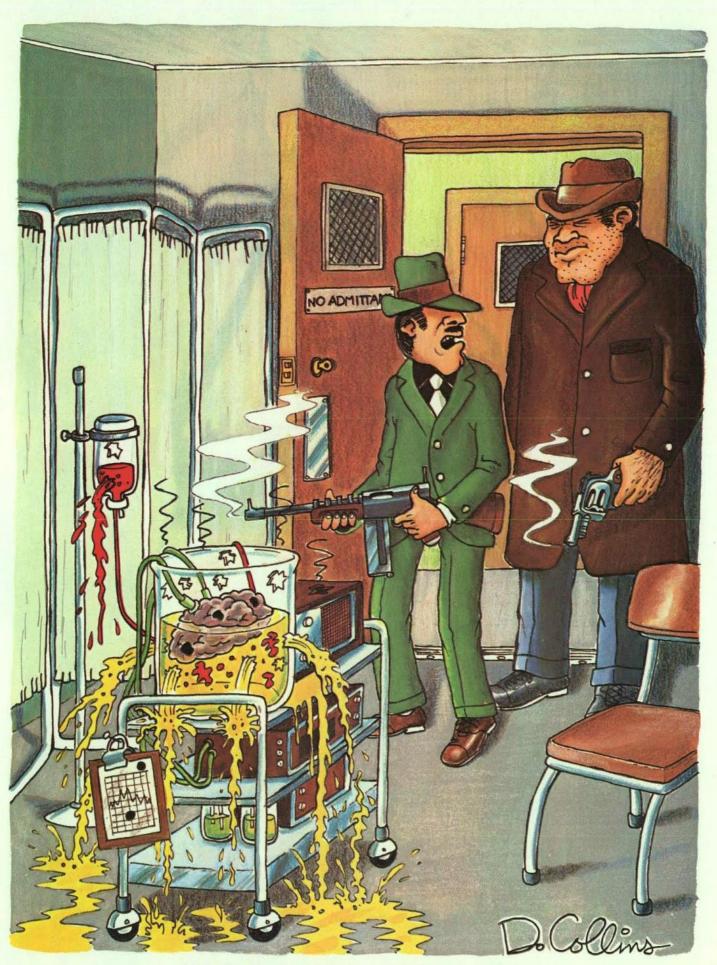
It is commonplace to say the modern world is getting smaller. What this means in plain terms is that more and more people are wising up to the real nature of most leaders. The earliest kings ruled simply because they could stomp anyone who stood up to them; and when the kings began to weaken, they were pulled down by their strongest rivals.

Then some aging king invented a great story: The gods had appeared to express their pleasure with the job he was doing and to say that anyone who opposed him would be forever cursed. So kings began to rule by "divine right," and more than a few even claimed to be gods themselves.

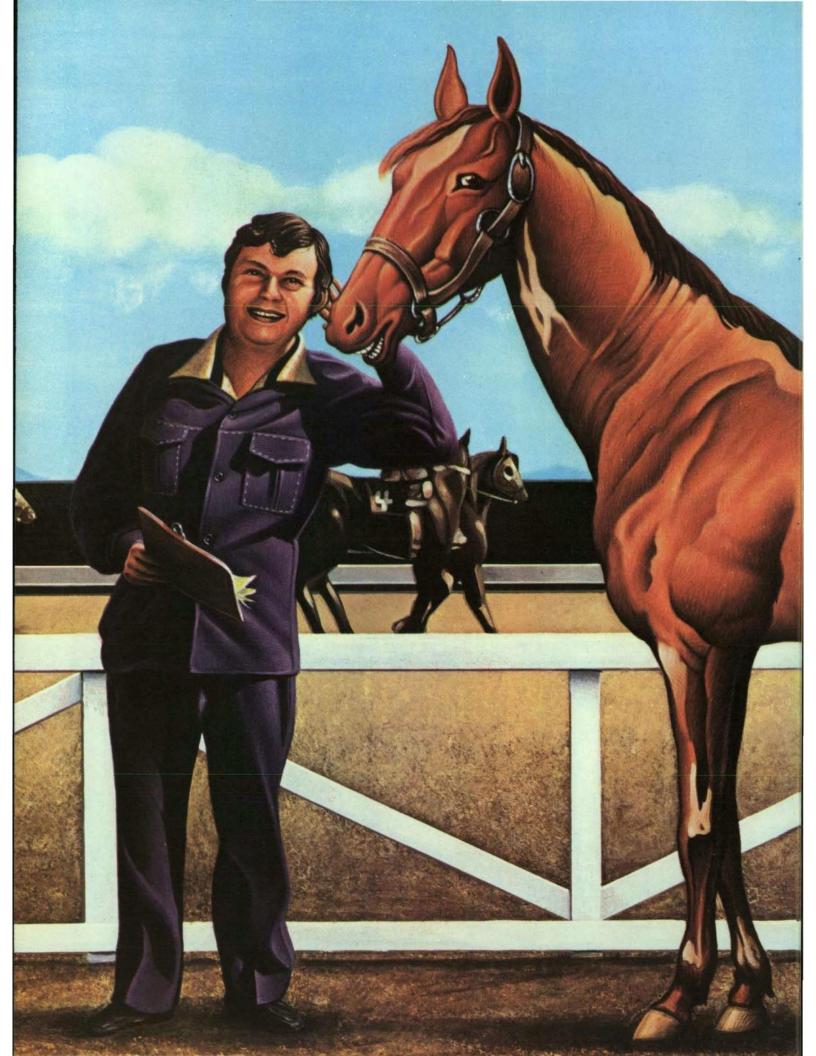
Almost all rulers have used this gimmick in one form or another. The president of the United States takes his oath on the Bible and swears before God to honor his office. But few, even the devout, any longer believe that God is

(continued on page 102)





"Ya know, Bugsy, a mind is a terrible thing to waste."

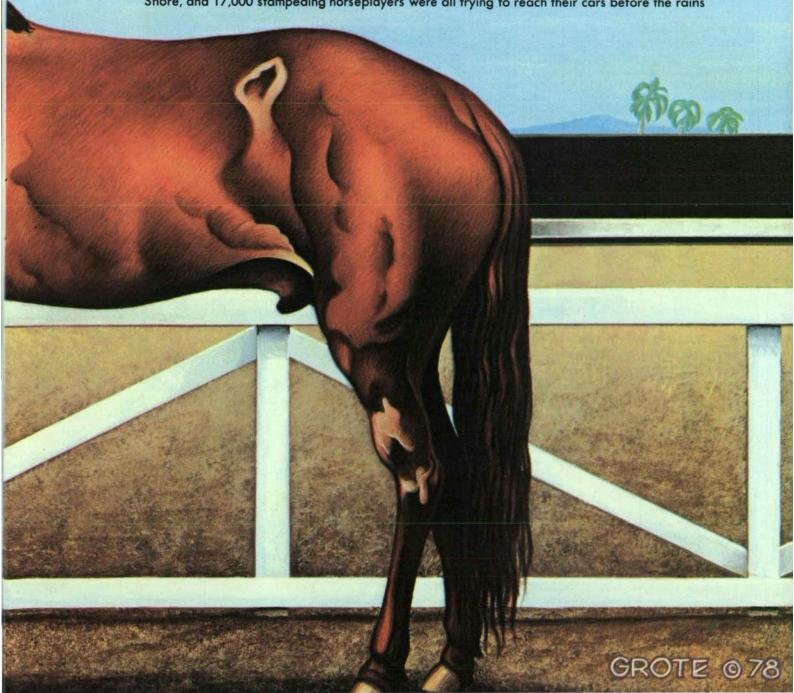


CHUCK BADON E STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Profile by Rob Fleder

The thoroughbreds in the ninth race had just come pounding down the homestretch at Monmouth Park when Chuck Badone lit up and bolted toward the clubhouse as if he'd been zapped with an electric prod. A professional handicapper who has watched 22 years' worth of winners and losers go under the wire, Badone isn't easily riled by the results of a single horse race. But the man known as the Professor of Handicapping had picked the first three finishers of the final race, and was holding a winning ticket on the trifecta—one of the longest shots in horseplaying.

A bank of mean-looking thunderheads was rolling in over the resorts of New Jersey's South Shore, and 17,000 stampeding horseplayers were all trying to reach their cars before the rains



came. And there was Chuck Badone, a bullnecked block of a man, hitting the gaps in the crowd at full stride, picking his path like a halfback on an open-field run until he reached a short line at the \$100 cashier's window. Badone, looking truly stunned, stared vacantly ahead, like a blissed-out hippie.

The Professor of Handicapping—a full-time horseplayer, a holder of two master's degrees, an ex-jock, published author and thoroughbred fanatic—was about to collect \$2,316 on a \$3 bet.

There is a racetrack adage, known to insiders who train and coddle costly thoroughbreds and to casual fans who merely bet on them: What's really interesting at the track is not what the people do to the horses; it's what the horses do to the people.

What horses do to a lot of people is reduce them to a lower form of life known as "track rats"—poor, sniveling bastards whose irresistible urge to play the ponies has sent them skidding into the pits of permanent misfortune.

Track rats crawl out from under their rocks early in the racing day. If you arrive about three hours before post time at any thoroughbred oval in the country, you'll definitely see them, swilling tepid coffee in the track cafeteria, chomping nasty stogies that never seem to get lit and poring over the Daily Racing Form in search of long shots on which to bet next month's rent.

Chuck Badone seemed doomed to join their ranks when, four years ago (at the age of 36), he scrapped the security of a teaching and coaching career, cashed in everything he owned and set out to make a profession of his passion for playing the horses.

Now, the racing industry is not what you would call an Equal Opportunity Employer. Badone lacked the influential connections usually required to land a racetrack job; he was strictly an outsider trying to break into a game in which intruders are about as welcome as bull dykes at a beauty pageant.

Although Badone beat those long odds and eventually staked out a place for himself in the tight, little world of horse racing, he remains a racetrack oddity—a formally educated, highly articulate gentleman in a business in which the average guy thinks slowly, talks dirty and spits a lot.

A curiosity among the horseplaying masses, Badone found a fitting home at Monmouth Park, a plush, 600-acre spread whose summer meeting offers some of the classiest thoroughbreds in the country. Monmouth's track rats, though, are strictly garden variety—as desperate and grubby as usual—and on this Labor Day weekend they were already out in force when Badone showed up for his regular morning stint in the track's publicity office.

Pausing only to remove his customary track attire—coat and tie—Badone sat

down at a typewriter. He promptly banged out his daily contribution to the boys up in the press box, filling a page with tidbits of inside information gathered from jockeys and trainers.

The way his eyes were riveted to his work, you'd have thought Badone didn't realize the next office was filled with enough gorgeous girls to staff a swanky cathouse. Actually, they were all Barbizon models posing as publicity assistants. Even though it wasn't hurting the track's image to hire a stable of beauty queens as office "gofers," it didn't seem right to expect a man to get any work done there.

Nevertheless, Badone didn't miss a beat. He rolled a clean sheet of paper into the typewriter and, talking nonstop about horse racing, knocked out his daily picks, "Chuck's Choices," which appear in the Asbury Park Press.

"I'd have to say the racing public is as badly informed as any group of sports fans in the country," Badone began. He remained hunched over the machine, his brown hair falling in waves from a widow's peak above his fleshy, affable face. "Here you have millions of people gambling on horses, and most of them don't have the slightest idea what they're doing.

"I'd guess that, tops, maybe one out of every ten racing fans is a really astute handicapper. And if you happen to be a guy with that knowledge, it gives you a tremendous edge in a game in which

A P

A DAY AT THE RACES

It would give me great pleasure to report that, during our time together at Monmouth Park, Chuck Badone revealed a secret system which enabled me to win enough crisp, green bills to retire to a villa on the Mediterranean coast. Unfortunately, that would be a lie. The bitter truth is, nothing so romantic happened, simply because there is no surefire system for betting horses.

Handicapping is an art that can take years to master. Although Badone's book Winning Handicapping: Secrets of a Successful Race Handicapper (\$11.95 from Pay Day Press, 8208 East Vista Drive, Scottsdale, Arizona 85253) may hasten the learning process, the author is quick to admit that even he can't turn a horseplaying fool into a shrewd handicapper overnight.

Nevertheless, I decided from the getgo to evaluate Badone's method by employing the old before-and-after routine. First I'd spend a day at the track by myself, making bets based on the little I already knew about horse racing. Then, after studying Winning Handicapping, I'd go back for a second shot.

I arrived at the track with a mystical betting system I had

developed when I was ten. As a kid, you see, I enjoyed considerable success in predicting the winners of the feature races on TV every Saturday afternoon, just by selecting the horse whose name had the nicest ring to it. Years later, at a bizarre party where people actually bet play money while a Mafia functionary ran films of horse races, I won a trip to Nassau by using the same method.

"Why should my system fail me now?" I asked myself while plunking down a few dollars at the \$2 window. I was forced to ask myself that question nine times that day, for a well-named horse was entered in each race. I lost money on every one.

If I had bet just \$2 to win on each horse Badone had selected in his newspaper column, I would have had five winners and walked away \$40 to the good. But the only rational move I made was to give him \$10 after the first race and ask him to bet it as he saw fit. Counting the money he won for me, I tallied a net loss of almost \$30.

After suffering through that day of utter humiliation, I dutifully studied Badone's book and the *Daily Racing Form*—the Bible of horseplaying—for one week. Returning to Mon-

you're always trying to beat the odds."

What Badone was actually talking about was money, and he didn't mean small change. On a decent day at Monmouth Park the track's handle is about \$1.5 million. In Badone's view, a good portion of that sum is bet by people who have their heads planted squarely up their asses and who base their gambling decisions on nothing more than the pleasing lilt of a horse's name, the color of a jockey's silks or, at best, on the published predictions of professionals like himself.

According to Badone, the selections you find in the *Daily Racing Form* and in local newspapers can be useful betting aids for the casual race fan, the novice handicapper or the complete ignoramus.

"But you've got to realize that most newspaper selectors don't spend every day at the races," he said, yanking his handiwork out of the typewriter with a flourish. "Any handicapper worth his salt is better off ignoring the judgment of someone who makes his selections without ever watching the horses run.

"Besides, even if a selector is at the track every day, there are all kinds of crucial factors he just can't know about in advance. Late scratches, jockey changes, whether a horse looks nervous and washy [having foamy shanks] at post time—any one of those things can completely change your thinking about a race, and newspaper selections can't take any of them into account."

Badone would have gone on debating the relative merits of touts and tipsters (people who sell "sure" winners at the track) if a stately gentleman in a blue-and-white seersucker suit hadn't come strutting into the office, looking to bust balls. Before the man said a word his smug grin told you he had a real bad attitude—like maybe people had him in mind when they called horse racing the sport of kings.

"Say, Chuck. Did you get that jockey change on the four horse—Bradley Belle—in the first?" Seersucker asked. "I noticed you picked her on top in the paper. I'm surprised at you, Chuck. Thought you could do better than that."

"No, I haven't seen a jockey change yet," Badone told him, trying to sidestep the argument the guy was obviously

"Well, I guess the rider won't really matter. Your filly doesn't figure in the race anyway," Seersucker continued, peering over his sunglasses, looking for a rise from Badone.

"All I know is, I don't want anything to do with a horse when she's lost by something like forty-four lengths in her last three outings. No way she's gonna run with this three horse—Toujours Le Creme. Unbelievable you'd pick a pig like Bradley Belle in print. She just doesn't figure."

It looked for a second like Badone would fly out of his chair and take the binoculars from around the intruder's neck and strangle him. But he just sat there glowering while some creep he didn't even know dumped all over his professional judgment. After impressing himself sufficiently, Seersucker moved next door to hustle the publicity girls.

Later, Badone would be gloating as Toujours Le Creme went off as the favorite, dropped to the back of the field and ran dead last, well up the track. But for the moment the handicapper was gritting his teeth.

"That's the kind of arrogant crap you get hit with when you're making a target of yourself every day, handicapping for the public," he said. "But when you're telling people how to bet their money, you've got to take the crap. That comes with the profession."

The handicapping savvy that ultimately made Badone a pro was a long time in the making. The son of a mailman from West Springfield, Massachusetts, he was 18 when he got his first taste of horse racing—at the Northampton Fair, a hokey shindig where prizewinning Herefords and 4-H Club hogs shared top billing with the nags. It didn't matter that the horses running at the fair were broken-down old plugs—young Badone was hooked.

"When I learned to read the Racing Form that day, it was about the most intriguing thing I'd run across since girls," he recalled. "I guess the thing that really grabbed me right away was

WITH CHUCK BADONE

mouth, I hit three winning bets on the first race and developed a bad case of overconfidence, which proved to be my undoing.

With visions of that villa dancing in my head, I started buying various combinations of exacta tickets. (In races with exacta—also called perfecta—betting the player must pick the first two finishers in order.) I'd learned enough about handicapping to pick my fair share of winners, but that day I was betting those selections with all the intelligence of a clever carrot.

By the eighth race I was back in the red, so I reverted to cozy \$2 bets on favorites. At that point Badone, with all the subtlety he could muster, told me I could still use a few tips. He offered me some advice: Trying to cut losses by betting favorites is like trying to shore up the Thieu regime. It only prolongs the agony.

"Unless you count on losing every penny you bring to the track," he said, "you're going to be a scared bettor. You should only carry as much as you can afford to lose, and then use it to try to win some real money instead of trying to break even."

With that, Badone asked if I cared to split a couple of trifecta tickets with him on the ninth race. Knowing that picking the win, place and show horses in order was next to impossible for me, I could hardly refuse him. He took my three bucks, added three of his own and bought two combinations. We agreed that if either of the tickets won, we'd share the pot. He also bought a third ticket for himself, and it was this ticket that won him \$2,316.

After he had cashed in his ticket and regained his senses, Badone swore I had brought him good luck and assured me he would not have sprung for that third ticket if I hadn't tossed in my money. I almost expected he would offer to split his winnings with me. (I would have been tickled with a mere 10 percent.) Instead, he insisted I accept—as a token of his appreciation—some win and place tickets worth a total of about \$20. It was a sporting gesture, to be sure, but a trifle understated for my taste.

When I finally left Monmouth Park, I had cut my first day's losses in half. More important, I proved that while a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing at the racetrack, it beats the hell out of no knowledge at all.

all those complex, intangible things that make a horse a winner. Right from the beginning I started reading every book, every article, anything that might improve my skills as a handicapper."

Though Badone was a certified racing junkie from that day, his horseplaying habit still had other interests to contend with. A schoolboy hockey star from a town that took the sport seriously, he was offered a professional contract upon graduation from high school. But in those days, before expansion diluted the talent pool, an American kid had virtually no chance of cracking the National Hockey League, monopolized by Canadians. Players from north of the border are reared in a tradition that ranks ice-skating just above toilet-training on the list of things every child must learn.

Badone didn't exactly drool over the prospect of a perpetual minor-league career. Instead, he opted for a full athletic scholarship to St. Lawrence University, a collegiate hockey powerhouse from which he emerged with a degree in physical education—and, surprisingly, all his teeth.

For the next 16 years Badone trudged the path of what he calls his "normal career," teaching high school and coaching hockey back in Massachusetts. Along the way he managed to pick up one master's degree in education from Westfield State College and—during a one-year sabbatical—a second master's, in physical education, from Arizona State University. But all those sheepskins weren't worth a load of sheep shit, as it gradually struck him that he couldn't stomach teaching and coaching any longer.

Meanwhile the horses were working their spell, and Badone's enchantment with handicapping grew into a full-blown passion. The racetrack had become a seductive mistress, and teaching school was the nagging shrew that kept him from getting his rocks off. The next step was logical: He cut the old bag loose.

In the summer of 1974 he cashed in his pension plan and moved himself, his wife, Cheryl, and their two daughters to Phoenix, Arizona. He found a house half a mile from the track, Turf Paradise, where he set about trying to bust into racing circles that were tighter than a cat's ass.

Badone kept plugging away, though. He pitched himself as a well-educated racing expert with a rash of ideas that could spur public interest in the relatively young racing scene in Phoenix. Four months later his persistence paid off with a \$135-a-week job in the track's publicity department. It wasn't exactly fat city for a guy with a family to support, but he was finally in the door at

Turf Paradise, and for him it was Handicapper's Heaven.

Chuck Badone was a hotshot horseplayer in a town devoid of good handicappers, and once turned loose he fast became the class of a poor field, using his job at the track as a starting gate for a slew of innovations he had promised. First, he convinced officials at Scottsdale Community College and Mesa Community College to sponsor handicapping courses, with Professor Badone at the reins.

The following year he began holding open seminars for the patrons at Turf Paradise. In these sessions he would analyze the day's card, demonstrating handicapping principles while at the same time offering selections that might help bettors pick up a few bucks as well.

From there Badone took to the airwaves, with racing shows on AM and FM radio. He also broke into print, as the handicapper for a local newspaper. Finally, he carried off his most rewarding coup: A publisher asked him to write a book on horseplaying.

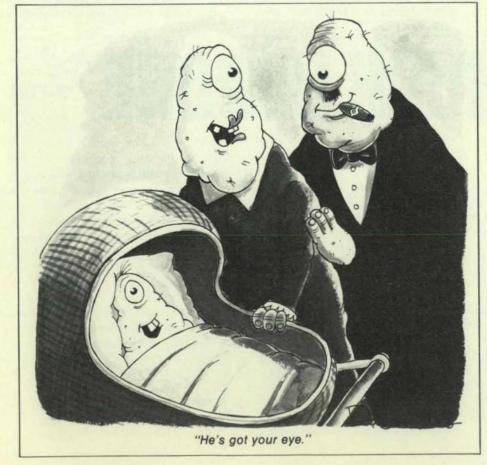
"I was kind of awed by the prospect," Badone recalled. "I'd always thought of books as things that were written by other people to be read by me."

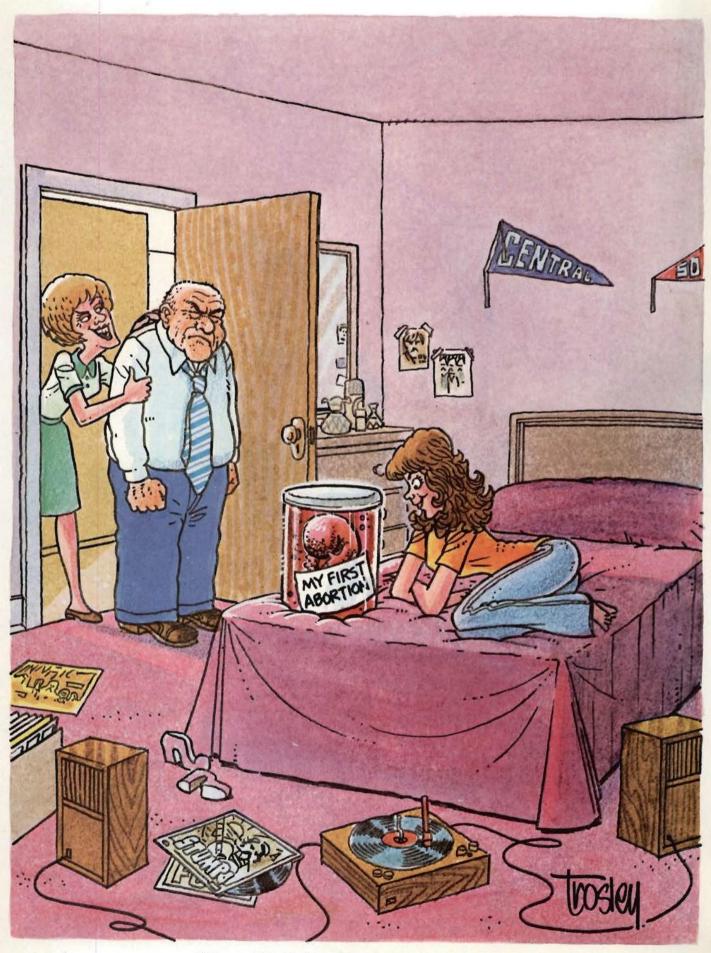
But once he sat down to write, the book flowed easily from all the courses and seminars he had taught. The result was Winning Handicapping: Secrets of a Successful Race Handicapper.

Within three years Badone—outsider and potential track rat—had become the Professor of Handicapping, a fixture on the Phoenix racing scene. Still, during those scorching southwestern summers—when Turf Paradise closes its pearly gates and nothing runs in the city except the air conditioning—Badone needed a second job. Having carved out a niche in the industry, he discovered that tight-assed racing establishments outside Arizona suddenly welcomed him, and he landed his dream job at Monmouth Park.

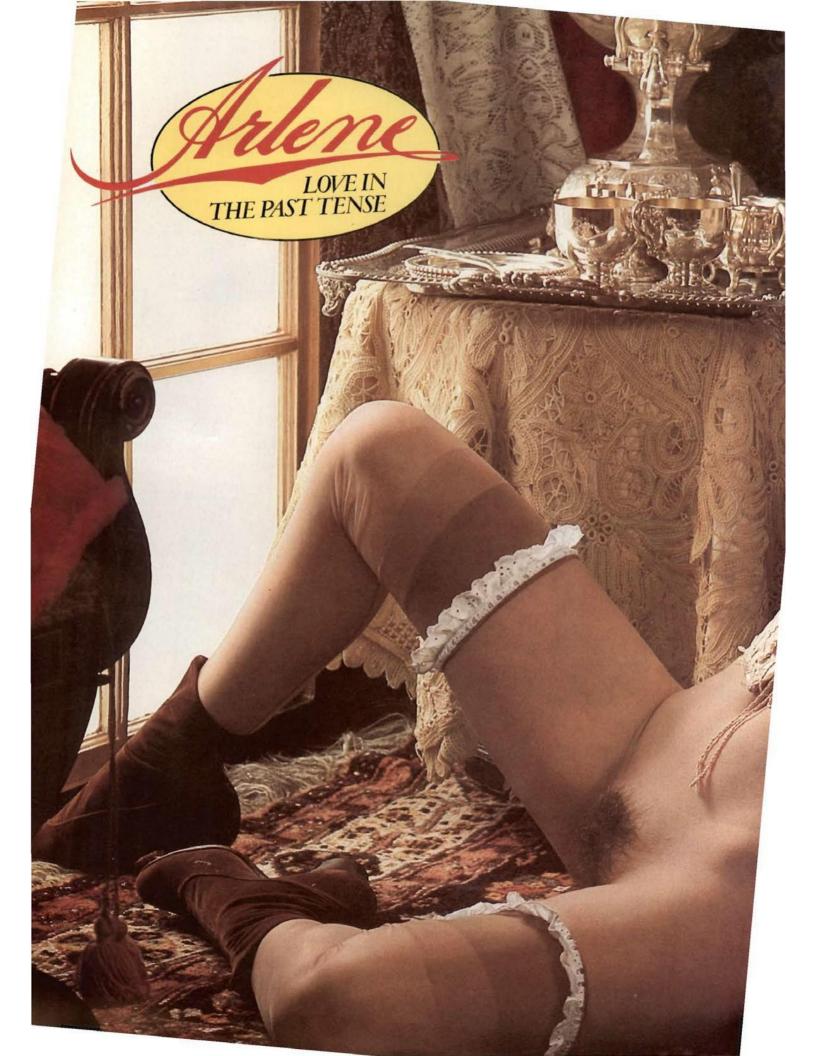
"It's hard for me to imagine that just a few years ago I was a handicapper—and a good one—who nobody had ever heard of," Badone mused. "In those days I'd sit and tell myself, 'Hey, I'm really good at this,' and it was like some guy with a tennis racket, bouncing the ball off a wall in his backyard and saying he ought to be at Wimbledon. But he's eighty billion miles from Wimbledon, and even if he's good enough, he'll probably never get a chance to prove it.

"But for me, it happened. Four years ago I was no one, standing along the rail at Suffolk Downs in Boston, telling myself I could handicap with the best of them. Today here I am, doing a thing I (continued on page 112)

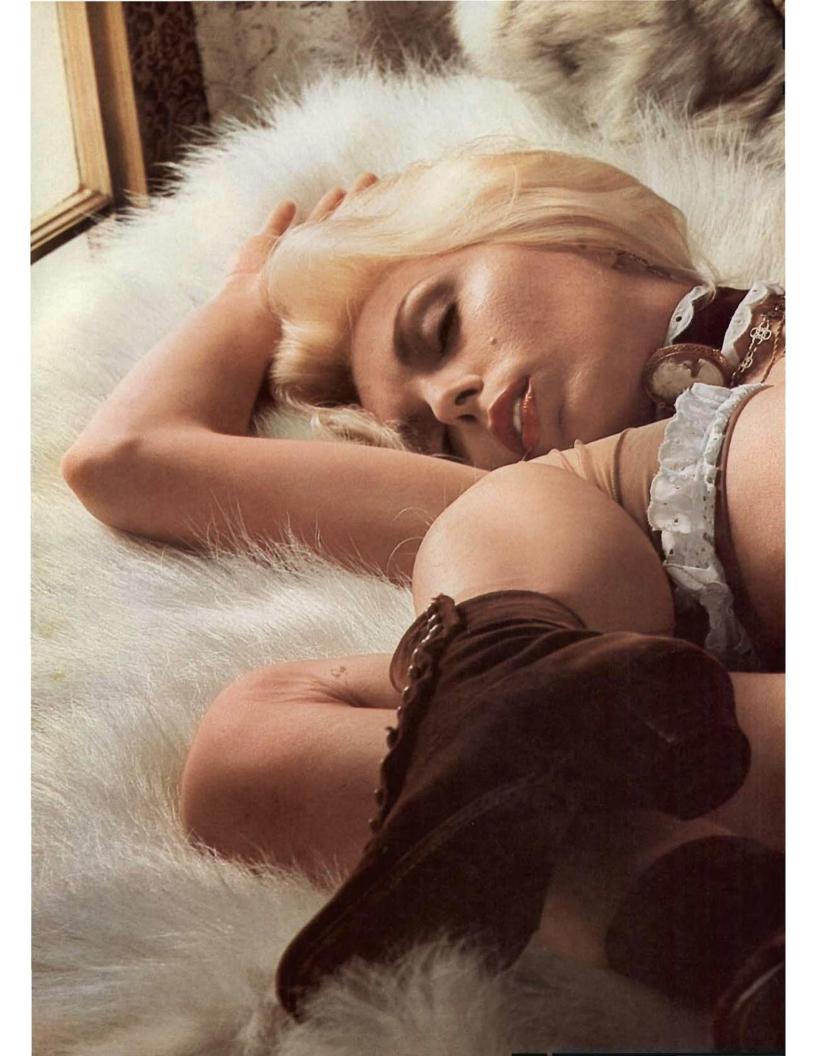




"C'mon, Harold. Remember how excited you were when they let you bring your gallstones home in a jar?"





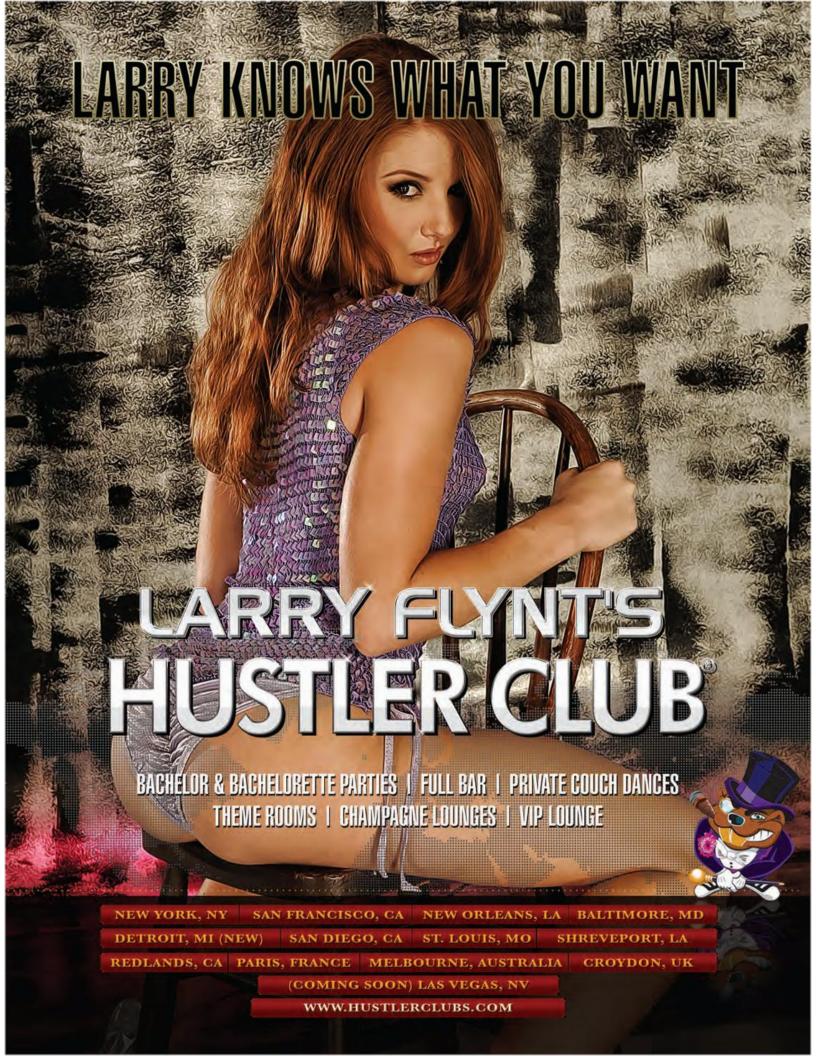


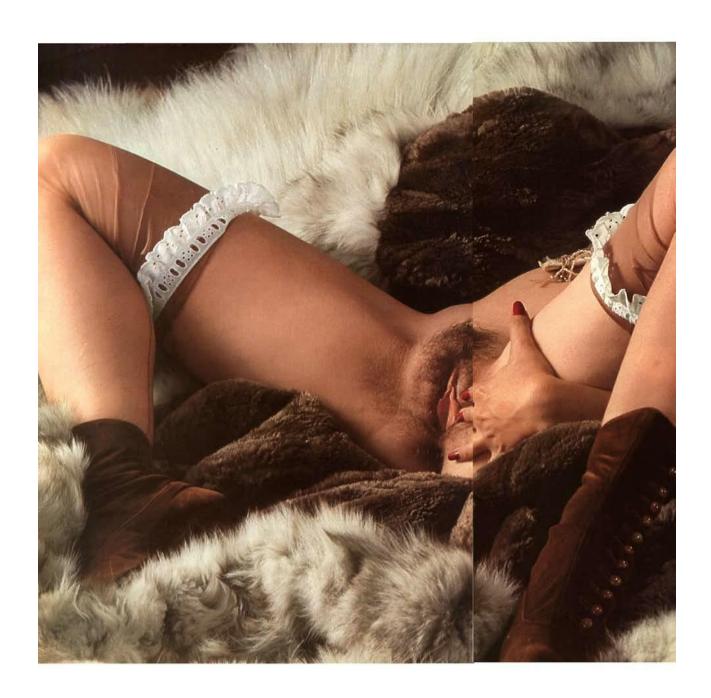


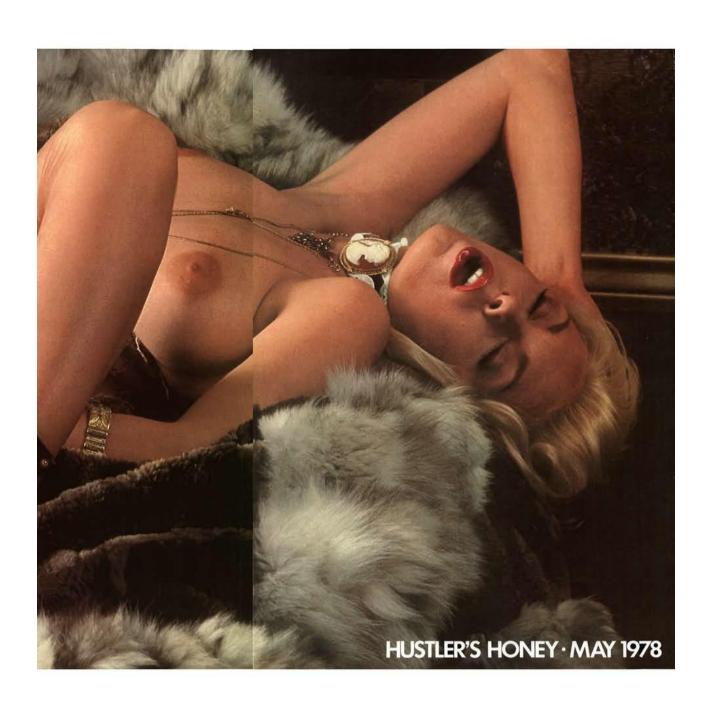












In order to trick her husband-to-be into thinking she was a virgin, a young woman decided to snap her garter as he entered her, thus simulating the sound of her cherry popping. On the honeymoon night the bride put her plan into action.

The groom's crank was splitting hair when pop! went the garter. His body stiffened and his eyes opened as wide as saucers. "What was that!?" the groom asked excitedly.

Coyly, the bride re-plied, "Oh! You just popped my cherry.'

With gritted teeth the groom pleaded, "Well, pop it again! It's got me by the balls!"

A guy went into an empty bar and ordered a drink. He started talking to the bartender

about President Carter, and the bartender said, "Hey, we don't talk politics here!"

The guy ordered another drink and asked the bartender what he thought of the Pope's being in town. The bartender said, "We don't discuss religion here either."

Finally, the patron asked if he could talk about sex. "Sure," replied the bartender.

"Good," said the guy. "Fuck you!"

A young couple was in the backseat of a car. The guy removed his face from the depths of his girlfriend's crotch and questioned, "When was the last time you washed down here?"

Highly embarrassed, the girl answered, "About two hours ago. Why?"

"Damn!" he exclaimed. "No wonder I can't taste anything."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines masturbation as: being handmade.

Mr. Jones and his wife spent their vacation in a nice hotel. When they checked out, the clerk informed them they owed \$100. Mr. Jones asked about the charge, and the clerk told him the charges were \$50 for the room and \$50 for the food. Mr. Jones said, "We can't owe \$50 for food. We didn't eat any."

The clerk replied, "It was there for you."

The Joneses returned to their room, gathered up their luggage, went back to the lobby and walked past the clerk without paying. The clerk yelled, "Hey, you owe us \$100."

"No, we're even," Mr. Jones said. "You owe me \$100 for using my wife."

"I never touched your wife," the clerk protested. Mr. Jones countered, "She was there for you."



A busload of mutes was returning from a skiing trip when the bus broke down in front of a bar. The driver discovered it would take a few hours to repair the bus, so he decided to let the mutes drink at the place.

There, the bartender was worried because he didn't know sign language. The driver explained, "When they hold up only one finger, they want a glass of beer; when they hold up two fingers, they want a small pitcher; and when they hold up clenched fists, they want a big pitcher."

The mutes began drinking up a storm. An hour and a half later the bartender noticed that some of them were sitting back with their mouths open and their arms flung out. He wondered what this could

mean, but decided to ignore it.

In another hour he realized all the mutes had their mouths open and their arms flung out. Upset, he ran to the bus driver to find out what they wanted. "Oh, damn!" cried the driver, "I'll never get them out now. You've got them singing!"

One day a woodsman was sitting by his campfire when suddenly a huge, ferocious grizzly bear charged from the woods and attacked him.

"Oh, Lord," he beseeched, "please save me!"

Nothing happened. The bear attacked the man even more furiously. Once again the man tried prayer. "Oh, Lord," he said, "please save me!"
Still nothing happened. The bear tore at the

man's neck with its bloody teeth. In desperation, the woodsman tried one last prayer.

"Well, Lord," he prayed, "if you won't help me, please don't help the bear!"

As soon as the secretary left his office, the president of the firm called in his assistant, shut the door and chuckled, "Here's one for the books, Fred. When Miss Baker and I were discussing the quality of the detergent we produce, she up and told me she douches with the stuff!"

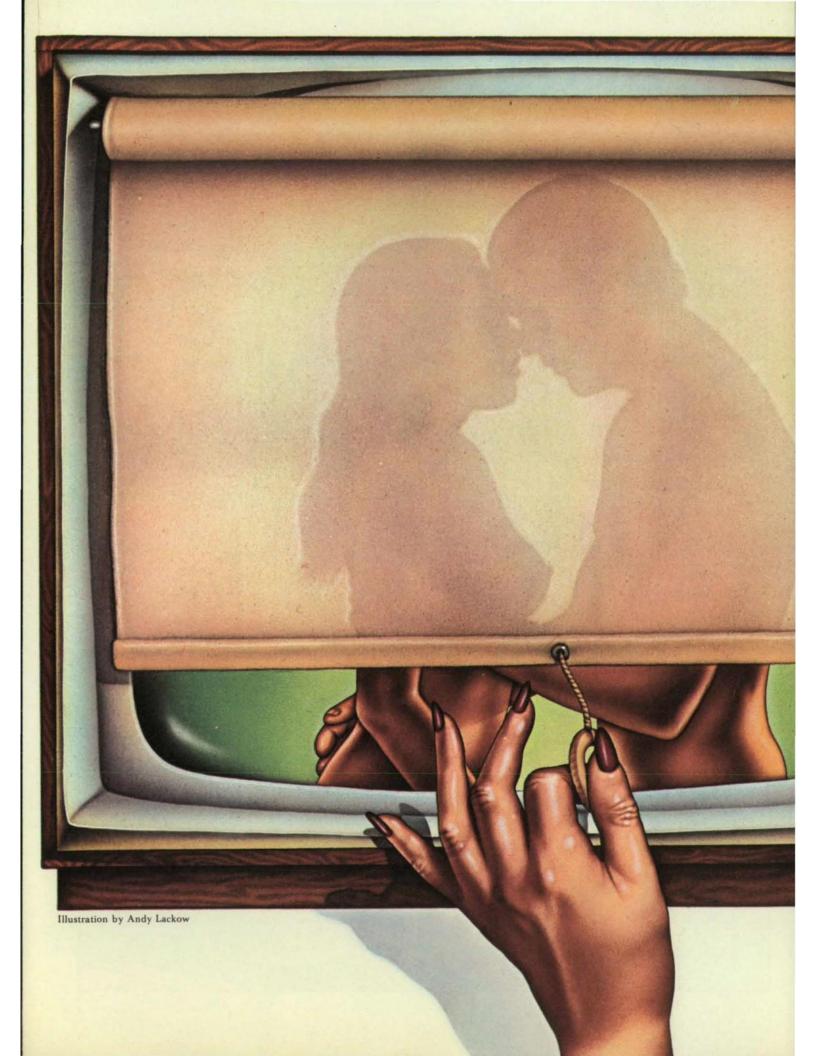
"Thank God, Boss!" gulped the assistant. "With those flecks of foam on your chin, I thought for sure you had rabies!"

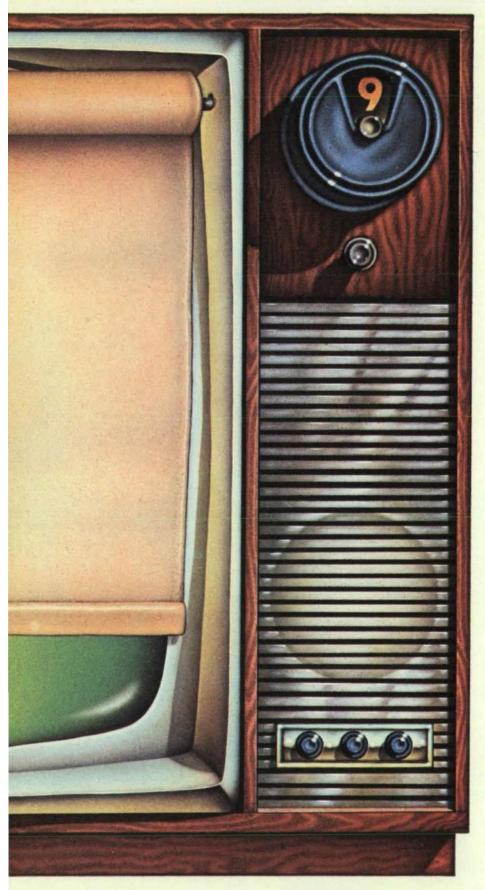
HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions.

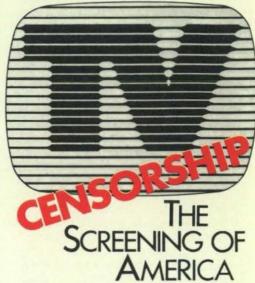


BY INANEB. TINELEY.









ARTICLE BY JONATHAN BLACK

No one likes to call it censorship. No one likes to admit that in these hip, enlightened times a creature called a TV censor actually thrives. So the major TV networks protect and disguise this unpopular beast with cutely laundered titles, such as "Vice-President, Standards and Practices."

But a censor by any other name snips the same. Somebody in the hallowed halls of each network—ABC, CBS and NBC— prevents the vast and highly impressionable TV audience from ever hearing the word shit or seeing a woman's nipple. In the sanitized, antiseptic world that graces the tube we, the viewers, are consistently spared what's considered grim or racy reality.

So no one curses. No one ever disrobes. Most hospital operations end successfully with zero pain for the patient. The Family—that great American institution—is scrubbed free of every conceivable vice and sin.

And, of course, there's no such thing as a TV censor.

A network like ABC takes great pains to avoid the nasty word, which is not mentioned once in its 20-page guideline booklet, "Broadcast Standards and Practices." Instead we have the following lofty lingo, reading like a CIA defense of the company: "Some people may infer that the work of ABC's Standards & Practices suggests a conscious regulation of new creative ideas into television. The truth is that on the highest level of working con-

sciousness the business of the Department is not with ideas or themes; it is with the way these ideas or themes are treated" (ABC's italics).

If this elevated purpose—common to all three major networks—is to be believed, one wonders why CBS nixed a New Dick Van Dyke Show segment in which a child wandered into an offstage bedroom and discovered her parents making love. It was all entirely tasteful. Nothing was shown or even said. But CBS's man with the shears refused to budge, and eventually producer Carl Reiner cleaned out his desk and temporarily left television in protest.

"The show was [considered by the censors to be] absolutely unacceptable," said the embittered writer, Sybil Edelman. "It [censorship] was very frustrating. I had my niece reading the script. There was nothing in it that could have

possibly hurt anybody."

Examples of censorship abound. M*A*S*H was once forbidden to use the word virgin because, explained CBS censors, "a parent might be asked to explain what it means to a younger member of the family." The Smothers Brothers were not merely censored—they were crucified. Only a major arbitration overruling the censor permitted Norman Lear to tape All in the Family's Archie Bunker diapering his grandson. Paul Newman is still furious

at NBC for excising every mention of hell and damn from a TV airing of Rachel, Rachel. And at ABC, censor Alfred Schneider refused to let a hooker be a continuing character in Barney Miller.

And so it goes. And so it has always been, as evidenced in this Tom Smothers-Elaine May skit on censorship (that CBS, of course, censored):

SHE: There are several scenes I think could be cleaned up. First of all the . . . uh . . . word "breast" should be cut out of the dinner scene. I think that . . "breast" is a tasteless thing to say while you're eating . . . and I'd like it out.

HE (writing): Take the word "breast" out of the dinner scene.
SHE: Tell them they can substitute the word "arm."

HE: But won't that sound funny? "My heart beats wildly in my arm whenever you're near"? SHE: Why? Oh, I see. You mean

because— HE: Yes. The heart isn't in the

arm. So what do we do?
SHE: Let's change "heart." Can
we change "heart" to "pulse"?
HE: "My pulse beats wildly in
my arm whenever you're near"?
SHE: Isn't there a pulse somewhere in the arm? What about the
wrist?

HE: That's it!

SHE: We could write as well as they do!

And if such stuff sounds absurd and fanciful, have a look at what ABC's censor wrote on the manuscript of Part 1 of Soap (and these are only excerpts):

Page 5: Please delete: "the slut." Page 7: Avoid visual ID of Penthouse cover and photos.

Page 23: Delete "fruitcake."
Page 27: Here and elsewhere,
"Italian" will require translation.
Page 28: In order to be able to
treat the Mafia story line here and
throughout, it will be necessary to
introduce a principal continuing
character of Italian descent who is

very positive....

Page 32: In order to treat Jodie as a gay character, his portrayal must at all times be handled without "limp-wristed" actions....
Page 39: Please insure that Peter and Jessica are adequately covered in this bedroom sequence. Here and throughout there will need to be a de-emphasis of "illicit" sexual encounters. It is preferable to handle such matters in dialogue rather than treating the viewers to bedroom scenes....
Pages 38-40: Please substitute for

Jessica's "Oh God's" and "Oh, my

God." Page 40: "hell."

The Standards and Practices—or censorship—Department enjoys enormous power. As one ABC vice-president explained, "Though it can be scoffed at, ridiculed, cajoled, negotiated with and often persuaded, it cannot be ignored or ultimately defied." Nothing—not a character, plot or word—escapes its attention. S&P records and files all program submissions, reads all scripts, monitors all filmings and tapings, and then screens all final shows.

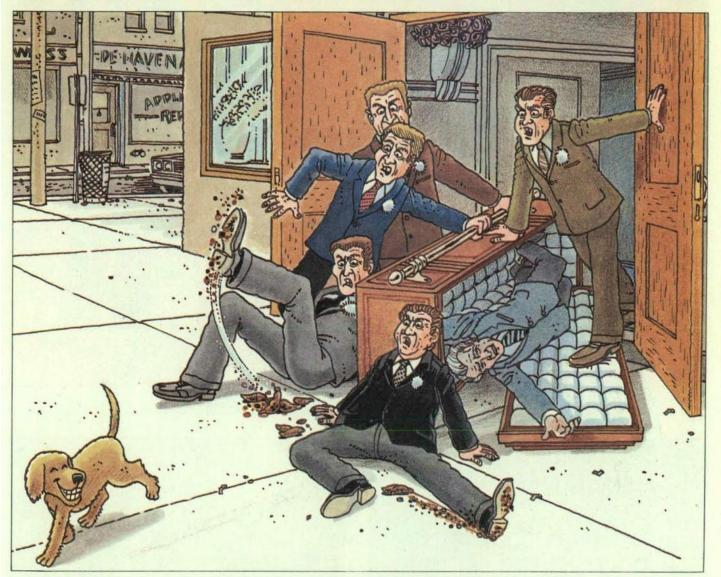
For example, in 1977 ABC's department screened and analyzed 50,000 commercials and 167 theatrical features, and reviewed over 3,000 hours of entertainment programming. Not surprisingly, standards-and-practices departments are sizable. NBC employs about 50 people in its department.

All censorship decisions rely on two major sources of industry guidance: the Code Authority of the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB), established in 1948, and the network's own standards-and-practices policy "book." The NAB and the networks provide parallel restrictions and no-nos. There must be no excessive, gratuitous violence. Violent programs must present the consequences to victim and perpetrator. No obscenity or profanity permitted over

(continued on page 80)



GRAVEUNDERTAKINGS



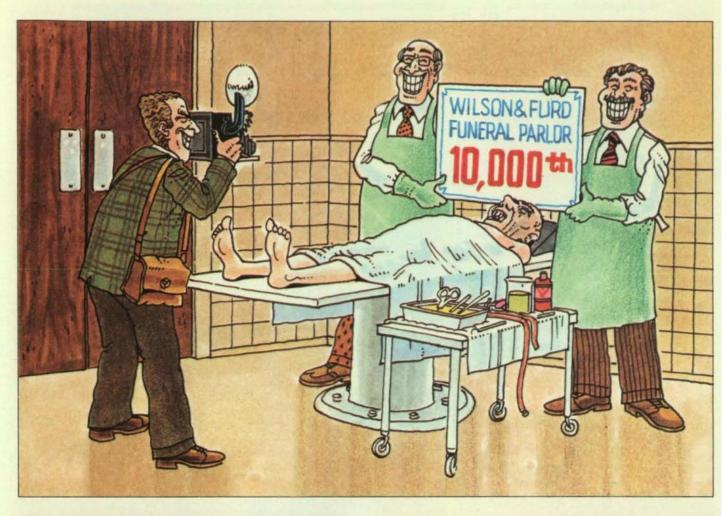
HUMOR BY GEORGE TROSLEY

s George Trosley sick? Maybe. It does something to you—growing up in a small Pennsylvania town, going to the Hussian School of Art in Philadelphia, working summers as a trashman. Add to all that a fascination with the grim humor of Gahan Wilson, Charles Addams and Charles Rodriguez, and you've got the basic ingredients of a warped mind. Living on the outskirts of Philly with his wife Susan, 31-year-

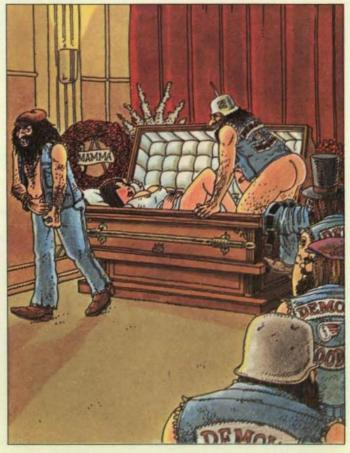


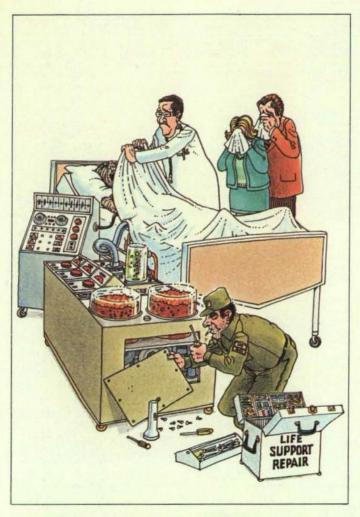
old George contends that he's just an average dull suburbanite. ("I even like vanilla ice cream!")

But, having once been commissioned by Boeing to draw its combat helicopters firing on troops, how average or dull can he really be? You may have seen George's work in other men's magazines or in the humor publication *Car Toons*. In any case, you'll be seeing a lot more of it here in HUSTLER.

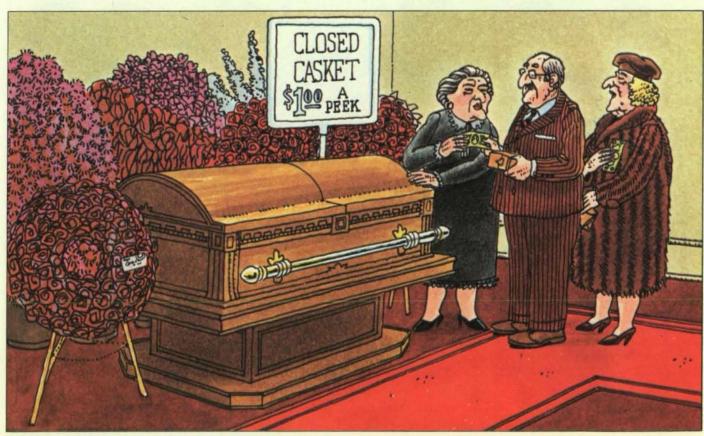


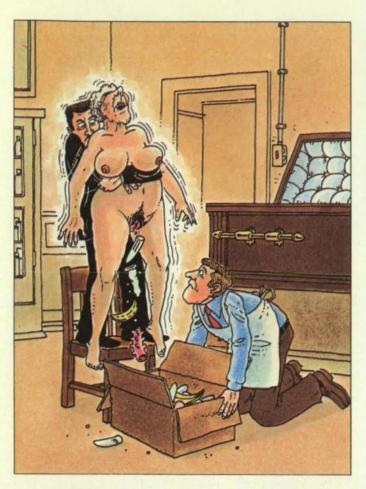


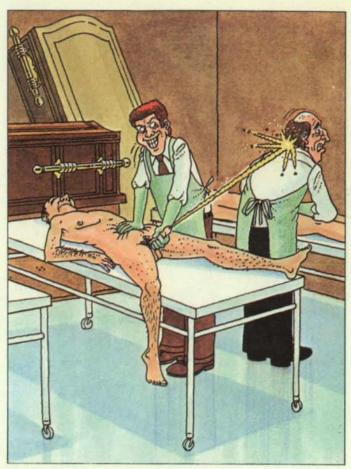


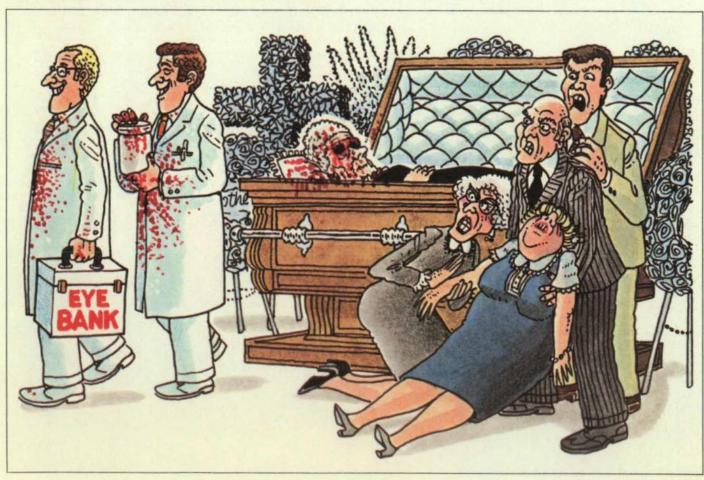


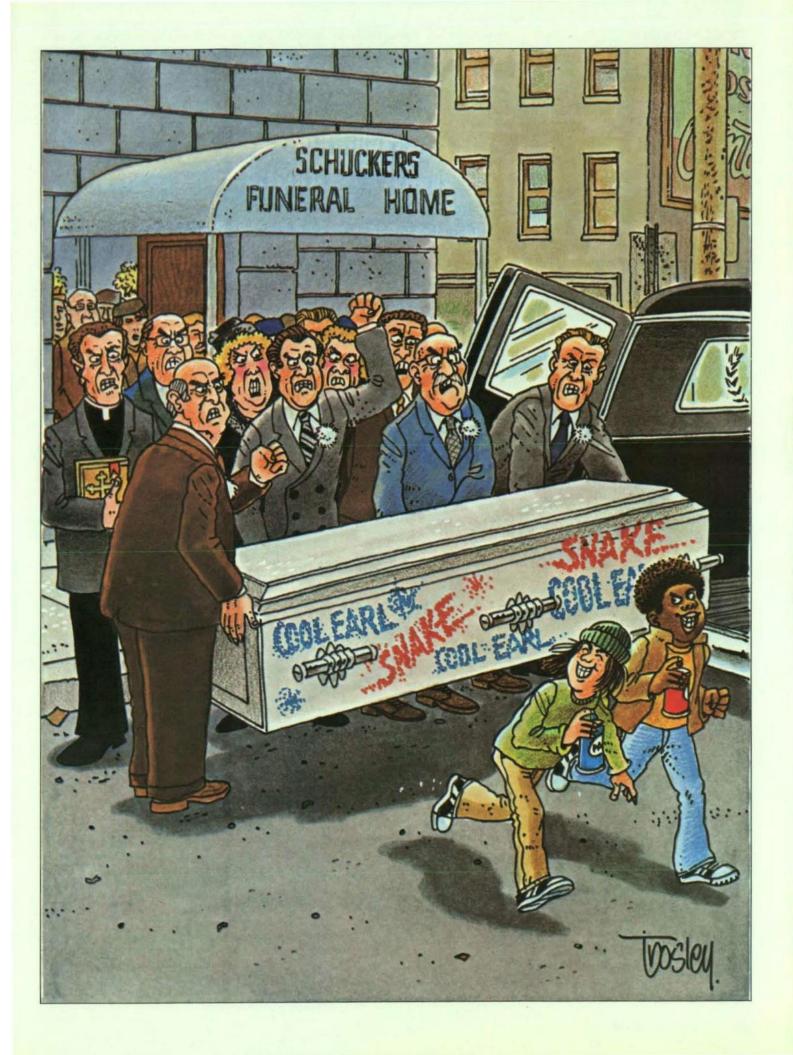












(continued from page 74)

the airwaves. Creation of a state of hypnosis—or simulated state—forbidden. Instructional details of crime to be avoided. Only kooks and weirdos allowed to play fortune-tellers and occultists. Et cetera, et cetera. Although there is no specific Federal Communications Commission (FCC) regulation governing censorship, networks are forever wary of what the commission might abruptly decide to squawk about.

Naturally, standards for censorship vary enormously during the viewing day. Despite the fact that the censorship policy concerning the "family hour" (from 8 p.m. to 9 p.m.) - and the hour just prior to it-has been declared unconstitutional, it is still enforced. Those two hours are scrutinized with a microscope for that telltale tit or inappropriate damn. But rules are considerably relaxed for the soaps or late-night shows like NBC's Tonight. Whereas adultery is sternly punished - if allowed at all-during prime time, in the afternoon the characters supposedly screw like bunnies. However, latitude is not always a function of time of day.

Commenting on the relative freedom enjoyed by Johnny Carson, an ABC producer said, "There's a direct correlation between success and censorship. There is nothing like a plus thirty-five percent share of the viewing audience to keep the scissors away." Similarly, Norman Lear, in a recent interview in Us magazine, scoffed at ABC's "courage" in daring to air Soap: "The overnight ratings gave Soap thirty-nine percent of the audience. ABC is simply fighting for a property that it thinks will get a high rating." In the cutthroat ratings war, nobody censors dollars and cents.

Censorship also varies among the networks. Different strokes for different folks-but not that different. However, in the scheme of things, NBC is considered least prone to use a blue pencil, CBS is slightly right of center, and ABC, overall, is most conservative. Of course, there are exceptions to the rules. If NBC can boast kinky, racy Saturday Night Live, then CBS allows Norman Lear considerable rein, and ABC airs Soap. Executives from CBS and NBC confide they would never have aired Soap, and both networks passed on another risque ABC sitcom, Three's Company. To some extent the degree and style of censorship conform to the personal tastes and morals of the man who heads each respective S&P department.

Contrary to fantasy, censors are not always fiendishly tight-lipped ogres who turn beet-red at a flash of calf and who would happily burn offending porn merchants at the stake. At least in network

television often they're average business execs. The man who headed CBS's S&P Department for many years is, in fact, an unusual, amiably candid, reformed alcoholic named Tom Swafford, who recently graduated to a command post in the National Association of Broadcasters. At ABC, chief censor Alfred Schneider is a somewhat less likable sort, whom Newsweek described as "an imperious Harvard Law School graduate whose other network managerial duties allow him to spend only 60 percent of his time on censorship questions." Without doubt the most durable and devoted network censor is the affable, cherubic, 63-yearold who heads NBC's S&P, Herminio Traviesas.

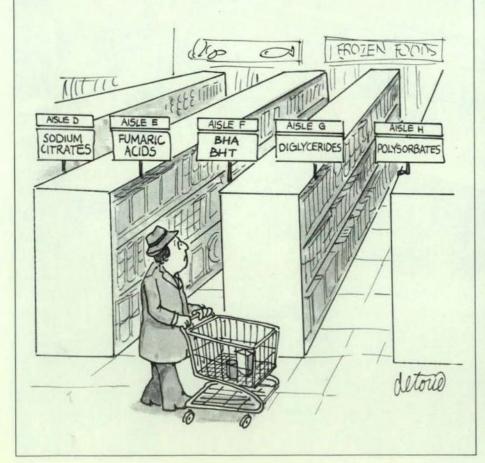
The product of a strict Presbyterian upbringing, Travvy—as his colleagues call him—readily admits to a staunch prudishness, particularly in the areas of sex and profanity. What he termed, in a recent magazine article, "the big F and the big S words" are definitely O-U-T. But, he conceded, "We're slowly creeping up to crap."

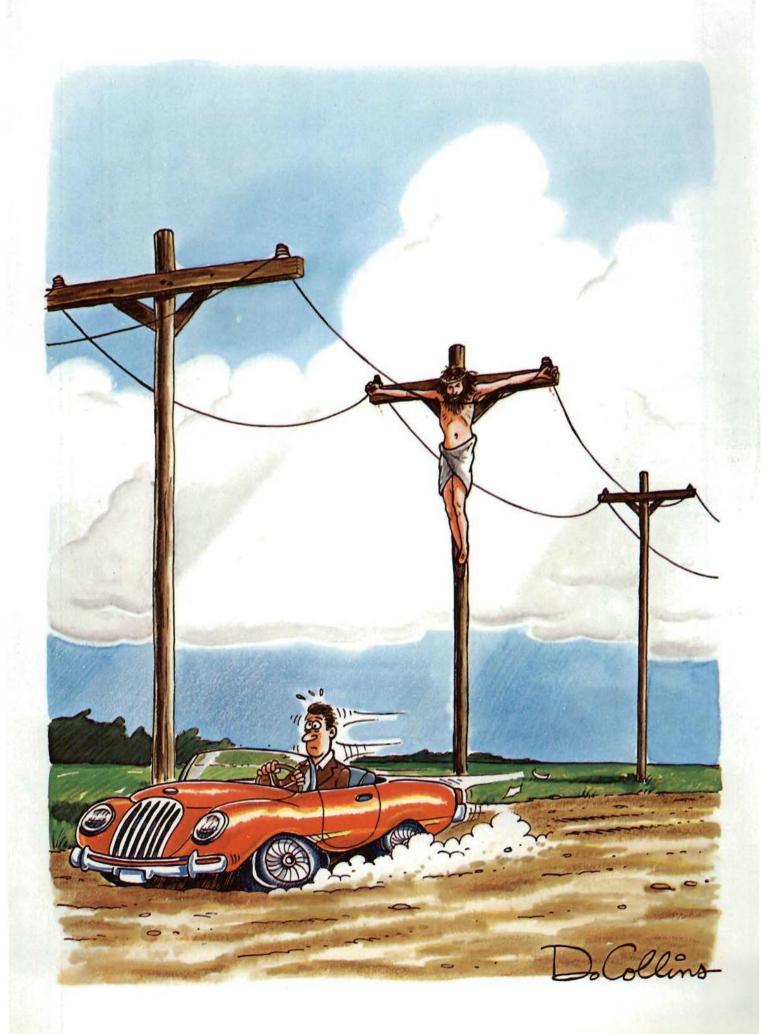
Under Travvy's aegis NBC frowns upon—and invariably cuts—questionable mention of the Lord, such as Goddamn! But when the context is "reverent," an occasional Oh, God slips by Travvy's desk. Approximately half the time, hell and damn are cut. A general rule of thumb at NBC is: "No vulgar words in the first 15 minutes of a program... develop character first."

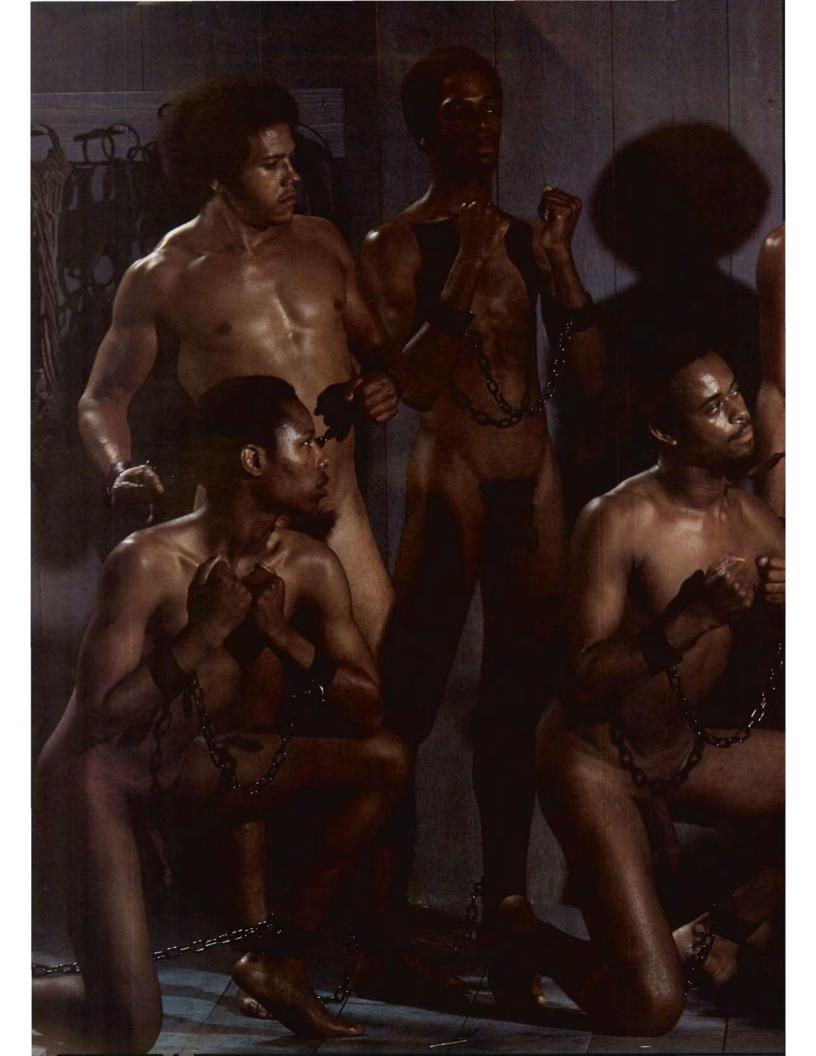
Nudity, of course, is forbidden, and Traviesas takes great pride in having coined the phrase "no frontal, backal or sidal nudity." And the edict is rigidly enforced. Thus, it took three screenings of NBC's TV movie Dawn, Portrait of a Teenage Runaway before the ever-vigilant Travvy spotted the briefest sliver of breast as Dawn rose from bed. When the producer protested the cut, the censor merely shrugged. "My job is to read it as dirty as possible," Traviesas replied.

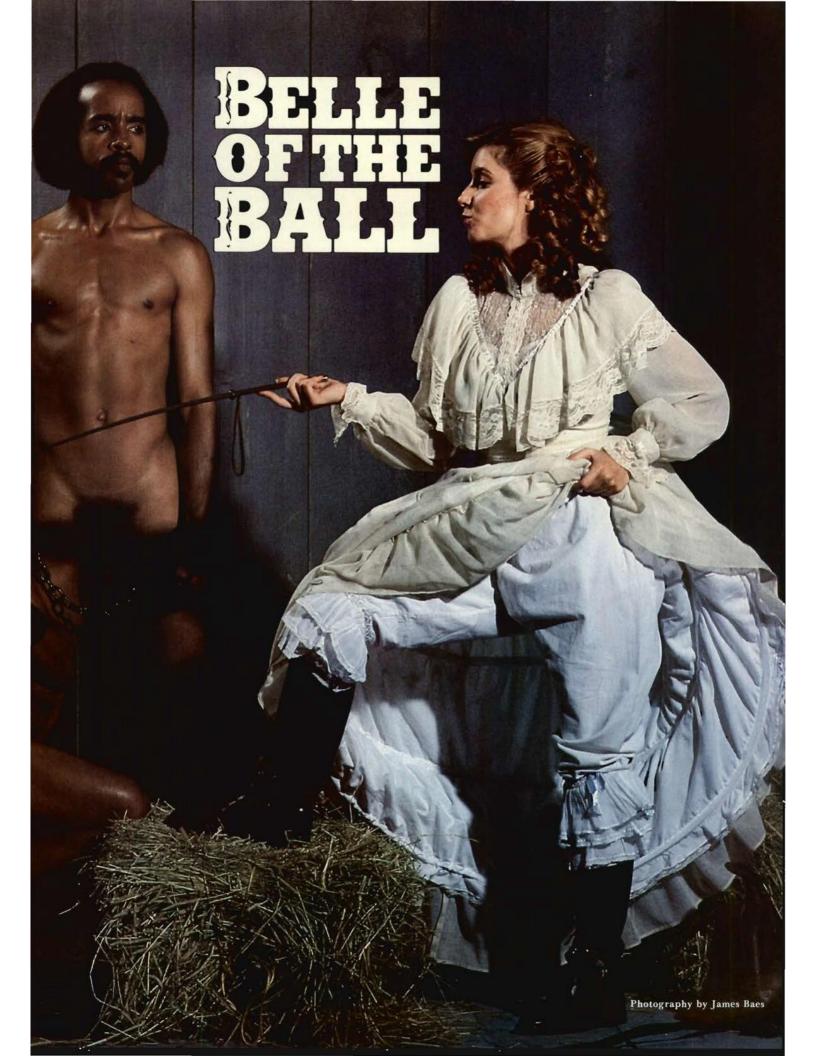
"If you're going to have a bedroom scene, don't do it shockingly," he said. "Don't show motions in bed that can be construed as copulation." But Travvy did admit to some unhappy inroads on "backal" nudity. Previously the bra-line represented the DMZ below which was forbidden territory. Now the camera occasionally strays as far down as the waist. "The question is, how far down can we go?" asked Traviesas, somewhat nervously.

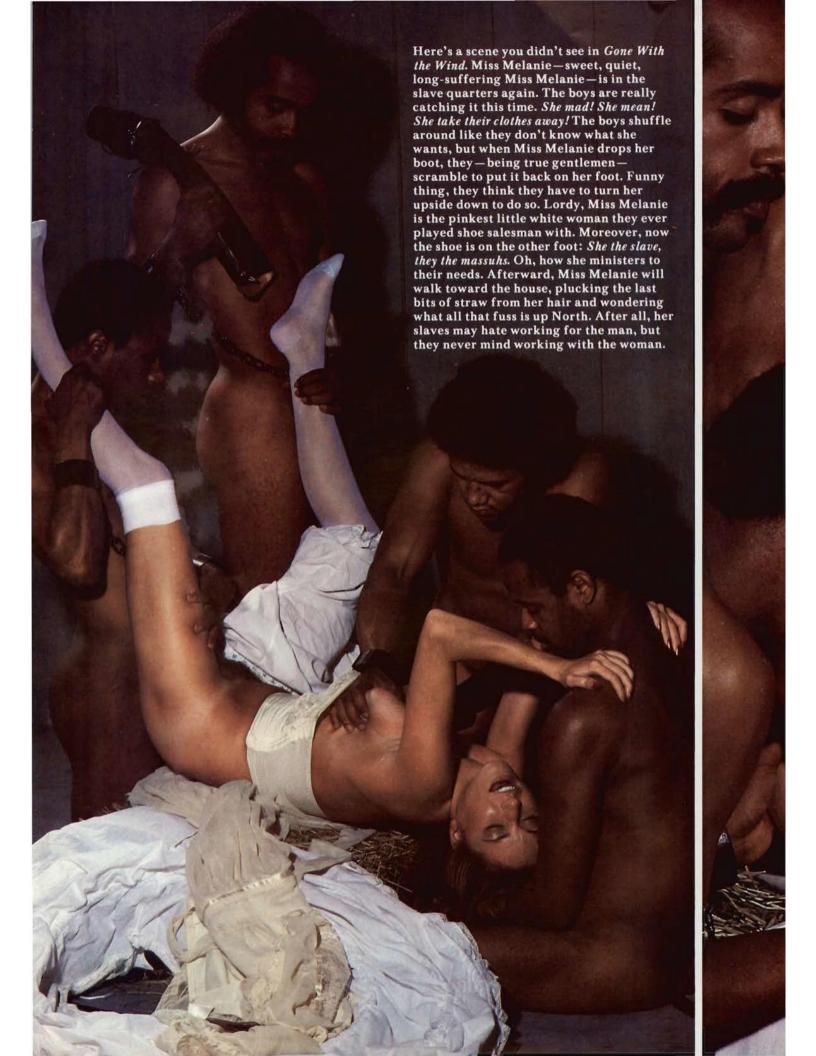
The limit was recently reached with the first Richard Pryor special last fall. To howls of outrage from the star, Traviesas snipped the opening sequence in which the comedian appeared naked except for a flesh-colored body stocking (continued on page 90)

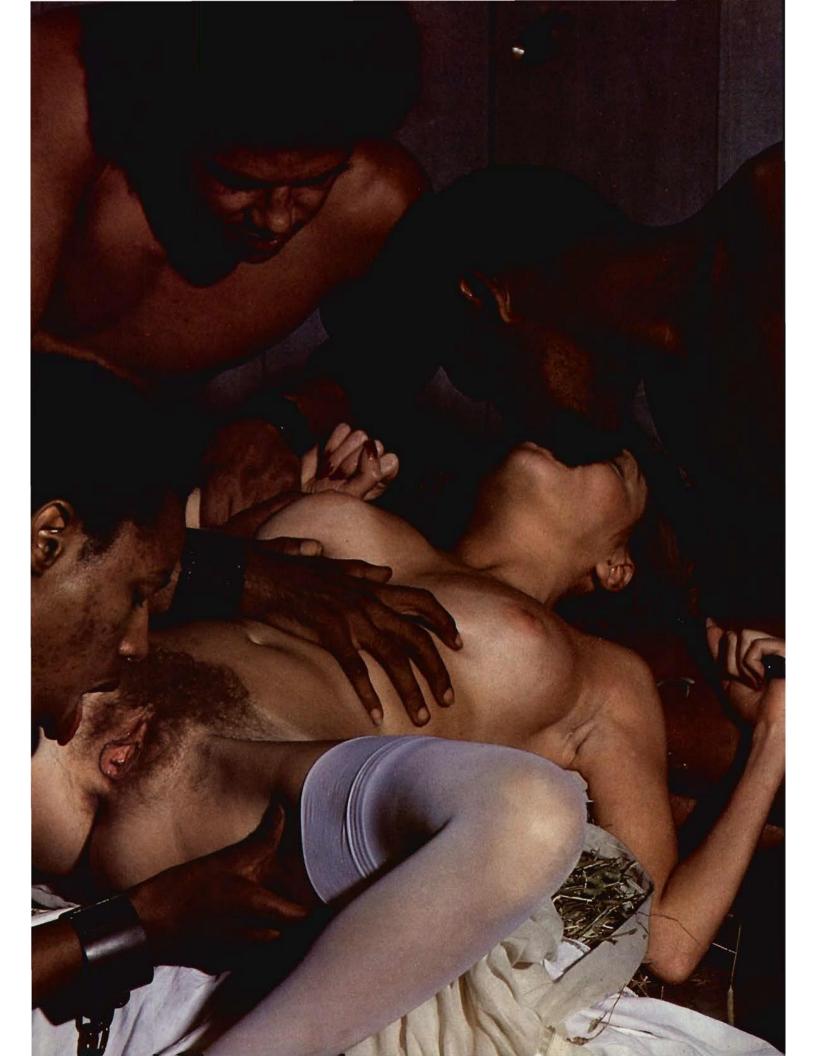


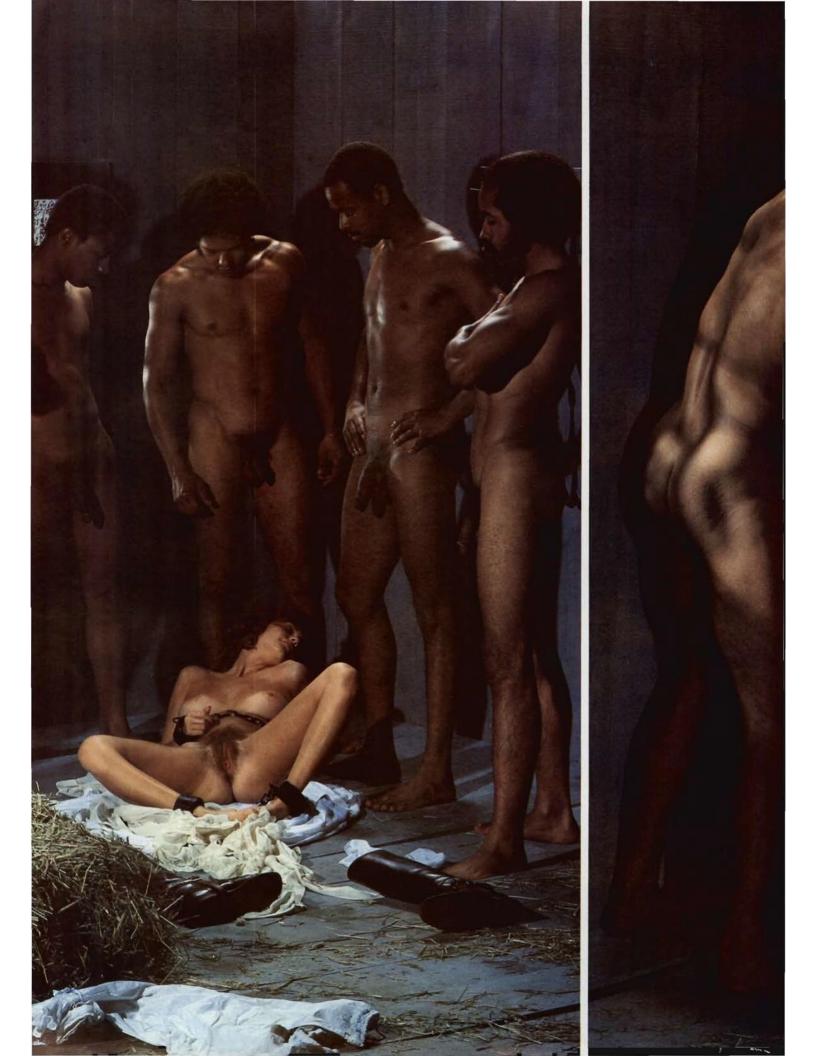






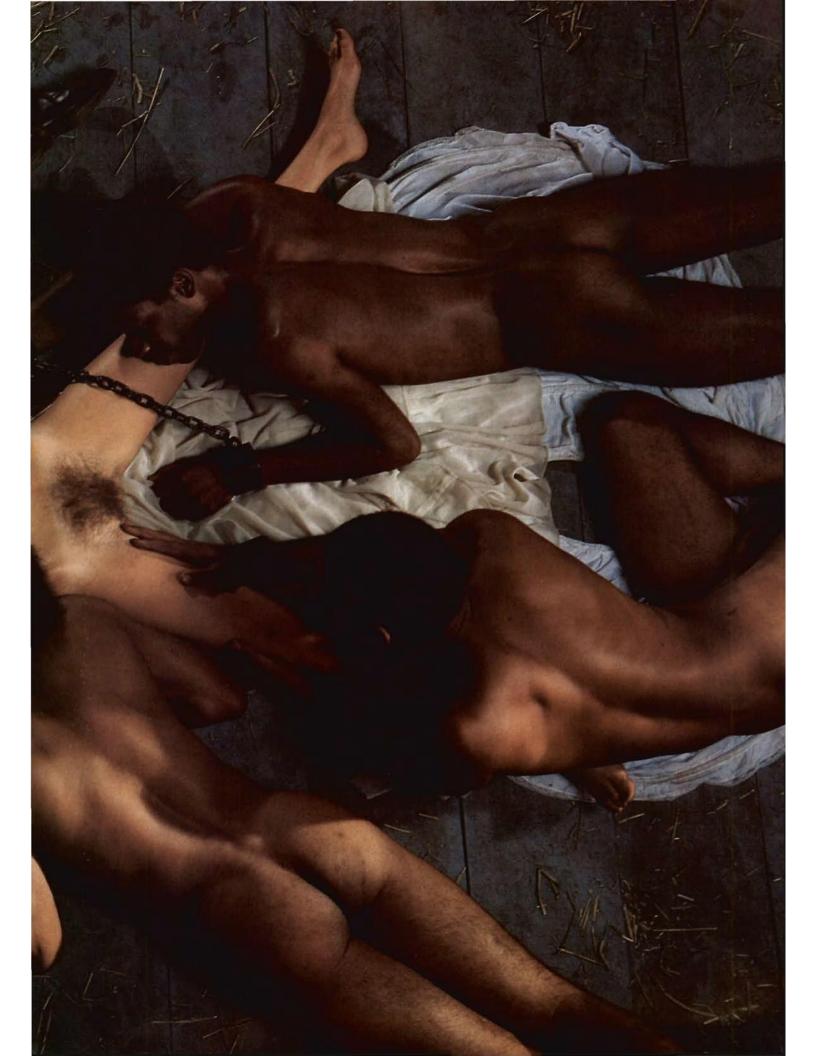












(continued from page 80)

covering his genitalia. Shrugging, Pryor said, "NBC didn't ask me to give up anything for this show." It was perhaps the deliberate gibe at censorship and NBC that tipped the scales toward the cut. Left in, however—largely from oversight, acknowledged Traviesas—was a shot in the parody of the Star Wars bar segment, featuring a smiling, grizzly creature with a giant, waist-level protuberance: "You must be in love," cracked bartender Pryor. But no one called or wrote to protest.

Over 100 persons, however, did complain about Pryor's portrayal of a faith healer. Depicting cripples can be tricky in comedy. "As soon as I saw the show," mused Traviesas, "I knew that would be the thing they'd object to." Unlike NBC, ABC goes so far as to spell out the specifics in its program guidelines: "Special precautions must be taken to avoid demeaning or ridiculing [those] who suffer from physical deformities."

Censors, of course, can't always have the opportunity to snip offending material. Live shows must rely on the seven-second delay button to protect the viewer from a blurted obscenity. On *The Stanley Seigel Show* in New York recently, film critic John Simon derided a Broadway play as "a piece of shit." By a

fluke the delay mechanism failed to function. Not a blip was heard. Neither, reported ABC, was there a single phone call of protest. Apparently the TV audience is not quite so horrified by profanity as censors would have us believe.

The polar extreme from live telecasts-and a formidable challenge to NBC's Traviesas and his counterparts at CBS and ABC-is airing feature films. Movies slated for TV arrive on the censor's desk as finished products, since no opportunity exists for a sleuthing script censor to cut the nasty expletives before the cameras roll. Of course, what the S&P censor gets is not always what the TV audience sees. At ABC, for instance, films undergo a three-step sanitizing process: They are screened prior to acquisition, after acquisition—"to review prior judgments"-and then edited and screened a final time, just to make sure nobody missed a pubic hair. Of the 167 feature films reviewed in 1977 by ABC's S&P Department, 137 were accepted for telecast and 30 rejected.

If a film is rated "R," it is severely edited, then resubmitted to the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) for reclassification. Only those rated "PG" or "G" appear on the tube. When a film like *Deliverance* is purchased for television, the network censors can expect to work double overtime. In order to achieve the "PG" rating for

Deliverance, no fewer than 109 separate deletions were required (profanity, violent acts, nudity) and 111 feet of "outtake" footage was added to compensate for the edited material.

Even though the sanitized films may prove more palatable to those offended by violence and sex in the sanctity of their living room, on many occasions the edited version loses much punch—and meaning. In NBC's telecast of The Godfather, an offending expletive was cut, and James Caan swore: "The son of a buck!" When ABC aired Midnight Cowboy, a homosexual encounter in a 42nd Street movie theater was snipped, thereby removing one of the picture's most disturbing, but crucial, episodes.

Even a film as seemingly harmless as *The Graduate* felt the censor's shears. As soon as CBS's Tom Swafford saw Dustin Hoffman cornered in an upstairs bedroom by a naked Anne Bancroft—an important scene that launches the plot—the censor pressed the panic button. Out came the offending breast and belly and in went a doorknob.

Swafford would be the first to admit that not all deletions work to a film's advantage. "One of my worst mistakes," he conceded, "was to think we could edit *The Damned* [Luchino Visconti's depiction of the decadence of prewar Germany]. Visconti's style tends to be kaleidoscopic. He jumps from one scene to another. We edited thirty-two minutes out of it. It was difficult to understand in its original form. When we got done, it was incomprehensible."

Even mild censorship can often rob a gag of its laugh or lead to absurd situations. In a script for ABC's Welcome Back, Kotter, Horshack was asked to explain the origin of his name. He said, "It's a distinguished old Polish name. It means, 'The cattle are dying.' "In deference to sensitive Poles the word Slavic was substituted for Polish. Not only did a legitimate Polish joke get tossed down the drain, but, sighed producer James Komack, "Instead of just risking insulting the Poles, we insulted everybody of Slavic extraction."

Or take The Black Sheep Squadron (formerly Baa Baa Black Sheep), which features a colorful, boozing, brawling World War II pilot squadron headed by the legendary flying ace, Colonel Pappy Boyington. Violence has made the series as popular as it has made the censors nervous at NBC, which still enforces a rule that forbids "double violence"; e.g., a man cannot be shot and also thrown off a roof. So the censors snip away.

"We're supposed to be a rough bunch of guys," complained Robert Conrad, who plays Boyington. "All of a sudden (continued on page 121)





















keys. I don't know how to play piano. I played it then like a percussion instrument, searching for the beat. I stayed way up on the right-hand side, getting the icy, high sounds. Mercedes put the bongos between her thighs, and we got it off together. Not bad.

Then we sat down on her sleeping bag, our backs to the wall, and drank the wine. Mercedes got the jug out of the refrigerator and brought it back to the sleeping bag. She had some joints already rolled and lit one for us. I could hear the ocean out there, but Venice was depressing to me.

It had gone from the Timothy Leary dropout syndrome to free love to drugs. The Timothy Learys had grown old or OD'd. The dream had drowned. Religion came along and picked up what was left in and out of the madhouses, on the park benches and in the tiny rooms.

Mercedes and I kissed again. She kissed well. I felt her breasts: fair. She lit another joint, and we had some more to drink.

"I work for a marriage-counseling outfit," she said. "We're all divorced."

"What do you tell them?"

"We go by the book. It's funniest when they both come in together."

"Human relationships don't work," I said. "There's nothing you can tell them."

"I know it."

"Why do you live down here?"

guitar."

"You have?"

"Yes. It's in the closet. We get together sometimes on a Friday or Saturday night in front of this guy's house, in his yard, and we play. People come by and listen. We get some good crowds."

I pulled Mercedes down on the sleeping bag, rolled on top of her, grabbed her head with both hands, got inside her lips with mine; mashed them open and crushed her with a kiss, getting down on her teeth, her mouth ripped open like a flower. I held inside of her; her tongue came up, and I sucked on it, then flicked mine underneath hers. I hardened again and rubbed my cock at her center. Then I pulled off, sat up; we had another joint, and we sat there and finished the jug.

I awakened in the morning, sick, without having had sex. Mercedes was in the bathroom. I stood up, straightened my clothes and put my shoes on. She came out.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning. I'm sick."

"I don't feel too well either."

"I've got to get back to L.A."

I went to the bathroom to clean up. When I came out, she handed me a slip of paper. It was her phone number. I kissed her with a very light kiss.

Outside it was hot. The flies whirled

"I like it. We've got a group. I've got a around the garbage cans that were up against the apartment-house walls. I got in my car and drove off, deciding not to see her again.

> The phone rang on a Thursday night at my place. I answered. It was Mercedes. "I see that your number is listed. . . . "

"Yes."

"Well, listen, I work right in your neighborhood. I thought I might come by to see you."

"All right."

Twenty minutes later she was there. She had on another miniskirt, but this time she looked a little better. She had on high-heeled shoes, a low-cut blouse and small blue earrings.

"You got any grass?"
"Sure." I brought out the grass and the papers, and she started rolling some joints. I broke out the beer, and we sat on the couch and smoked and drank. With beer you had a chance. I sat there and drank and kissed her and played with her legs. We didn't talk much. But we drank and smoked quite a long time.

We undressed and went to bed, first Mercedes, then me. We began kissing, and I rubbed her cunt, then her clit. She grabbed my cock. Finally, I mounted. Mercedes guided it in. It entered and forced forward, my mouth on hers as it did. She had a good grip, she wasn't loose, and I began.

After a few strokes I teased her awhile, pulling it almost all the way out and just moving the head back and forth at the very opening of the cunt. Then I slid it in a few strokes, slowly, in lazy fashion. Then suddenly I rammed her 4 or 5 times, brutally. Her head rocked: "Arrrgggg...." She made a sound. Then I relented and stroked, then I rotated, side to side, swinging it, then straightened and rammed.

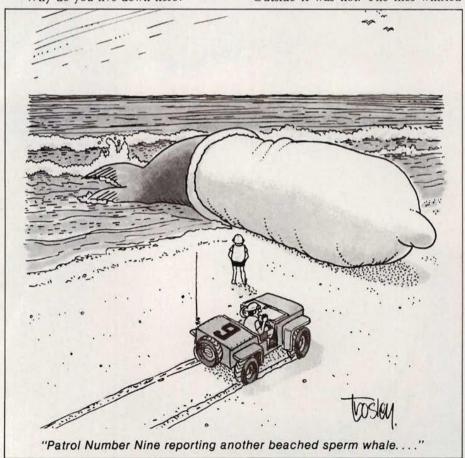
It was a very hot night, and we both sweated. Mercedes had gotten quite high on the beer and joints. I decided to finish her off. I blasted it in and out, in and out; I ripped her with kisses; and her head rocked under the thrusts. I pumped on and on, 10 minutes, 15 minutes more. I was hard, but I couldn't climax. The fucking beer, too much fucking beer.

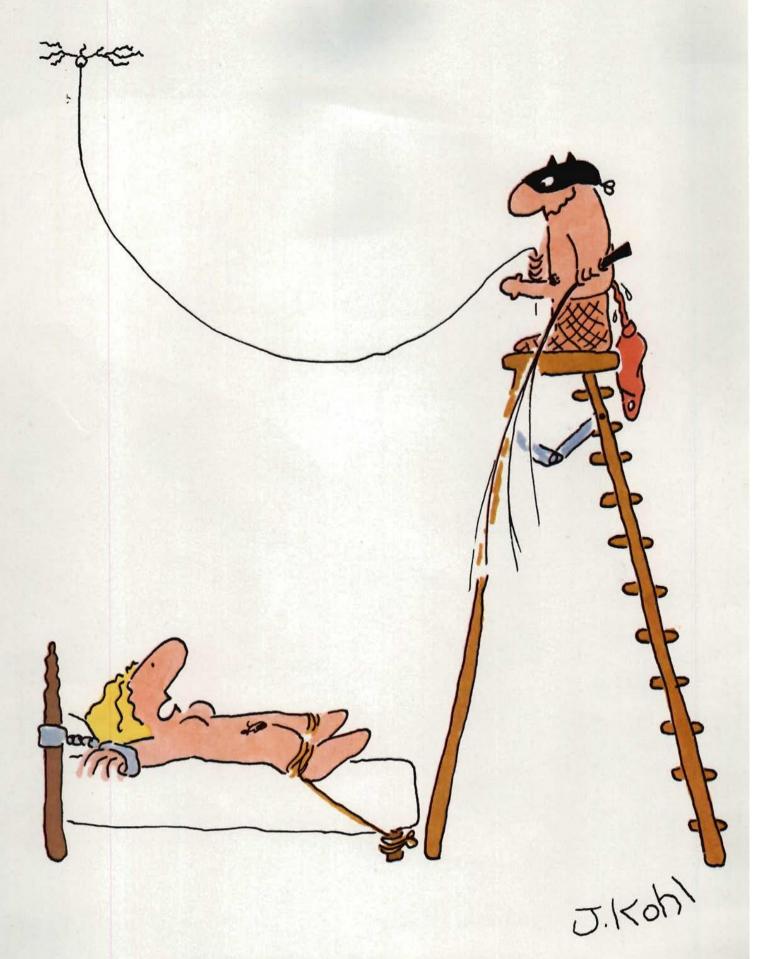
"Make it," she said, "oh, make it, baby!"

I rolled off. Christ, it was a hot night. I took the sheet and wiped the sweat off. I could hear my heart as I lay there. My cock went down. Mercedes turned her

head to me. I kissed her. My cock began to rise again.

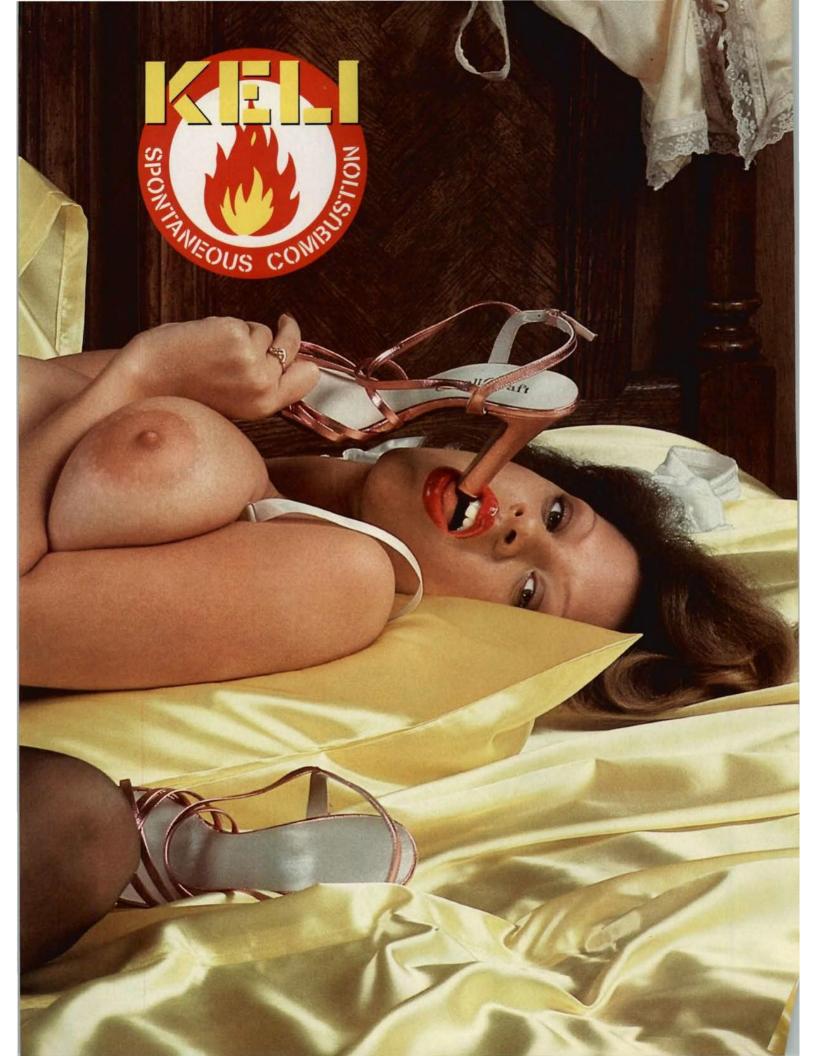
I rolled on top of her, kissing her as if it were my last time on earth to do so. My cock slid in. I began again, but this (continued on page 132)

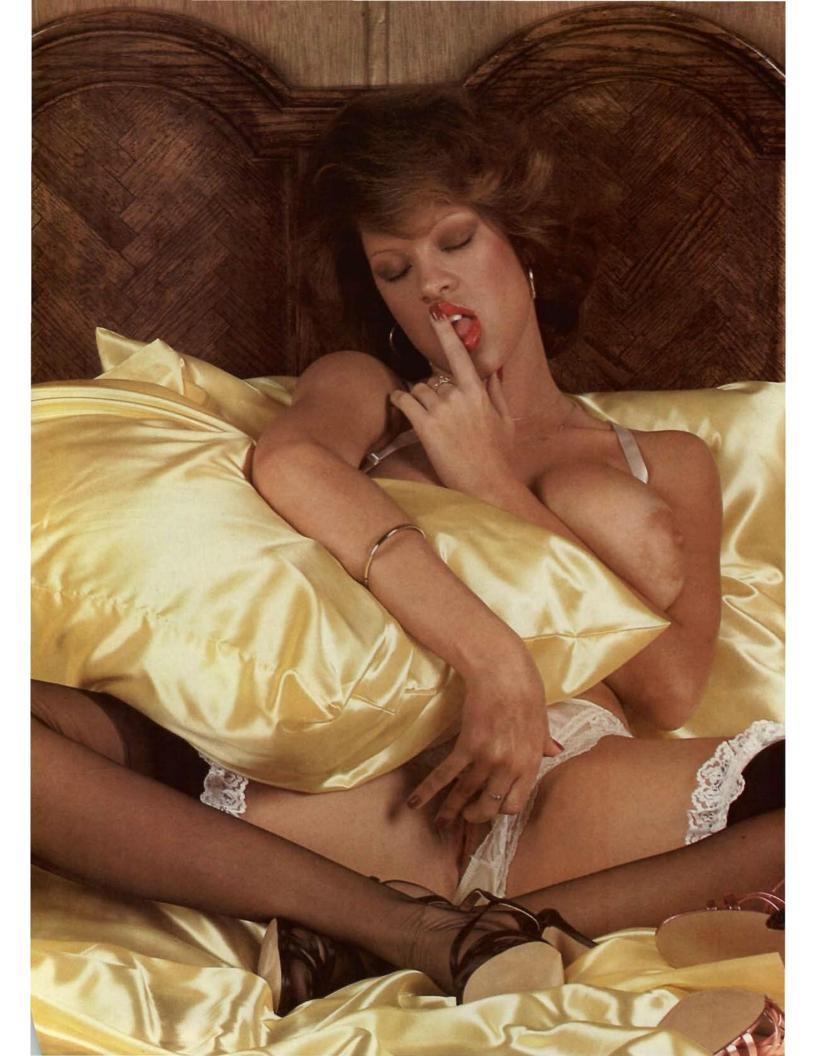




"I'm warning you, Harold . . . You try anything cute and I'm leaving!!"













(continued from page 52)

interested in our nations or that our leaders, even the most liberal, serve any purpose for God. The old stories no longer wash, and people all over the world know that government should be an instrument of comfort and service to all its people.

And those world leaders who are unwilling to serve this ideal have created a modern reign of terror. They rule because they have taken power and because they are able and willing to torture, maim and kill. They make it a dangerous crime to be loyal to anything beyond themselves. They break unions, spoil brotherhoods and humiliate priests and doctors whose influence might tell against them. They destroy familieskill fathers, rape mothers and turn children against their parents. No human value that puts up opposition or threatens the security of their rule is allowed to survive.

For example, when right-wing death squads were crushing resistance in Chile after the fall of Salvador Allende's Marxist government in 1973, government members boasted, "There is only Pinochet and us"-only the dictator and his gang of psychotic bullies. These men had removed themselves to the gray shallows of the human spirit, where

their grossest appetites-because there is nothing they believe in, there is nothing they will not do.

Torture has been institutionalized by the modern nation-state. It has become an administrative policy. It is now the rule, rather than the exception, in the world community.

-Skeptic (January/February 1977)

Where is torture commonplace? Hear the roll!

Africa

The rulers of emerging black African nations studied the effectiveness of torture as victims of their former European masters. Harsh brutality was a common tool of colonialism. A French army commander has admitted that prisoners were tortured in Algeria; in the liberated colonies of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau the evidence of Portuguese abuses has been published. To this day the white Africans of Ian Smith's Rhodesia and John Vorster's South Africa continue to torture opponents of their racist governments.

Black rule is no better. On the African continent military coups and tribal uprisings are everyday events of political life, and many African leaders cling to

the only value is the gratification of power through harsh repression. In Burundi the Tutsi people, who make up a bare 15 percent of the population, terrorized and massacred the Hutu tribe, and in Ethiopia the nationalist struggle of the Eritreans has led to largescale detention of civilians and reports of atrocities by Ethiopian troops. In Malawi the ruling Congress Party has set its goon squads-the Young Pioneers-above the law, and looks away while they torture political foes and religious dissidents. In Togo those suspected of plotting against the government of General Eyadema are beaten with steel-wire whips for the amusement of the military.

> All over Africa, military dictators, who have themselves seized power, continue to dominate their people through the free use of terror. But it is in Uganda, under Idi Amin, where human rights are most heinously violated. It has been estimated that since Amin took power in 1971 more than 80,000 individuals have been executed. Brutal torture often preceded death.

Two British journalists detained at Uganda's Makindye military prison wrote that the guards would get drunk and then select prisoners at random as subjects for a little fun and games. This torture-for-the-fun-of-it went so far that the Ugandan guards were reportedly forcing fellow Africans to smash each other's skulls with hammers. It seems clear that the violent and capricious character of Amin himself has freed similar impulses in some of his soldiers. Overall, the situation in Uganda presents a shocking portrait of authority gone mad.

Asia

... few parts of Asia are free from the political and economic tensions which generate torture.

> -Report on Torture, Amnesty International

No Asian human-rights convention exists, and in societies whose problems of malnutrition, illiteracy and disease have not been solved, torture and official brutality stand out with less clarity. In South Korea, torture is commonly used to extract confessions to charges of spying for the Communist North Korean regime.

But the real crime, generally, appears to be criticism of President Park Chung Hee. Espionage trials are staged like theatrical events, with the defendant, broken by torture, making a public confession. These cases are clearly invented as punitive examples to the South Korean public. The message is always

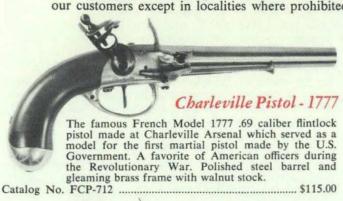


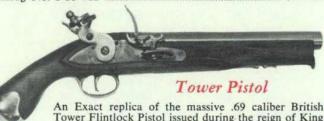
6 Te

MISTORIC ARMS



These are full size working replicas of famous historic arms which helped to make America free in the great battles from Lexington to Gettysburg. Made of strong steel and ordnance alloys, these exact reproductions are muzzle-loading arms designed to shoot black powder only and duplicate the rare originals in every detail. Under the provisions of Federal Law, these replicas can be sold and shipped directly to our customers except in localities where prohibited by state or local laws.





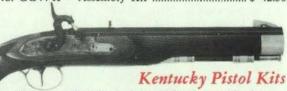
An Exact replica of the massive .69 caliber British Tower Flintlock Pistol issued during the reign of King George III. Lock and barrel are polished steel. Walnut stained stock with brass mountings. Favored by King's officers and Buccaneers alike.



A faithful copy of the Confederate .44 caliber Griswold & Gunnison revolver carried by southern troops in the Civil War. Polished brass frame and steel barrel and cylinder with lustrous blued finish. Genuine walnut grips. Our inexpensive kits let you assemble and finish your own with ordinary home workshop tools.

 Catalog No. CRP-682 — Finished Reb Revolver
 \$ 62.50

 Catalog No. GG44-K — Assembly Kit
 \$ 42.50



The Kentucky Pistol, companion piece to the famous Kentucky Rifle—an American classic carried by frontiersmen, mountain men, and explorers. This rifled .45 caliber percussion pistol is renowned for its superb accuracy!

Zouave Rifle

One of the most accurate military percussion rifles ever made! This .58 caliber rifle was used to arm crack Federal Zouave troops in the Civil War. Fine walnut stained stock and deep blued barrel with color case-hardened lock and polished brass fittings

Catalog No. PRZ050\$140.00

Harper's Ferry Rifle

The Model 1803 flintlock Harper's Ferry Rifle—an authentic reproduction of the rare original. Precision rifled .58 caliber browned barrel, walnut stock, and highly polished brass fittings and patch box.



The gun that won the American Revolution! This 1763 Charleville Flintlock Musket was Lafayette's gift to embattled American colonists. Hand crafted in polished steel and beautifully finished walnut.

Kentucky Rifle

The most famous American Rifle—the classic Kentucky in both flintlock and percussion versions. Precision rifled .45 caliber luster-blued barrel provides exceptional accuracy. Color case-hardened lock and polished brass hardware. Hardwood stock

Kentucky Rifle Kits

Build your own Kentucky Rifle with these complete kits. All parts and complete instructions Catalog No. KA707—

Percussion Rifle Kit \$72.95

Catalog No. KA708 — Flintlock Rifle Kit \$79.95





These gleaming, polished copper flasks are all made in U.S.A. and are exact copies of rare, costly originals used on the American frontier. Quality-made throughout with heavy brass spouts and authentic designs.

NOTICE: Orders must be accompanied by payment. Pleast add \$4.00 per rifle, \$2.00 per pistol, and 75¢ per flask for shipping & handling. Please enclose a signed statement that you are over 21 and that no local laws prohibit your purchase of the item ordered. We cannot ship handguns to residents of Philadelphia or Maryland. None of the above items can be shipped to residents of New Jersey. Send \$1.00 for complete catalog of replica arms and accessories.

The Connecticut Armoury Copyright 1978 by The Connecticut Armoury



Caress comes in handy

Supple, yet stiff enough for a penetrating experience. Caress has a softly-studded, stimulating surface, a special "skin" that makes for fantastic friction and generates its own heat. Caress bends anywhere along its 71/2" shaft and comes complete with 2 AA batteries. Pleasure yourself or someone you care for with this exclusive European import.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING ... 24-hour

P. O. Box 16508 • Col Please Print	umbus, Ohio 43216 HU578AB
Name	
Address	
City, State, Zip Enclosed is my Check Caccepted), or charge to my	
Interbank No.	Exp. Date mo. year
Signature, Date	(I am of legal age.)
Please Send:	
	Flexible Vibrator(s)
Caress	@ \$12.95 ea.
Caress #1627 (@ \$12.95 ea. Subtotal \$
Caress	@ \$12.95 ea. Subtotal \$

nose clean and your mouth shut.

The most famous of these mock trials was that of the national poet Kim Chi Ha, who repeatedly claimed he had been tortured. Even as late as 1975 a medical student, Suh Kwang Tae, in a dramatic eight-hour address to an appeals court, repudiated his confession to charges of spying. Suh testified he had been beaten and denied food and sleep for seven days. A stick was poked into his stomach until he began to vomit blood. His appeal was routinely denied.

During the Vietnam War, torture was routine on both sides, and the infamous motto of the Saigon police ("If they are not guilty, beat them until they are") speaks for itself. And if beating could not produce guilt, there was always the "submarine." Again and again the victim was brought to the point of death by drowning, often in filthy water. Then there was the "plane ride." Victims were hung by their feet and tortured with electroshock. In North Vietnam as many as 80 percent of the American POWs cracked-broken as often with sensory deprivation as they were with rude physical torture.

In Indonesia, following an abortive left-wing coup, more than 500,000 suspected Communists were killed by special police units known by their official name, Kalong Vampire. In the Philippines the declaration of martial law in 1972 brought with it the systematic use of torture.

Sri Lanka (Ceylon) and Taiwan are also governed under emergency decrees, and there, too, the evidence of torture is obvious. In one notorious case, two Sri Lankan soldiers were charged with the savage rape-murder of a 19-year-old girl. In another incident, a man was hung upside down from a tree outside the Ambalangoda police station and broiled alive. The list goes on and on. The Chinese Communists committed atrocities during their invasion of Tibet. The Pakistani government's treatment of the citizens of Bangladesh is one of the most appalling tragedies of our times. In India, leftists are savagely repressed.

Middle East

With worldwide interest and involvement in local Arab politics since the discovery of oil, interested countries outside the Middle East have been instrumental in . . . introducing new interrogation methods and sophisticated torture techniques.

-Report on Torture

In some Middle East countries, notably Libya and Saudi Arabia, ordinary

the same-keep your head down, your justice under Islamic law is so harsh that torture is only a refinement of ancient abuses. For example, a convicted thief may still be punished by the amputation of a hand.

> Time magazine recently wrote that three Saudi Arabians convicted of rape were buried up to their waists and then stoned to death by a mob that deliberately used small rocks to prolong the agony. So it's no surprise to hear that Saudi detention centers are outfitted with sophisticated torture machines, including one that gradually and inexorably presses an increasingly greater weight against the head and chest. Reportedly, electroshock and temperature-alternation devices are also being

> Over in Iran the stories grow even darker. When the Shah was asked by Mike Wallace of CBS-TV's 60 Minutes whether his police resort to torture, he answered, in effect, "Sure, why not?" One victim, poet Reza Baraheni, was arrested for expressing views critical of the Teheran government and lived to write about his experience:

There were two iron beds, one on top of the other ... used to burn the backs, generally the buttocks.... They tie you on your back to the upper bed, and with the heat coming from a torch or a small heater, they burn your back to get the information they want. . . . Sometimes the burning is concentrated on the spine, and paralysis nearly always follows. . . . There were all sizes of whips hanging from nails on the wall. Electric batons stood on little stools. . . . The gallows was used to hang you upside down; then someone would beat you with a mace on your legs, or use the electric baton on your chest or your genitals. -Skeptic (January/February 1977)

Many other forms of torture-both physical and psychological-are used in Iran: hanging the victim upside down while beating his feet; inserting an electric cosh (a blackjacklike instrument) into the rectum; and strapping the prisoner to an electric hot plate and slowly grilling him.

After the last outbreak of fighting in the Holy Land, Israel charged that Syria had tortured Israeli prisoners, and some captured pilots claimed their ears had been systematically beaten to prevent them from flying future combat missions. Syria has countered by claiming that Israel has also stooped to torture. The Israelis are accused of burning prisoners with cigarettes (a popular torture everywhere) and turning trained attack dogs on them. At least one Syrian

(continued on page 110)

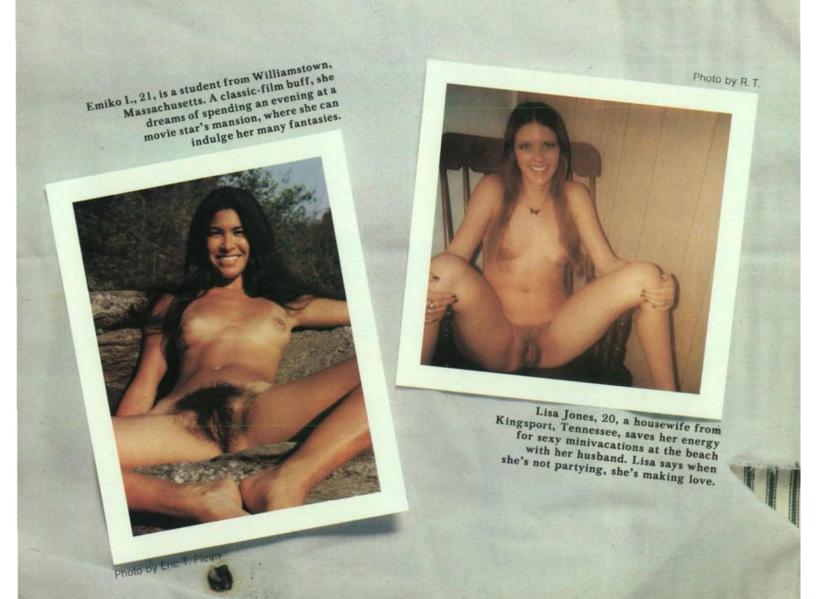


OK, men (and you girls too), if you don't take some hot photos of your loveliest nude friends, you'll be missing your opportunity to make May a truly lusty month. Sure, Mother Nature has set the stage, putting those fragrant flowers in lovers' lane, but there's only so much a mother can do. Besides, you're too old to be depending on Mom! Get out there and take nude pictures! We don't want to high-pressure you; we want to remind you that time is a fleeting thing and that today's stud horse is tomorrow's dog food!

Send us a sharply focused color photo—no black and whites please—of your favorite model in the nude, along with a short personality profile. Coax your model to be as candid as possible and remember to com-

plete the model release form on page 110. Send your entry to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067. Sorry, but all photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

If we publish your photo, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and everyone who enters will receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license. If chosen best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, your model may be offered a chance to appear in one of our pictorial spreads. If chosen for a feature spread, he or she could receive from \$1,000 to \$1,500 as a professional model. Like we said, gentle reader, Mother Nature has things ready, and Father Time won't wait.





A Windber, Pennsylvania, housewife who likes horseback riding, 23-year-old Martha enjoys sex after a good, brisk canter.

Rochester, Minnesota, housewife Debbie Stein, 22, is into nudism, camping and bicycling. Her fantasy is being gang-banged by four handsome guys.



Photo by Robert S.

Photo by Salvador Pascual Medina



Guadalupe Cifuentes,
24, is a secretary
from Mexico City who
describes herself as
being "very warm, very
kinky, anything goes."
Guadalupe has no
sexual fantasies but
many good friends.



Twenty-one-year-old
Valarie Jones is keeping
her options open, both
careerwise and sexually.
This girl from Peoria,
Illinois, says she wants to
experience everything
sex has to offer.

Photo by Clarence Smith

Louann Kemp, 22, is a cocktail waitress from Mobile, Alabama. Her interest in sex is academic: She wants to start a lovemaking school for males from eight to 80.



Photo by Darrell Nelson.



New Jersey's Donna Zelenski, 21, is a hot-rod buff who likes to get it on in the backseat of a car. Of course, the ride is pretty nice in front too.

Photo by Carlos E. Wood



Twenty-six-year-old Darcey Williams, a former ski instructor now living in L.A., likes to do things on a grand scale. Her fantasy is having sex with at least 15 men at one time.

Michelene Carrara, a 26-year-old airline employee who loves to travel, is presently touring her native Germany. One of these days she'd like to provide some really male passengers at once.



Photo by Timur Byg



Photo by Chuck

Gretna, Louisiana, is home base for 23-year-old Jan Burmaster, a nightclub singer. Jan has visions of "making love to a very sexy, hairy man on Waikiki Beach."



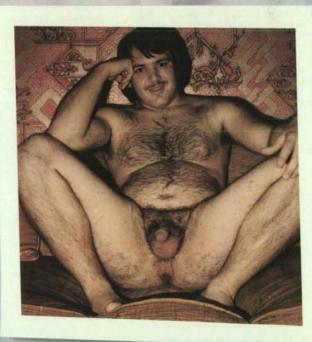
Nineteen-year-old typist Mary Boulter of Ellicott City, Maryland, has two fantasies: being totally covered with whipped cream and getting licked clean, and being able to reciprocate like Linda Lovelace.

"Sexy Shirley," 26, is a housewife from Bombay, India. She wants "all hustlers to see my body and love it!" She also hopes "to win a prize with this photo."



Photo by Her Husband

One for the Ladies



Twenty-two-year-old Tom Nox of Dayton, Ohio, says he's a playboy by trade. (Where have we heard that before?) Although Tom likes all sexual pastimes, he confesses to a special fondness for oral sex and water sports.

Photo by Chet Linches

(continued from page 104)

pilot said his legs were amputated unnecessarily by Israeli doctors. And if all this were not bizarre enough, in Oman some malignant genius has converted a hydraulic jack to press torture victims against the roof.

Europe

The concept of human rights... developed in the specific European political context. Nevertheless, it was in the same context, in this century, that political persecution on a large scale... developed.

-Report on Torture

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name	
Address	
Date of Birth	Phone (include area code)
Photographer	
Occupation	NEW TENEDON
Hobbies	
-	
Sexual Fantasi	es
Sexual Fantasi	Include separate sheet if necessary

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature

Throughout the Soviet world the psychological torture of political dissidents is established policy, and in Mother Russia herself intellectuals who criticize the Communist Party are held in mental hospitals. One such facility is the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow. Here the game is somewhat more subtle, but the rules appear exactly the same—the bravest and the best are deliberately cut down as a warning to their peers. And as we move closer to the center of our own cherished Western civilization, the news is only slightly better.

Torture has been reported in Belgium, Portugal and Spain. Even the British, our own cultural and political parents, have come under suspicion. In 1971, British soldiers repeatedly locked up members of the Irish Republican Army and subjected them to gross abuse.

The heads of Irish prisoners were covered with thick black hoods, after which the men were forced to lean against a wall with their weight resting on their fingertips. They were also denied food and sleep. This went on for several days, and if they collapsed, the Irish were kicked and beaten until they were forced to stand again.

When the British were called on to justify this use of torture, the best they could offer was to say that it worked. The Irish prisoners broke under the treatment and betrayed their own secret armory, which the British were then able to destroy. But wouldn't Idi Amin, the Shah of Iran and General Pinochet all say, "It works!"?

Latin America

The situation in Central America and South America is similar to that in Africa. Nearly every Latin American country is governed by military decree—and power has become the only law. Torture is endemic from Cape Horn to the Rio Grande, with the possible exceptions of Costa Rica, Venezuela and Panama.

In Brazil you're softened up in the "refrigerator," a five-foot-square cell with loudspeakers, strobe lights and the ultimate in climate control. This modern device is housed in Sao Paulo and operated by a special police unit called the *Operacao Bandierantes*. Important victims are subjected to intense heat followed swiftly by extreme cold—all this while being bombarded by terrible noise and flashing lights or total darkness, or any combination of the above. After they're removed from the "refrigerator," the tortured aren't even sure what planet they're on.

The Brazilians were one of the earliest torture masters on the continent, and they have shared their expertise with other countries—specifically Chile. In that country, under Augusto Pinochet, the climate of torture stands out clearly, and its true political purpose seems most obvious.

To stay in power the military must break the spirit of a population that gave a majority of its votes to the Communist Party. Immediately after the coup 10,000 to 15,000 people were killed outright, and civilian authority was destroyed. The Chilean Supreme Court overturned its own constitution and gave all authority to Pinochet—even the right to detain any minor without charge or explanation. From American journalist Rose Styron we have an account of this horror:

Countless adolescents are among the political prisoners held in jails and camps throughout Chile. Mexico's daily Excelsior described a medieval scene in which a 15-year-old girl was kept nude in a cell, her body smeared with excrement and covered with rats. and one in which a 16-year-old boy was closed up in a box for 15 days.... A 14-year-old has been given sodium pentothal daily under severe interrogation. Another 14-yearold collapsed from the pain of electroshock.... A pregnant 17-yearold . . . was subjected to clubbing and electroshock on her uterus, which caused brain damage to the baby she

-Report on Torture,
"Appendix:
Special Report on Chile"

This brief quote can only suggest the chilling quality of Styron's report, which describes in great detail the systematic destruction of a country once regarded as the most cultured nation in South America. One victim was told by his torturer, "There are no human rights! We are establishing fascism."

And that's the nut of it. Whether the political right tortures the political left, or the left tortures the right, one thing is clear—all over the world people are being whipped into line, and if they cry out, they are tortured and killed.

United States

Injury may well be done a man for the sake of safety.

- Publilius Syrus Setentiae, 45 B.C.

But it can't happen here. We are safe in our snug houses and protected by the American rule of law. A pretty fancy, but one that even a cursory glance at our own record swiftly dispells. The American presence has played a silent partner to torture in every corner of the globe. The most obvious incident is the involvement of our troops in wholesale torture during the Vietnam War, but there are many more subtle episodes.

According to a Rockefeller Commission report, the United States has allied itself, at least on a research and training level, with a number of countries using torture. In 1961 the Agency for International Development, through its Office of Public Safety, began to provide hardware and training to foreign police officers. At the same time the CIA had a program to study the control of human behavior. The bulk of this aid went to South Vietnam, Thailand, the Philippines, Guatemala, Uruguay and Brazil.

Our involvement in Chile is notorious, but we have also supplied tools and training to Saudi Arabia, and we support the South Korean government of President Park Chung Hee. And we sell to others. In July 1972 the Times of London reported that instruments of torture were being purchased by the Pakistani military attache in the United States. In 1971 we gave military aid and diplomatic support to Pakistan during its savage repression of Bangladesh. The

cages used in the infamous Con Son. South Vietnam, "tiger cage" prison were manufactured in America on a contract awarded by the U.S. Navy.

In the Middle East the CIA promised aid and support to the Kurdish rebellion against the Iranian government, then cynically reversed its policy and silently stood by while the Kurds were massacred. Even now the CIA is admitting its own use of political torture here and abroad.

But these incidents, shameful as they are, don't involve the torture of our own citizens-it is only American money and American hardware; and, as everyone knows, gun manufacturers are not guilty of the murders committed with their product.

Then what about our own prisoners? A recent Arkansas case (Holt v. Sarver) has turned up evidence that convicts in that state were being disciplined with electroshock to the genitals. In many of our large cities black prisoners are beaten, starved and held for days in solitary confinement.

of Black Panthers, and the savage excesses of the police riot during the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago? Can we overlook the bands of narcotics officers who have broken

terrorize them at gunpoint?

Our hands are not clean. Perhaps no one's are.

Man is capable of torturing fellow human beings, but he also feels the need to justify what he is doing. It seems to be a precondition for torture that the torturer have a world view, no matter how crude, that divides man into the torturable and the nontorturable.

-Report on Torture

Many have heard of Dr. Stanley Milgram's alarming study of authority and pain, Obedience to Authority, but it's worth summarizing briefly once more. Ordinary volunteers were asked to help in a learning experiment to demonstrate the effectiveness of punitive treatment. In short, if the learners didn't catch on fast enough, they would be encouraged with a little electroshock.

But the experiment was gaffed. The learners who were strapped into chairs behind glass partitions only pretended How do we ignore the police murders to feel pain, and the actual purpose of the experiment was to determine how the volunteer torturers would behave. They behaved badly. Out of 40 torturer subjects, 26 were able to push the voltmeter up to 520 volts, or until the into the homes of innocent citizens to learner/victim "fainted." Many of those



EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

	T-shirt	Coupon			HUSTLER			
	Please sendT-shirts (@ \$5.95 each) I have ordered below.			500	Subscription Coupon			
UANTITY	SIZE S,M,L,XL,	COLOR	TOTAL		☐ 1 year at \$22 (U.S.) ☐ 1 year at \$25 ☐ 2 years at \$42 (U.S.) ☐ 2 years at \$6 ☐ 3 years at \$6 ☐ U.S.) ☐ 3 years at \$7 ☐ Subscribe to HUSTLER and save on a w	64 (FOREIG		
	are available in LUE (LB), YEL				mailed to you two weeks before it appearstands.			
	ase Print	P. O. Box	16508	• Colu	□ New Subscriber □ Renew □ 50% discount to all U.S. servicemen umbus, Ohio 43216 HU5	overseas.		
Nan	ase Print	P. O. Box	x 16508	• Colu	☐ 50% discount to all U.S. servicementumbus, Ohio 43216	overseas.		
Nan	ne Iress	P. O. Box	x 16508	• Colu	☐ 50% discount to all U.S. servicementumbus, Ohio 43216	overseas.		
Add City	ase Print	□ money orde	er (cash no		☐ 50% discount to all U.S. servicementumbus, Ohio 43216	overseas.		
Add City Enclosed is	iress , State, Zip s my □ check to or charge to n	□ money orde	ar (cash no MC:		U.S. servicement umbus, Ohio 43216 HU5: Subtotal Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax Postage, handling and insurance	overseas.		
Add City	iress , State, Zip s my □ check to or charge to n	□ money orde	er (cash no		U.S. servicement to all U.S. servicement umbus, Ohio 43216 HU5: Subtotal Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax	overseas. 78S		



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do.

Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect. and at least 2,000 of them died needless, painful deaths.

The fact is, child abuse is a major epidemic in this country.

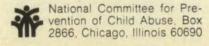
The solution? Part of it lies in your hands. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs could be formed to aid parents and children in their own communities. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be helped. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and what you can do.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:



controlling the voltmeters exhibited "authority" told them to continue, they obeyed.

This study strongly suggests that under given circumstances we are all capable of deliberately inflicting pain. Those who work in emergency rooms at large metropolitan hospitals would hardly dispute this notion. They see a steady parade of children beaten by world, it never leaves. their parents.

The ultimate aim of torture is more than absolute obedience to authority. It demands love of authority. Only then is authority complete and secure. -Ramsey Clark,

director of Amnesty International and former U.S. attorney general

There is little doubt that the use of torture is growing in the world while the ideal of democracy is fading-and that, consequently, ordinary people everywhere are in trouble. One of the few bright spots is the recent change in our own diplomatic posture.

The U.S. Congress has begun to great distress, but as long as a figure of refuse aid to openly repressive nations, and President Jimmy Carter is probably one of the first world leaders to speak out in defense of the human rights of foreign citizens. This policy plunged Carter into instant hot water-the Russians told him to shut up and mind his own business. But he did speak up, at least at first, and once an idea enters the

> Still, it's difficult to see much hope for the world's immediate future, and there's every indication things may be growing worse. Democracy everywhere is on the run, and common sense suggests a certain pessimism. Our own country, starved for energy and brought to its knees, may well join the worldwide shift to repressive government, and then who will be pulled from their beds at night? Whose bodies will be burned and broken? What men will have their nuts mashed like applesauce while their women are being raped in the next room? Who'll be tortured until they tell them anything they want to hear?

PROFILE: CHUCK BADONE

(continued from page 58)

really love to do at the best summer track in the country."

It was 90 minutes before post time when Chuck Badone strolled across the Monmouth paddock area, where the horses are saddled. He was about to face 1,500 members of the racing public waiting to receive a professional's predictions. He sat on a lone stool in front of the standing-room crowd, switched on the public-address system and began speaking in the quick cadence and twangy tone of a race-caller (a style he picked up while broadcasting race recreations for a Phoenix radio station).

Badone looked incredibly vulnerable sitting up there, alone and unarmed, before a crowd that might have turned hostile at any moment. All he had to defend himself with were his copy of the Racing Form and the method he had developed to sift through the countless morsels of information that are factors in handicapping any horse race.

What his audience would hear was a mere smattering of Badone's methodan elaborate process of elimination. The first step is to evaluate two crucial variables in order to cull the bums and cripples-horses whose records indicate they lack either the conditioning (fitness) or class to win a given race.

"Of all the things you can look at in studying a horse's past performances, everything is secondary to the dates of

his previous races," Badone advises, "because that all-important question of conditioning is, for the most part, answered there. You can't expect an unfit horse to win a race, regardless of how fast he ran the last time, where he finished or what kind of competition he was up against."

In general, Badone figures a twomonth layoff is more than enough to count out all but the classiest thoroughbreds from further consideration. On the other side of that coin are horses that have been racing regularly, then suddenly taken out of action for two months or so. Usually, such horses aren't good plays the first time back, Badone offers, but make excellent wagers on their second outings.

From the relatively simple question of conditioning, Badone turns to the much tougher matter of assessing a racehorse's "class," or natural ability. A horse's class isn't determined by breeding, but by the level of competition it has faced in recent years.

The cards at most racetracks include a good number of claiming races, in which every horse entered can be purchased for a set price (\$4,000, \$10,000, \$20,000, etc.) by an owner or trainer with horses at the track. Therefore, the caliber of horses in a race can be judged by the claiming price. If a horse hasn't been able to get out of its own way in \$5,000 claiming races, for instance, it's safe to say it'll be outclassed-and should be disregarded-if you find it

(continued on page 115)

I'm a happily married 29year-old, and my husband, Sam, is quite a stud. Our sex life is always satisfying, so there's no real reason to play around with anyone else. Besides, I fooled around before I got married, and now loving one man is a nice change of pace.

Sam goes out with his buddies occasionally, and from time to time I go to discotheques with my old roommates to talk and joke about our many escapades, most of which involved sex. Music and dancing usually excite me, and I often return home in the wee hours, slightly drunk and extremely horny. More than once Sam has awakened to find me nibbling his cock. Maybe that's why he doesn't mind my going out.

One evening I was at a disco with the girls when our laughter was broken by an oddly familiar male voice asking permission to join us for a drink. I glanced up into a pair of teasing green eyes and almost choked on my

gin and tonic.

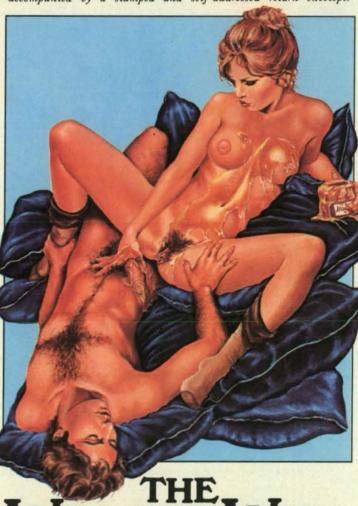
It was Jake, a policeman with whom I had had a wild affair before my marriage. A tingle shot through me. The memory of his hot kisses and warm caresses suddenly welled up and swept me away. We had broken up because of his career. I didn't want to marry a man who might go out the door

one day and get killed in the line of duty. But I had often thought about him-and his oversized tool.

Jake's gaze traveled with approval over my ample breasts, curvaceous hips and tanned legs. This really turned me on. He ordered another round of drinks and then did something unexpected. He drained his Old Fashioned and kissed me lightly on the forehead.

My girlfriends teased Jake about being a bachelor at the age of 33. He reddened when they said he had grown balder. He replied-staring into my eyes-that some people's looks improve with the years. Then he laid his arm

Do you have an unusual story that you'd like to share concerning one of your own sexual encounters? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers, for the readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 for each such story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine or ten typed (double-spaced) or neatly printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed return envelope.



across my shoulder, deliberately grazing my breast with his hand.

When Jake asked me to dance, I accepted eagerly. He led me through the crowd to a small dance floor bathed in psychedelic lights. We squeezed in and joined the gyrating bodies.

I love dancing to hot music, and the rhythm sounded like it was made for a jungle sex rite. My braless breasts bounced freely when I faced Jake, and when I turned around, my behind swayed invitingly. I was becoming more and more excited watching his sexy, well-built body groove to the music. My nipples hardened, pressing against the

thin material of my blouse. From the way Jake stared I knew he wasn't missing a single trick.

A slow number was next, and as we rubbed together, I could feel he was aroused. He nibbled my neck and earlobe. Suddenly his thick tongue thrust deeply into my mouth, and we were locked like this until the song ended. When we elbowed our way back to the table, I had to walk in front to hide Jake's bulging jeans from my friends' eyes.

At the dimly lit table Jake, my roommates and I recalled the great times we had had in our old apartment. Talking about those days made me secretly realize how tame my life had become since I married.

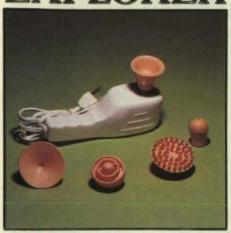
Maybe it was the drinks, maybe it was the talk, but I was eager to recapture those wild days, and I was determined to capture them that night with Jake. My exroomies took turns dancing with him, and we all drank heavily until the place closed at 1 a.m. When Jake invited me over to his apartment for a nightcap, I promptly accepted.

Jake started the car, then reached over to fondle my breasts. He kissed me passionately on the lips. Excited, I started rubbing the crotch of his jeans. The feel of the hard thickness there brought back memories of

how great it had been having him inside me. I unzipped his fly. Jake kissed my breast through my filmy blouse, and I fondled his velvety penis. He pressed the accelerator, and we were off.

As he drove, Jake caressed my breasts. Moving to my crotch, he lifted my skirt enough to poke a finger under my panties. His finger dipped all the way into my pussy, then rubbed the sticky love juices over my erect clit. He repeated this again and again as I squeezed and stroked his rigid rod. We were becoming too hot to stop, and I was relieved when we left the expressway and arrived at his place. He tongue-kissed me once more.

EXPLORER



The Explorer is a unique, quiet massager that will help you and your partner explore and extend sexual fantasy. It surpasses all other vibrators in tests for durability, performance and ability to aid in achieving intense mutual climaxes.

This easy-to-handle vibrator has an adjustable speed control that provides a variety of sexual sensations. Equipped with five interchangeable attachments, the Explorer has been carefully designed to stimulate and massage any part of the body.

Order the Explorer now, and discover how stimulating sex aids from LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS can be.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING ... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling

	nio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)
	olumbus, Ohio 43216
Please send me #0585 @ \$24.9	Explorer(s) 95, postpaid.
Please Print	HU578Z
Name	
Address	
City, State, Zip	
Enclosed is my chec accepted), or charge to r	k in money order (cash not ny in VISA in MC;
Interbank No.	Exp. Date mo. year
Signature, Date	
dise is defective due to	derstand that if my merchan- craftsmanship and returned e replaced free of charge, nat
	Subtotal \$
Ohio residents, ad	d 4% sales tax
	TOTAL S
Money order and credit card working days or less. All of	purchases will be shipped in 5 orders are discreetly packaged.

KINKY KORNER

into his apartment.

Inside his bachelor pad the drinks began to hit me, and I sank dizzily to the couch. Jake sat next to me. I tried to undo my blouse, but he brushed my hands aside and undid the buttons himself, kissing my shoulders, then my breasts, biting my nipples lightly. Next, he unzipped my skirt and kissed my stomach. Then he lowered my panties an inch at a time, licking and caressing me as he traveled down my body.

I lay back on the long fur couch. He was soon licking my pussy. I quivered and moaned. Frenching my pussy with his pointed tongue, he gently pinched my nipples, making them tinglingly erect. I couldn't wait and exploded into a long, shuddering climax.

I relaxed on the couch, but he had only begun his love work. He lifted my legs, placing them over his broad shoulders. Next he lowered his head and began biting and licking my buttocks. I flinched when he rimmed me. He was teasing me with every thrust of his tongue. I tried to pull away, but he held me down as he continued his persistent probing. Suddenly his tongue was all over my clit, and his forefinger now plunged deep into my backside. I squirmed, burying his finger and tongue deeper into my flaming orifices.

At this point I was begging to be fucked. Jake slowly withdrew his finger from my rear and flicked his tongue one last time across my clit. He lowered me gently and slipped the bulging head of his swollen penis into my vagina.

I ached to have all of it. I pushed against him desperately, but he would give me only two more inches. "Please, baby, please," I moaned. All of a sudden he penetrated me to the hilt in one swift thrust. The pain paled quickly as wildriding pleasure overtook me. We made love in earnest, building to faster and more forceful penetrations. My back arched: Jake tensed. His strokes became shorter, harder. He held my buttocks tightly. Then when he seemed to have stopped breathing entirely, he suddenly came, choking out my name as he threw his head back. He collapsed beside me on the couch, and we lay there, glistening with sweat.

After a while I got up, stretched and sauntered into the kitchen. I returned with a jar of honey. Jake watched me anoint his monstrous dick with the sweet amber goo. I applied a small inches. I licked the top of his penis and Adultery? No way!

We zipped and buttoned up and went ran my tongue down its long vein. He winked at me as I hungrily went down on it, taking ever-greater portions into my mouth. Again I dipped my finger into the golden liquid, and when I wiggled it into his anus, he gasped.

> Jake closed his eyes as I moved down to lick his balls. Then I turned him over gently and gave his anus a thorough tongue-lashing. He moaned and tensed the cheeks of his behind. I turned him over again, went down on his cocksavoring the honey flavor and his slight male scent-and finished him off.

> When we awoke, dawn was breaking over Lake Michigan. I suggested we bathe, and Jake agreed. After he adjusted the bathwater to a comfortable temperature, we climbed into the tub and soaped each other. Then he turned the shower attachment on my clit, and the pulsating water raised me to such a pitch that I was almost ready to come again. This made Jake's dick rock-hard. I guided him into me, and we fucked right there in the tub.

> After our "shower," we toweled each other dry. I was amazed that after a night of lovemaking I still longed to feel Jake probing and thrusting inside me. From the way he dried my body, lingering over each area, I knew he felt the same way. But I had to get home.

> We dressed and walked into the cool air of a lovely Sunday morning. He drove slowly across town, fondling my breasts through my blouse. Once again I rubbed the place where his thighs met, and he began to stiffen. I laughed, leaning back on the headrest and stretching my legs luxuriously.

> When we pulled in front of my apartment building, Jake grasped my shoulders, looked me in the eyes and kissed my forehead. Without speaking, I got

out of the car.

Entering the apartment, I was relieved to hear Sam's snores. I undressed in the living room, carefully slipped into bed and curled beneath the covers, warmed by his body. He turned over in his sleep and hugged me close. As I lay watching him sleep, I realized that, although I love my husband, I looked forward to seeing Jake again-real soon.

I know some people might condemn me for this. Adultery, they'd say, is immoral. But I don't think my feelings are adulterous. You see, I love my husband, but I don't love Jake. Sure, I enjoy his body and he enjoys mine. But amount to his nipples and began suck- Jake could be any man and I could be ing them. I fingered his heavy sac. Soon any woman. With my husband there is he had grown to his full, curving nine a special bond that nothing can break.

PROFILE: CHUCK BADONE

(continued from page 112)

entered against \$10,000 claimers.

However, Badone points out that when you find a race in which a horse is legitimately dropping down in class (that is, it has run well against better competition and is in good condition), "that is the best play at any track."

After eliminating those horses he believes are unfit or outclassed, Badone begins to bring into play a long list of other handicapping variables. He discards horses running at the wrong distance or carrying excessive weight, those with an unplayable jockey and those stuck in bad post positions.

If he still hasn't arrived at a selection, Badone might look at what he considers to be less important factors, such as fractional times (times at various points, such as 1/8 mile, 1/4 mile, etc.; these indicate the pace of a given race), track condition (fast, slow, muddy, etc.), speed rating (standard for evaluating a horse's time against the track record for a given distance) and the number of horses entered in previous races.

"A recent workout might finally catch my eye, or a good trainer," he noted. "All told, I use every tool I can logically use to narrow down the field. Ideally, by applying common sense and basic handicapping principles I'll be able to narrow it down to one horse-the winner."

That's what the fans were hoping for, too, as Badone ran at breakneck speed through an analysis of all nine races, evaluating not only the horses he had selected to win, but every horse on the card. With nothing but the Racing Form to guide him through the program, Badone ad-libbed for nearly an hour, talking so fast you wondered when the hell he was breathing, but covering more ground and making more points than seemed possible.

The crowd responded to his performance with a spattering of applause, not yet aware that he'd just given them four winners among his selections. Before Badone escaped the paddock area, about 50 fans closed around him, seeking advice and autographs, or just thanking him for the presentation. The Professor of Handicapping was smiling broadly, loving every minute of his celebrity status-and pleased, no doubt, that post time was at hand.

After a quick stop at the betting windows Badone retired to the exclusiveprecincts of the press box to take in the first six races. Watching the horses run from the perspective of an air-conditioned, hermetically sealed room atop the Monmouth clubhouse is much like watching television without the audio.

Missing are the spectacular sounds 15 tons of horses generate when they go hoofing past the grandstand. About the closest thing you get to a roar up there are the prayers of a dyspeptic old racing writer whenever one of his picks is anywhere near the pace.

The advantages of the press box are apparent, though, when one of those Barbizon beauties comes to pick up your wagers before each race, sparing you the agony of lines, which are always rife with track rats.

Badone had no sooner taken his customary seat overlooking the finish line than he was poring over the Racing Form charts-again. Although he had just demonstrated that he knew every animal on the card inside out and had a pretty good notion of which ones would run well, Badone never makes his final betting decisions until the last possible instant. That is, when he can see the odds on the tote board and the horses parading to the post.

"You've got to understand that handicapping a race is one thing, and gambling on it is something altogether different," he pointed out. "Someone can take the correct analysis of a race, misbet it and turn it into a total disaster.

"I, for one, am not a particularly good gambler and never have been, because I'm out to have a good time. I need to



Name #3888 8mm Silent @ \$34.95 Address #3889 Super 8mm Silent @ \$34.95 #3890 Super 8mm Sound @ \$64.95 City, State, Zip #3891 ¾" Video Cassette @ \$79.95 Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC: #3892 1/4" Betamax Cassette @ \$79.95 Subtotal Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax nterbank No.

Signature, Date I am of legal age

TOTAL S. Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

Postage, handling and insurance

"Sensations' IS SUPERB!

This film is so hot that I recommend that any theatre preparing to exhibit it, wallpaper their place with asbestos to prevent it burning to the ground!" AL GOLDSTEIN

"sensations" IS WHAT PORNO-GOOD PORNO-SHOULD BE ALL ABOUT." **BOB SALMAGGI**

ADULTS ONLY X IN COLOR

SENSATIONS signals a new era in sensual motion pictures. This film does not try to make the statement that the joys of flesh go hand in hand with some kind of guilt and punishment. Instead, Director Alberto Ferro has succeeded in blending eroticism with an interesting storyline to create a movie that imaginatively portrays the beauty of sex.

LEASURE TIME now offers an abbreviated version of the award-winning SENSATIONS. Each film and tape captures the highest quality vivid colors ever offered to home viewers. Available with or without sound, these movies are 400 feet in length, while the cassettes run for 20 minutes.

After one showing you'll agree that SENSATIONS has an extravagant and pulsating screen presence normally absent in this genre.

A condom is not made to be broken



Horizon condoms provide the feeling of security without sacrificing sensitivity. These contraceptives contain reservoir ends and are lubricated to help maintain the natural sensations. Each sheath is designed to gently cling while caressing your woman.

Choose from the Tahiti (#5008), which comes in various colors for heightened visual excitement; the Stimula (#5010), made with a ribbed surface for an extra touch of pleasure; and Prime (#5011), a thinner, transparent rubber.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING 24-hour toil-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)						
P. O. Box 2206 ● Columbus, Ohio 43216						
Please send:						
Tahiti (#5008) @ \$3.50/doz.						
Stimula (#5010) @ \$3.50/doz. Prime (#5011) @ \$3.50/doz.						
Fillie (#3011) @ \$3.30/d02.						
Please Print HU578AD						
Name						
Address						
City, State, Zip						
Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC:						
Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year						
Signature, Date I am of legal age						
Subtotal \$						
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax						
Postage, handling and insurance 1.00						
TOTAL \$						
Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.						

bet every race to enjoy myself. A guy who's at the track strictly to make money or earn a living is only going to bet on a race he's sure of, and, even then, only if the odds are right. A professional gambler could've taken the selections I made this year, bet the same amount I did, and he would've made three times more, just by betting properly."

Judging by the payoffs that kept arriving via the Barbizon "gofer," a young sportswriter named Mike was surely playing his picks properly. One of the heaviest bettors in the press box (and reputedly one of the best), Mike was having a fine old time, ranting and raving before every race when the odds on the tote board revealed where the crowd was putting its money. What had him so worked up was the fact that in each race the fans invariably jumped on the horse getting the early money.

"How can they be stupid enough to keep betting the favorite?" Mike asked repeatedly. "If you want to buy a hot dog with your winnings, you bet favorites. Personally, I'd rather try to win enough to play with for a few weeks.

"Besides, these people ought to know by now this place is known as a graveyard for favorites. You can usually just take the favorite and scratch him right off the program."

That favorites often get buried at Monmouth is true enough, Badone agreed, but the same goes for any classy track, where there are likely to be plenty of sleepers whose real natural ability has been obscured by recent bad form.

"At the poorer tracks with cheaper animals," Badone said, "the brokendown horses are there because they're really broken-down. They can't go any lower, and you can be sure they're not going to run. They stink and they lose. At a place like this, though, they've all got a chance, even the ones that look like bums on paper. So your favorite gets beat, and your longer shots can get up to form and win. That's what makes the good tracks tough."

Monmouth's Labor Day card was tough enough to keep them bantering about the likely outcome of every race. Throughout the afternoon Badone kept returning to the performance charts, scrutinizing each line like a palm reader looking for a key to the future, and spitting out little bits of wisdom during his forecasts.

About the worst bet at any thoroughbred track, Badone said at one point, is a horse that has been coming from off the pace in route races (one mile or more) and that is later entered in a sprint (less than seven furlongs, 7/8 mile). Perhaps the very best bet, he noted later, is a race

in which there is only one horse that has proved it has early speed out of the gate. And about the best way to spot those long shots everyone loves, he let on, is to find a horse that has recently performed badly from outside post positions and that now has a more favorable spot on the inside.

Badone's accumulated knowledge had earned him a tidy little sum to play with by the time he headed downstairs after the sixth race to cover the publicity office for an hour. As the handicapper was gliding through the clubhouse at a healthy gait, an older man buttonholed him and started thanking him profusely for the winning tip on a trifecta. Badone wasn't sure what the guy was talking about, and told him so.

"At the seminar, you know, you said early speed would hold up on the grass, you know, in the third race," the old man said, struggling to get it all straight. "So I bet all the early-speed horses like you said, and hit the trifecta for eleven hundred and some-odd dollars. Actually, it was closer to twelve hundred. I just wanted to thank you."

Badone assured the man he was more than welcome, and continued toward the office, muttering about how people were always thanking him for their trifectas, but how he could never hit the damn thing himself.

But there was Badone, not two hours later and no more than 25 feet from where the old man had confronted him, waiting in line to cash a \$2,316 ticket. In the trifecta, the savior of the small bettor, a player has to pick the first three finishers in order. This one turned his whole season into a big winner with a single race. The handicapper appeared to be in shock. Everyone in the line, for that matter, was dumbstruck. You'd have thought they were a bunch of catatonics waiting for their medication, rather than lucky horseplayers who had just hit a Monmouth Park 750-1 shot. There wasn't a single smiling face among them.

"Bet you see a lot of happy people here," someone cracked to the security guard, who was watching over the proceedings at the \$100 cashier's window.

"Yeah, you see a lot of different things," the guard answered. "Just last year we had a guy drop dead here. Got so excited he had a heart attack. Just turned purple and dropped dead before we could even get him to the hospital."

The guard shook his head slowly, disapproving. "Yeah, with the money and the horses and all, people get excited here all right."

Like the racetrack adage: It's not what the people do to the horses. It's what the horses do to the people.



AT FIRST SHE THINKS SHE'S GOING TO LOSE HER JOB AS HUSTLER'S CARTOON FEATURE ...



YEP, THINGS ARE LOOK-ING BLEAK FOR HONEY!
INSECURITY MAKES ME
HUNGRY! THINK I'LL FIX
ME A DAGWOOD SANDWICH!

AFTER ALL, SHE REASONS, WHAT DECENT CHRISTIAN WOULD KEEP A WHORE ON THE PAYROLL? JESUS WOULDA...





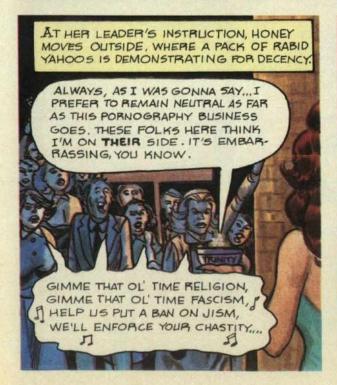


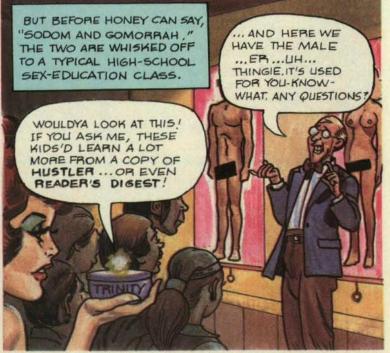
HONEY FINDS HERSELF FACED WITH A COMMON PROBLEM: HOW TO BEHAVE WHEN THE BOSS COMES TO CALL. UH... SIR, WOULD YOU LIKE A SANDWICH AN'

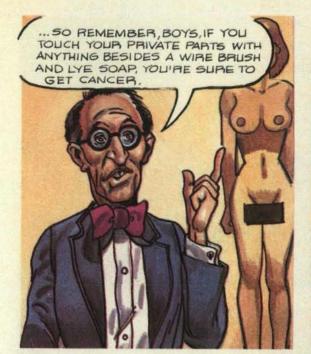
NO THANKS,
I JUST
SPLIT A
SAUSAGE
PIZZA WITH
BING. LISTEN,
NO TIME TO
TALK. WE
GOT THINGS
TO DO. PICK
ME UP...





























(continued from page 90)

we were told we couldn't show booze on the air, but beer was OK. Then they said, 'Well, just one can.'

"Next, although we were supposed to be a brawling crowd, the way Boyington had it in his book, [the censors] wanted to cut out the fistfights. We actually were chopped down to one-punch fights. And somewhere they had us taking a Pacific island—with the enemy on it, yet—without showing a shot being fired. Once the censors get on your back," groaned Conrad, "forget it."

The censor's job also requires that he check out commercials. Ads must be OK'd for both taste and truthfulness. But NBC's Traviesas admitted that a peculiar double standard prevails here. Whereas the censor's eye is vigilantly peeled for raunch, sexual innuendo and sneak double entendres, when it comes to commercials a definite laxity exists.

There is, for instance, a great deal more nudity permitted in perfume ads than in any prime-time sitcom. Or a man shaves while a woman lewdly purrs, "Take it off—take it all off." In another shaving commercial, for Bic disposable razors, a mother congratulates the newlyweds: "Marriage really agrees with you." To which the bride responds, with

a mischievous wink at her husband: "He really got stroked this morning." How much more suggestive can you get? Worse, all that rhetoric about "developing a character" and showing people "in context" is cavalierly tossed aside in 30-second and 60-second commercials.

How do commercials get away with such censorable material? The explanation is simple: economics.

Advertising supports broadcasting. In the interests of healthy profits and continuing good relations with Madison Avenue, network censors drop their guard a bit. Then, too, the viewing audience rarely complains about sex in commercials. "I'm amazed, really amazed," said Traviesas. "We seldom, seldom get complaints about ads. You can count the letters on the fingers of one hand."

All this is not to say that any and all products can be advertised on TV. There are, in fact, strict regulations handed down by the code of the National Association of Broadcasters, which polices the tube in a dozen areas, ranging from sex and violence to the advertising of detective agencies, alcoholic beverages and tampons. Approximately 60 percent of all TV stations belong to the NAB and receive its Seal of Approval. Although there's no law requiring the networks to abide by NAB

guidelines, few subscribing stations choose to risk the loss of the code seal.

In the area of advertising, code provisions forbid merchandising of hard liquor, or wine or beer exceeding 24 percent alcohol. Drinking "sound effects" aren't allowed. Neither, of course, is oncamera drinking of wine or beer. And any suggestion of "excessive consumption" of wine or beer is unacceptable. There are extremely tight restrictions on the advertising of vegetable oils and margarines, weight-reduction products, arthritis and rheumatism cures, overthe-counter drugs and, finally, goods geared to children.

Extremely worrisome to NAB personnel is the sticky area of "personal products," which is to say: sanitary napkins, douches, tampons, enemas and—marginally—contraceptive devices. Recent major developments on the personal-product front include: Advertising of contraceptives continues to be forbidden; advertising of douches is forbidden between 4 p.m. and 10 p.m.; and advertising of medicated jock-itch products is forbidden.

The "tampon question" alone has tested some of the finest Aristotelian minds behind the code, and the current rules state: The term stick applicator, once banned, may now be used in ads (continued on page 128)



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

When making mail-order purchases, follow these "ten commandments":

- 1. Write your return address on the envelope containing your order and on a coupon or piece of paper *inside* the envelope. Always include your Zip code.
- 2. Write legibly. Clearly print or type your name and address. Our friends at Leasure Time Products (who are old hands at this business) are often amazed by how many orders are impossible to read.
- 3. Keep a copy of the advertisement so you can write the company if problems arise. Also save all correspondence with the firm.
- 4. Never send currency through the mail. It's inclined to disappear mysteriously, and you have no way of proving that you actually sent cash if the company should later d

the company should later deny having received any.

5. Send a certified check or money order. You'll get your merchandise quicker than if you sent a personal check. Many companies wait until a personal check clears the bank before shipping your order.

 Hold onto the receipt for your money order or certified check. If you send a personal check, keep the canceled check when it is returned by the bank.

Postage-due letters will delay shipment, so be sure to affix the correct postage to the envelope.

Don't expect instant service. Allow up to six weeks for delivery.

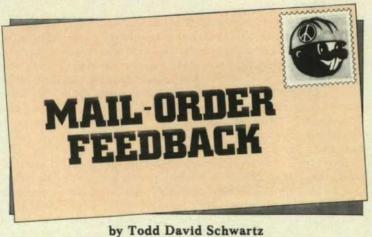
If you move, notify your local post office of your change of address so your order can be forwarded.

10. Order COD (collect on delivery) when you can. This usually guarantees delivery, since the firm cannot receive payment until it sends the product. Remember that COD charges will be added to the cost of the merchandise.

HELPFUL AGENCIES

If you've waited a reasonable length of time and haven't received your mail-order merchandise, write the company first, requesting a status report on your order. If after waiting a few weeks you get no response, don't bother writing the firm again; one letter of inquiry is sufficient. Write HUSTLER, and we'll use our muscle to iron out the problem—even if you've ordered from a company advertising in another magazine. (It is advisable, however, to write the magazine in which you found the ad.) Contact the following agencies as well:

Better Business Bureau. In the phone book you'll find a listing for the nearest BBB, which will be able to give you the address of



This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order products, not to endorse them but to let you know what you will receive. Companies are invited to send us sample merchandise and information. Also, we'll advise customers on conducting business with mail-order firms, including those advertised in HUSTLER, and alert our readers to shoddy products and outright frauds. If you have a problem with a dealer, write us so that we can alert other readers. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts. We'll contact the establishment and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a reliable firm, we would like to know that too. Address all correspondence to: HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

the bureau for the city in which the company is located. (Although more time-consuming, you can send your complaint to the local office and have it forwarded.) The BBB will contact the mail-order merchant on your behalf.

The Better Business Bureau has a rating system indicating whether or not a company is worth dealing with. The greater the number of complaints, the worse the dealer's rating will be. Before placing an order with a company, write the BBB in the firm's home city and ask for information about the reputation of that firm. Include the company's name and address, as well as a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Federal Trade Commission. The FTC has a rule that gives you certain rights when ordering by mail. Unless an advertisement states you should wait a specific amount of time before receiving your merchandise (six to eight weeks, for example), the company must mail it to you within 30 days. It may take a bit longer to actually receive the item, depending on the product and how late in that 30-day period the firm sends it out. Therefore, you should always allow about six weeks.

If the seller cannot ship your merchandise within 30 days, or in the amount of time stated, it must notify you and give you a free means to reply (e.g., a postage-paid postcard). Depending on how long shipping will be delayed beyond the originally stated time, you have several courses of action. If the additional shipping delay will be less than 30 days, you have the option of canceling the order and getting your money back, or of simply agreeing to the new shipping date. (If you don't answer, the seller will assume you agree to the new shipping date.) If the shipping delay will be more than 30 days, the seller must return your money

unless it has your written agreement approving the delay.

You have the right to a full refund if you cancel. The seller must mail this refund to you within seven business days after your cancellation. With a credit sale, the seller has one billing cycle to adjust your account.

These FTC rules do not apply to mail-order photofinishing, magazine subscriptions (and other serial deliveries), mail-order seeds and plants, CODs, credit orders that allow you to pay after receiving the merchandise, and sales under "negative option" plans (e.g., book clubs), by which you must notify the seller of your intent not to make a purchase.

If the mail-order seller violates any of these rules, write Bureau of Consumer Protection, Federal Trade Commission, Sixth and Pennsylvania Avenues NW, Room 485, Washington, D.C. 20580. Though the commission

does not intervene in private disputes between a buyer and a seller, it will keep a close watch on any delinquent company.

U.S. Postal Inspection Service. This is the law-enforcement arm of the U.S. Postal Service. You can find the number for your local postal inspector by looking under the "Postal Service" listing in the United States Government section of the phone book. Call or write to obtain the address of the Postal Inspector in Charge for the city in which the company is based. The Postal Inspector in Charge will contact the dealer and have it remedy the problem.

If the inspector cannot get any satisfaction, a mail-fraud investigation of the firm may be initiated. (Whenever you complain to anyone—the company, the magazine or one of these consumers' or government agencies—always include copies of all correspondence between you and the company, a photostat of your money-order receipt or canceled check, and a copy of the ad.)

FEEDBACK LETTER

I am writing to inform you of a Dependable Dealer I have come across. I truly feel that the Sunshine Company (P.O. Box 298, Inglewood, California 90306) deserves to be on your list. I have ordered several films from the firm, and they were of the best quality and content. All mail is handled first-class. The prices are reasonable, and all the films I have ordered came to me within ten days. My experience with Sunshine ranks that company among the best.

M. S. Corpus Christi, Texas

The U.S. Postal Inspection Service and the Better Business Bureau also report no complaints about Sunshine. We'd like to hear from other readers who have dealt with this company.

MAIL-ORDER MANIA



Pacific Island girls want men to correspond with. Exotic, whole some girls seek friends, romance.

marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW, SEND \$2 TODAY. CONTINENTAL PACIFIC PO Box 3546 — Dept. HM Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

ACTION PHOTOS

Plus GIANT "NO BULL CATALOG" featuring the great est selection of sex products, films, photos, books, maga zines, etc. Plus a valuable FREE GIFT. Adults 21 or over state your age. Just send \$1 to cover postage & handling to: Parker Sales Co., Dept HU5 P.O. Box 203, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

SWINGING TEXAS GIRLS

We're Janice, Sylvia & Jack. We just returned from Europe with some hard-to-get movies and photos. We love to SWING, watch or be watched, or swap. We'll trade photos with girls or guys. We have phone numbers of swinging girls, guys and couples in your area SEND NO MONEY, just a self-addressed, stamped envelope, Write or stop by if you're in HOUSTON. This is our first ad.

Janice Alexander
5807 Bellaire Blvd Houston, Texas 77081

DON'T BE CAUGHT SHORT

EXTENSION" and found these advantages. WEARING COMFORT: A smooth EXTENSION: and found these advantages: MEXANTA Common the same semi-rigid inner sleeve! HEAVY DUTY HARNESS. Won't slip while in use!

EXTRY COMFORT: A soft, spongy feel-of-flesh outer "skin" that actually yields and conforms to the natural shape of the vaginal

SOFT, SPONGY OUTER COVER

sfied customers who use the "PERFECT

ENSI

O

Add Inches PENIS

0

To Your

E

R

F

E

C

Vibrate your way to Orgasm Butt/Pussv Tickler

YOUNG COUPLE

p photos and experiences with girls, guys or We're both attractive and well built. We love two-somes, three-somes, four-somes and more-somes with people of all ages. Send us a self-addressed envelope or stop by our place before 10:00 PM. Let us know what you like. We love to watch and be watched. We love to pose.

Steve or Melissa Borderfield 10537 So. Post Oak Houston, Texas 77035



Female Domination, Transvestites, Bondage, Cartoons, Leather & Rubber, Discipline, S&M, Spanking, Female Wrestling, and much, much more! SEE pictures of every fetish imaginable. Privately printed—only collection of its kind in the world. — only collection while supplies last!

FREE BONUS: Giant sex products catalog

only \$ You must be over 21. State your age.

ARROW P.O. Box 78 - HU578 Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016



WE CAN HELP YOU TURN ON ANY GIRL YOU WANT!

with a NEW placebo called PERSUAD-ERS. A pinch in her food or drink and get ready for instant love-making. She'll be turned on for hours of wild passion and lots of lovin. Works so fast you should take some yourself. No prescription. Extra strong and sale to use.

STAY HARD and CONTROL YOURSELF

with PETER PILLS. Make male organ rock hard and help control ejaculation. This placebo can help restore vigor, potency and performance. Be BIG where it counts.

☐ PERSUADERS \$5 ☐ PETER PILLS \$5 ☐ BOTH \$9

DEPENDABLE Products Dept. 3246
6311 Yucca St. Hollywood, Calif. 90028



 Durable Rubber Construction

 Instructions Included

A \$20 value Now ONLY \$4.95 Must Be 21

Europa Imports Box 2324 -CY San Fernando, Ca. 91343

PROVEN

EFFECTIVE

FAST ACTING NEW FORMULA!



Ginseng

FOR INCREASING SEXUAL DESIRE! Not only will this placebo turn-em-on the imported Ginseng can help solve all energy problems. Disolves in food or drink and the results are fast and lasts for hours. So use it yourself or give it to a friend and then be

prepared for lots-a-lovin. You'll be back for more!! to keep up with the action you'll need ...

ENERGIZERS Don't ejaculate before the fun begins. Become A Sexual Super-

man and satisfy her always. ENERGIZERS, a specially formu lated placebo adds to your performance, staying power, and sexual potency. Be the lucky "stiff" in her life. Long lasting

Special low introductory prices!!

SPANISH FLY \$4 DENERGIZERS \$4 BOTH \$7

GIN-SING Products Dept. 3246 6311 Yucca . Hollywood, Calif. 90028

SWINGING

GIRLS . GUYS . COUPLES **ANXIOUS TO MEET** YOU!

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-231-6619

If busy or you are calling after regular working hours: DIAL: 1-713-960-1311

GET READY TO REALLY START SWINGING!

LOCAL TELEPHONE NUMBERS YOUR AREA



BEST BY MAIL Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, Fl. 33578

*BE A RENT-A-Date girl! Anonymously-Everywhere! Earn! Call (refundable) *Hotline: (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091 Now!

GET OVER 100 Miles Per Gallon in Your Carl Send 53,95 for this book to: ConserFuel, P.O. Box 10137, Austin, Tx. 78766

AUSTRALIA Wants You! Big pay! Free transportation! Listings \$2.00. Austco, Box 8489-R, Long Beach, Ca.

MAKE Money mailing circulars. \$480 weekly. Details. Write: Lois P. Lugert, Wyndmere, N.D. 58081

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

*RENT A Date! Everywhere America! Your lovestyle! (Deductable) *Hotline (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212)

"ASS WITH Class!!" Foxy French Chick, Erotic photos \$1.00 each. Lisa Misner, Box 488, Andalusia, III. 61232 ALLEN Shiloh (Black) wrote "Sex Vengeance" (Ma \$2.50. "Nu-Triumph", North Hollywood, Ca. 91603 (Mafia).

*HOSTESSES needed for Call-A-Girl Service. Discreet. Your city USA. Top \$\$\$. Direct line (415) 441-0131 any-

FREE Condoms, Send 13¢ stamp. GMS, Box 411N, Shel-byville, Tx. 75973

*RENT-A-GIRL! All cities USA. Your lifestyle. 24 hour direct line. (415) 441-0131. Major credit cards.

NEW ADULT 44-page color catalog. Over 615 pleasur-able products. Dependable, discreet service. State age. Enclose \$3.00 (redeemable). Irene Silvers, Box 8251-BK5, Rochester, N.Y. 14617

SWINGERS - Sophisticated couples and singles - exciting correspondence, meetings, parties with other discreet, fun-loving types. Free color brochure. Select, Box 11, Camden, N.J. 08101

NUDE Beaches, resorts, bordellos, swing clubs - U.S.A. and worldwide. Free details, Fun Club, Box 432-H4, Bellflower, Ca. 90706

HORNY? I'll help! Photos, details \$1.00. Sue, Box 7425-S.O., Chicago, 60680

DISCREET, personal introductions. Sensual, sophisticaled swingers. Couples-Singles. Inquire: Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pa. 17402. 1-717-848-1408.





















EROTIC TAPES

Whoever said that silence is golden obviously never heard an erotic tape from LEASURE TIME. Available in both 8-track and cassette, each tape reveals an explicit fantasy that is sure to enhance any sexual activity you're engaged in.

If you're looking for a sound track which captures the realistic sounds that are only heard when making love, punch in an erotic tape. These tapes contain some of the finest groans heard since Kate Smith sang "America" to our boys overseas.

From Leasure Time Products

TRUCK STOP ROSIE #1

It wasn't until a trucker named Stu Anderson broke down that Rosie realized there was more than one way to serve her customers.

WHAT'S EATING ME?

The ultimate in self-gratification as a young lady spends a gloriously sensual night diving headlong into her own sweet pleasures.

THE DEVILISH MISS JONES

When Miss Jones keeps one of her naughty students after class, it's difficult to tell who has been naughtier, teacher or student.

FINGER-LICKING GOOD

When it came to sex no one ever accused Cathy of being chicken-hearted. In this episode, she satisfies her man's sexual appetite by spreading her wings and receiving a basting from her rugged lover.

BROWN SUGAR

The Sunset Strip was where Len acquired his taste for sepia girls—the younger, the better.

COUNTRY CLUB WIVES

Case histories of club women who just had to try as many fellow members as possible, including other women.

BI-GIRLS

When Erica answered the ad for an experienced bi-girl to help initiate a curious and anxiously willing novice, she knew she was in for some hot fun.

THE BOYS IN THE BONDS

WANTED

Experienced master to rule leather novice. Can you show me the ropes? Contact Rod.

SIS' BIG BROTHER

When Sonny came home for Christmas vacation and found his little sister had grown up, he knew it was his duty to give her some very personal, brotherly advice.

CAROL'S CUM ON SALON

Sometimes Carol did get a little too carried away, like with her new customer, Ann, and her good friend, Terry.

TRUE CONFESSIONS

When a teenage girl starts out baby-sitting and ends up at a wild Hollywood orgy, heaven knows if even her priest can help her control her new-found desires.

FLY UNITED

The adventures of a stewardess doing her part to satisfy the passengers on a flight from New York to San Francisco.

THRILL-SEEKERS

Faculty and students in an exclusive girls school were willing to spread their legs to learn what could not be taught in class.

BALLS OF FIRE

Ride with a trucker named Tom, who finds sex action at every truck stop.

APARTMENT #69

Young, beautiful girls caught in the web of sexual depravity, then turned out on the streets to make money for the Mafia.

TRUCK STOP ROSIE #2

Rosie meets her young nephew and discovers it's fun to teach a youngster about sex.

HIDDEN CAMERA

Young hippies turn on with LSD, marijuana and unashamed free love, and then find they starred in a feature film.

24-hour toll-free service Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107 (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

POLICE WOMEN

Scorching story of policewoman who is ravaged by a teenaged gang and forced to satisfy every depraved act.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

Big Ron Davis had what Monica wanted: he was well hung, horny and had the staying power to last all night.

SISTER SANDWICH

Sisters who are identical twins are exactly alike in every respect except for their wild sexual desires and needs.

ORAL LOVE CLUB

Innocent girls forced to lose their virginity beneath the bodies of well-hung studs.

HIGH SCHOOL HOOKER

Sixteen-year-old nympho discovers sex is not only fun and pleasure, but also profitable.

ADVENTURES IN A BORDELLO

Young college girls decide to learn what life is really like behind the closed doors of a whorehouse.

CHARITY NURSE

Laura's biggest kick was making it with a stud in traction, but she could find a way to make it with any patient.

CONFESSIONS OF A MOTEL MANAGER

The Hot Pillow Motel was just the place for a peeping tom to set up his cameras and watch every kind of sex perversion in the book.

BUTTERFIELD ATE

Raw, scalding tale of a model's lust, warped and depraved by group perversions to satisfy her needs.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

HU578K

Burning desire for her older brother compels Priscilla to depraved sexual acts of incest.

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS . P. O. Box 2206 . Columbus, Ohio 43216

Name									
Addre	55								
City.	State, Zi	p							
March 15	A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR		San Species		al cumulat	-	400	-	44-14-14
Enclo	sed is n	VISA	eck [mone	y orde	er (c	ash n	ot ac	cepted)
Enclo	sed is n e to my	VISA	eck []	mone	y orde	er (c	ash n	ot ac	cepted).
charg	sed is me to my	VISA	eck []	money	y orde		p. Dat	П	cepted).

Signature, Date

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final. Please send tape(s) @ \$4.98

ALL TAPES \$4.98 EACH.

Please send:

TAPE# CASSETTE# TITLE 3700 3701 Truck Stop Rosie #1 3702 3703 What's Eating Me? 3704 3705 The Devilish Miss Jones 3707 Finger-Licking Good 3708 3709 Brown Sugar 3710 Country Club Wives 3713 Bi-Girls 3715 The Boys in the Bonds 3717 Sis' Big Brother 3714 3716 3718 3719 Carol's Cum-on Salon 3721 True Confessions 3720 3723 Fly United 3722

3727 Balls of Fire

 3738
 3739
 Sister Sandwich

 3740
 3741
 Oral Love Club

 3742
 3743
 High School Hooker

 3744
 3745
 Adventures in a Bordello

 3746
 3747
 Charity Nurse

 3748
 3749
 Confessions of a Motel Manager

 3750
 3751
 Butterfield Ate

752 3753 All in the Family
Subtotal \$
Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax
Postage, handling and insurance 1.00

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.)

VOLUME ONE

Robert Wadlow At 8'11.1", the tallest man in recorded history.

Billy Jean King Winner of 19 Wimbledon Championships.

Albert Einstein Scientist who formed Theory of Relativity

Babe Ruth Record Slugger with 60 HR in 154 games.

Dionne Quintuplets Earliest set of surviving quints.

Wilt Chamberlain Great basketball player with highest per game avg.

Hindenburg Largest rigid airship built. 809.4 feet long.

Mark Gottlieb Amazing underwater violinist.

Muhammad Ali Most successful boxer-\$6 million for one match.

OFFICIAL MOTION PICTURES

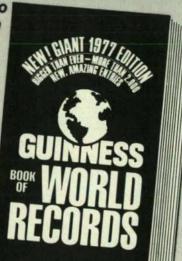
WORL RECORDS COLOR HO WIE FIL

AVAILABLE IN SUPER 8mm COLOR AND SUPER 8mm COLOR SOUND

Each 200 foot COLOR REEL dramatically shows... **Unique Motion Pictures of World Record** Human Achievements, Sports, Nature,

Science Come to Life in your own Living Room!

FREE! 1977 **GUINNESS BOOK OF** WORLD RECORDS (\$2.25 Value) with purchase of two or more film volumes.



EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

Grand Slam. The Great

Rod Laver

Only 2-time

winner of tennis'

Mischu Smallest living man - 33" short.

VOLUME

TWO

Hank Aaron

time record.

Home run king,

broke Ruth's all-

Himalayan Ibex

to avoid capture.

Death-defying

canyon leap

Joe Louis

11 years.

Moon.

Heavyweight

title holder for

Walk - on - the -

Neil Armstrong's

achievement.

Joe DiMaggio Batted safely in 56 consecutive baseball games.

Thomas Alva Edison Inventor of incandescent light.

Jack Dempsey Heavyweight boxing champ.

'Babe" Didrikson All-time great woman athlete.

VOLUME THREE

Lou Gehrig Most grand slam home runs in baseball history.

Charles Lindberg First non-stop solo flight New York to Paris.

Rocky Marciano One of two undefeated heavyweight champs.

Lou Brock Stole 118 bases in 153 games in

Henri LaMothe Record 40 foot dive into 121/2" of water.

Bob Beamon World record broad jump of 29'21/2"

Wright Brothers First heavierthan-air flight.

Roger Bannister Broke 4 min. mile barrier - 3:59.4.

Jim Brown All-time record for yards gained in football

Bob Munden Draws pistol and shoots in .02 seconds.

Mark Spitz Winner of 9 Olympic Gold Medals.

COLOR SILENT VOLUME

Buy all 3 for only....

1095

COLOR SOUND VOLUME

Buy all 3 for only...

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS . P. O. Box 2206 . Columbus, Ohio 43216

VOLUME 1 (SOUND) #3876 @ \$29.95 VOLUME 2 (SOUND) #3877 @ \$29.95 VOLUME 3 (SOUND) #3878 @ \$29.95

VOLUME(s) 1,2,3 (SOUND) #3879 @ \$84.95 VOLUME 1 (SILENT) #3880 @ \$19.95 VOLUME 2 (SILENT) #3881 @ \$19.95 VOLUME 3 (SILENT) #3882 @ \$19.95 VOLUME(s) 1,2,3 (SILENT) #3883 @ \$54.95

Having purchased 2 or more volumes, I am entitled to a FREE copy of the 1977 Guiness Book of World Records.

Name

Address

HU578J

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax Postage, handling and insurance (add \$1.00 per volume)

Subtotal TOTAL

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged and

Enclosed is my □ check □ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC:

PER STUD

Super Stud is the amazing new vibrator that brings sexual enjoyment never before possible. Like the real thing in every way you can imagine! Because it's the same shape ... the same texture provides the same pulsating surge

of power . . the same sensual inner the same driving, poundmassage ing, passionate explosion of ecstasy! It

expands, it contracts, it moves slowly or rapidly, up and down and round and round. The perfect way to bring your lover to a fever pitch of excitementshe'll be ready, eager, panting for lovemaking—extends to a full 8". So unlike anything ever offered before, you'll never use any other vibrator again. You'll swear by Super Stud!

Code 457

If coupon is removed, please send check for \$24.95 to VALENTINE PRODUCTS, INC., 880 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

VALENTINE PRODUCTS, INC. Dept. SS-192 P.O. Box 5200 F.D.R. Station New York, N.Y. 10022

I've enclosed my check or money order for \$24.95 plus 75¢ to cover shipping and handling. Please rush me my Super Stud Vibrator in a plain package today. (N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax)

Name Signature______I'm over 18 years of age ____State ____

ADVERTISE YOUR PRODUCT IN MAIL-ORDER MANIA FOR RATES, CALL (614) 464-2070





ERECTION PROBLEMS?

HE INDIANS HAD THE ANSWER. Indian discovered the natural sources of ASPIRIN, QUININE and DIGITALIS. Their BIG DISCOVERY was DAMIANA, a natural stimulant for Long, Powerful ERECTIONS! we have their secret and have combined DAMIANA with two other powerful, 100% natural ingredients which act as a placebo male SEXUAL STIMULANT. If you have erection problems, or want harder, more powerful, longer lasting erections — if you want multiple satisfaction and a more intense, deeply satisfying climax try SUPER D-III For A New Sex Life

> FREE Adult Sexual aids catalog! 60 CAPSULES \$9.95 180 CAPSULES \$19.95 Shipped in Plain Brown Envelope Sorry, no C.O.D.s Send to SUPER D-III, Dept. HUS

P.O. Box 67405, Los Angeles, Ca. 90067

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

One Friday night. I was relaxing with a drink at a popular So. Cal. singles' bar Shortly after I arrived a very sexy blonds sat down at the next table. Immedi-ately, four young good looking guys tried to hustle her. One by one they walked dejectedly away. muttering "What a cold chick." I sat back and watched them strike out. Then I

watched them strike out. Then I similed at her and asked if she wasn't lired of the old "bar scene hassle." Five minutes later, without saying anything more, she invited herself to my table. An hour later, we were back at my pad making wild love. Even though I'm not a six-foot Adonts, with a thick bankroli, I scored because my savry and experience provided me exactly the right words and moves. You must read "Seduction With Style"!! Learn and master my incredibly simple, fool-proof schnique!! A technique I have successfully used to conquer more than 500 of America's most beautiful women!

SEDUCTION WITH STYLE:

* Shows you exactly how to pick-up and score on

Shows you exactly how to pick-up and score on the same night

· Gives you dozens of tips to polish your style and

develop your masculine sex appeal to make women instantly turn on to you!!! Has separate step-by-step chapters on hustling in bars – restaurants – cars – planes – foreign countries – at your job – at the beach—at ski resorts – on the street – anywhere!!! Teaches you how to handle all types of women—the older—the younger—the "libbe"!

the older-the younger-the "libber"
D&G PRESS, DEPT. HU5

P.O. BOX 9518 MARINA DEL REY, CA 90291

Okay, E.Z. DAN, prove to me that your book is the greatest, Rush my SEDUCTION WITH STYLE right away! I understand if I'm not fully satisfied or if I don't seduce 100 beautiful new women in the next 12 months, I can return the book tor a COMPLETE REFUND with no questions asked! I enclose \$8.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

Address





ALWAYS SATISFY HER!

Rebel Rouser™a soft nippled latex ring designed to stimulate her to greater heights of sexual excitement. Rebel Rouser fits snugly over the male organ



and assists in maintaining a strong, longerlasting erection. Enjoy greater lovemaking plea-sure with Rebel Rouser! 3 Rebel

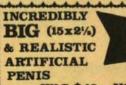
Rousers \$3. 6 Rebel Rousers: \$5. Assortment of six French Ticklers: \$10. Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund. Send to: Adam & Eve, Dept. HU8-A 403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400 Carrboro, NC 27510



cated swinger magazine in the world featuring a carefully chosen group of single women and discreet couples with varied tastes and desires who want to meet you and satisfy your most extravagant fantasies.

Mail to: Sweet Select Dept. HU0578 185 N.E. 166th St. Miami, FL 33162 For a sample issue, send \$3.00. For a year's subscription send \$8.00 (\$12.00 value), which will include your free ad, if desired. Name Address City Zip.





WAS \$40 - NOW \$20

\$500 catalog FREE with purchase

Universal Products Dept. 3246 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca. 90028

you're wondering why JOHN HOLMES is the set sought after PORNO-STAR, it's because of If you're wondering why JOHN HOLMES is the most sought after PORNO-STAR, it's because of his 14 INCH PENIS! If you'd like a close up look at that long, fat column of flesh hanging between his legs or watch beautiful young girls occary trying to stuff the massive head of his thicknecked pole into their bodies, look no farther! BRAND NEW 56 page (8½ x 11") MAGAZINE with nearly 100 photos, 17 in FULL COLOR, only \$10. Or if you prefer live action send \$14.95 for a 200'b/w film or FULL COLOR for \$24.95. (Specify regor super 8mm.) Combinations: Color film & magazine — \$20. Watch BIG JOHN in action, it's AMAZING. BIG JOHN, Dept, 3248 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028

stant

Are you as virile as you used to be? Is your mate satisfied? Is it easy to obtain an erection? Does your erection stay hard?

If you answer "NO", INSTANT ERECTO CREAM may be the answer.

One application of Instant Erecto Cream to your soft penis, and within minutes you will have an erection that will stay hard. The exclusive formula of Erecto Cream causes a gentle sensation to the penis. stimulating the flow of blood. The result is an erection which will last

You are familiar with products that are used to relieve aches and pains by inducing heat. These liniments cause blood to flow to that area. Doctors agree that an erection is caused by the excess flow of blood. Our chemists had to find a formula which would cause a rapid flow of blood into the penis, but which did NOT possess the harsh side-effects, and would be gentle to the tissues. After months of experimentation, the successful result is Instant Erecto Cream.

This product has been tested and found to be absolutely safe. It is safe for your mate. The scientifically formulated blend of ingredients assures the user of complete safety. In addition, Instant Erecto Cream has no odor, is colorless, and tasteless. Your partner will never know you are using this product.

Our tests indicate that Instant Erecto Cream is 90% effective. That means 9 out of every 10 men are successful in achieving a full erection. We guarantee it will work for YOU, or we will refund your money. Our guarantee is unconditional!

That's how certain we are you will be satisfied. For the many men who desperately need the product, we could ask almost any price. However, we are only interested in a fair profit because we want to sell it in pharmacies. We are using this method to create a consumer demand before initiating national distribution. Therefore, we have reduced the price during this introductory period. Order now as we may not be able to offer this product again at these low prices.

I enclose the amount noted below for my

Please ship it to me completely postpaid. 10 Day Supply \$10.00 30 Day Supply \$18.00 45 Day Supply \$25.00
Send Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐
to BLUEBOY HU0578 185 N.E. 166 St., Miami, Fla. 33162
☐ or charge to my Mastercharge account ☐ or charge to my BankAmericard account
Account No.
Exp. Date
NAME
ADDRESS
CITYSTATEZIP

Signature

2 FREE SCREW

SCREW, the weekly sex review, wants to meet you. Order any subscription and we will immediately send you two SCREWs absolutely free.

SCREW: the most outrageous and controversial newspaper published. And, when it comes to sex. SCREW is always first with the most exciting photos, interviews, news, plus reviews of current films, books, and products...all of it delivered with doses of Swiftian satire and sidesplitting humor guaranteed to keep all your glands glad.

There's nothing quite like a SCREW. Check it out. Order any subscription-even the super-cheap 10 issues for \$9.95-and get a bonus of two SCREWs free.

SPECIAL INTRODUC	
26 issues3rd Class, \$19.95	or1st Class. \$34.95
52 issues3rd Class, \$37.00	or1st Class, \$59.95
Name	
Address	
City St	ate & Zip
I certify by my signature that government agent engaged in er of legal age:	ntrapment and that I am
Make check or money order pay Inc. Mail to Subs. P.O. Box 4 New York, N.Y. 10011. Please a	32, Old Chelsea Station

ssing. All copies mailed in plain brown envelopes.



Wet 'N Witchy

I've given up being a lady to become a woman.

Let me whet your appetite with my photo and playful letter. This could be the start of something big! Send self addressed envelope and

\$3 to Gloria Harper HU0578 Box 626 Cooper Station N.Y.C. 10003

PLACEBO APHRODISIACS & SEX Stimulants

TURN HER ON WITH SPANISH FLY SUGAR — THE SEX SWEETENER.

 Increases Sexual Desire Easily Mixed in Foods

and Beverages



'KNOCKOUT' PILLS

Never before available on the American market, these "Wowie" pills will sure do a job on her. She'll never know who did it, with these high-potency capsules.

For twenty pills, our first-time-ever price is only \$5.95

PROLONG PILLS

Stay harder longer with our special Prolong Pills, and be still in there where the action is when ordinary men would have had to quit! You can be sure she'll love you for it, and be your woman for ever if you can keep on balling when the others stop!

20 Prolong Pills, worth twice as much, for only \$4.95

	TICKLERS COMS ATTACHED		• Daisy • Christmas Tr	00
	r of these unions \$20.83 value			5)
	io-chem labs 2 21 Dept5HS N.Y.		Add. 75c for P.&	н.
SPANISH	FLY SUGAR \$5.95	KNOCKO	UT PILLS \$5.95	

PROLONG PILLS \$4.95 TRENCH TICKLERS 5 for \$5.95 SIGNATURE IAMOVER 18 YEARS OF AGE NAME ADDRESS CITY STATE SOLD AS A NOVELTY ITEM

turn her on with ... SUPER DICK A rubber penis that adds inches and is

made to touch those hard to reach places and excite her every time. She'll love it! please add \$1 for postage & handling

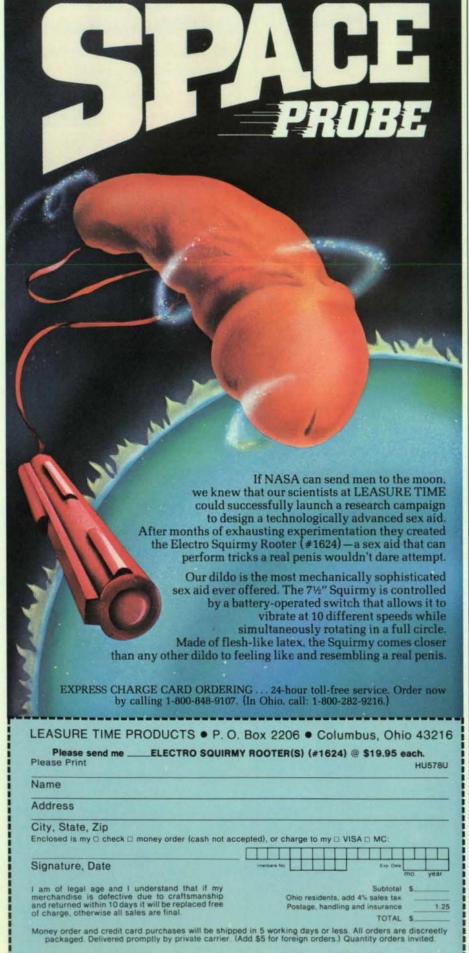
Dept. 3246 Suite 609 255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028



relationships. Nationwide. Meet quickly, discreetly by nail & PHONE. Seen in Playboy, on TV. Free info Calif.—(213) 654-4336 N.Y.—(212) AMERICAN SEXUAL FREEDOM MOVEMENT, Dept. YK 8383 Wilshire Blvd , Beverly Hills Calif 90211

-0	**************	þ
	VIBRATING	Č
		5
		þ
,		Ċ
		ζ
		þ
1	Butt Plugs with or without RE-	þ
	MOTE CONTROLLED VIBRATOR.	P
	Designed to STAY PUT WITHOUT A STRAP. Made of smooth rubber for easy insertion & cleaning.	ζ
•	won't collapse. Jumbo 6"X3" dia. at largest point with or w/o vib. \$19.95. Large 5"X134"	þ
	with or w/o vib. \$15.95. Small 41/4"X34" \$10.95	þ

Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028. ☐ Lg. ☐ Vib. ☐ No Vib. ☐ Sm Jumbo



TV CENSORSHIP

(continued from page 121)

for Kotex Heavy Duty Stick Tampons. So may the word *tube*. However, the ban on any mention of absorbency continues. And diagrams, natch, are out. Likewise the word *insertion*.

Even without overseeing commercials, TV censors have plenty to do just protecting the public from those supposed twin perils, sex and gore. Until recently it was sex that drew the most censorious attention. Die-hard prudes squirmed at the merest mention—let alone glimpse—of you know what, while happily engrossed in the most brutally violent shoot-'em-ups. "An incredibly top-heavy quota of TV violence was tolerated without too much fuss," confirmed New York Times critic John O'Connor, "... but sexual content was always a cause for nervousness."

By the 1976-77 season, however, the balance had seemingly tipped in favor of sex. There was Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman—a raucous, irreverent page in TV history that would have been unthinkable several years ago. Shows from the Norman Lear organization have nudged forward the frontiers of the unspeakable. No longer will network execs have to fear the unprecedented 250,000 irate letters that poured in after Maude's abortion. With the anythinggoes, no-holds-barred Soap, even so daring a subject as transsexualism can be comfortably aired.

Yet much of the gain is illusory. In the larger scheme of things, sex on TV remains frozen back in the Ice Age. Certainly it's light years behind sex in movies and print. Lear, again in *Us* magazine, summed up the sorry, still-impoverished state of TV sex vis-a-vis violence:

"TV violence means putting a gun to somebody's head and pulling the trigger, cars careening over canyons and bodies spilling out, etc. What's the sexual equivalent of this? Nudity and actual lovemaking. We don't see that on TV. I don't think you can call Dean Martin's double entendres on female breasts sex."

If the incidence of TV sex is, imperceptibly, on the rise, then TV violence is—somewhat more perceptibly—in a temporary decline. There are a few less violent shows this season, and those that are violent are a little less violent than in the past. Much of the credit here goes to the swarm of militant "TV-reform" groups that have sprung up across the nation, plus existing groups that have raised the hue and cry, "Violence on TV fosters violence in society."

"Televiolence" has proved to be a

lively, headline-making banner for widely divergent organizations and causes. For example, in a recent Florida trial a teenager charged with brutally murdering an 82-year-old woman put forth a novel defense: "TV insanity" and "addiction to Kojak." The defense tactic was futile, but it provided spicy publicity and press coverage.

By conservative count, more than 250 organizations are now dedicated to curtailing TV violence (and sex) and "softening" such violence-prone shows as Starsky & Hutch, Charlie's Angels, Baretta, Police Story, etc. Perhaps the largest and most potent group waging this war is the Parent-Teachers' Association, which is no longer the quaint little gathering that meets for coffee and Danish to plan decorations for the annual used-book sale.

A giant, 6.4-million-member national organization, the PTA is conducting a holy crusade against what it deems unwholesome and dangerous programming. Typical battle lingo: "We have entered Phase IV of a full-scale TV-reform program—training and action," declared PTA spokeswoman Kim Kellog. According to NBC censor Traviesas, it is the most potent organized group.

The PTA is hardly the only national or local group involved in attempts at telecensorship. In Ann Arbor, Michigan, the Unplug America Coalition has initiated successful TV boycotts. In Massachusetts, Action for Children's Television (ACT), an 8,000-member group, bestows the Bent Antenna Award to programs that dwell on violence.

Church groups have been extremely effective and vocal. For example, the United Church of Christ almost had ABC's Soap canceled for lack of sponsors. Bob Jones's small fundamentalist organization in South Carolina was highly instrumental in pressuring General Motors to withdraw its sponsorship of the widely acclaimed—and impectably tasteful—Jesus of Nazareth. The Church of God in Tennessee—boasting 500,000 members—organized a mass boycott to protest "televised violence and sex." The list goes on and on.

Also involved in extensive lobbying is, curiously, the American Medical Association (AMA), which has lent large financial support to TV-reformers. Why have so many groups trained their corporate, or churchly, crosshairs on TV sex and violence? Norman Lear supplied the most succinct and cynical answer: "... [as concerns] the PTA, the AMA and the Southern Baptists... TV is a whipping boy for the frustrations of organizations that can't otherwise find a banner to rally around."

Without doubt the busiest, most notorious pressure group of all is the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting (NCCB), which compiled a list of TV's most violent shows—measured by a complex mechanical method based on frequency and length of "violent incidents"—and then circulated an accompanying list of television's "most violent sponsors."

Reaction was indignant and quick. Giant sponsors like Bristol-Myers, Kodak and Proctor & Gamble promptly took their business elsewhere, to safer programs rated less violent. Of the 12 "most violent sponsors," no fewer than ten have made strong public statements denouncing violence, claims the NCCB. Even the two "most violent networks"—ABC and NBC—have had less blood and police action during the 1977-78 season.

Not that networks are terribly delighted with the NCCB's blackmail tactics. "We have found severe fault with mechanical counting systems, such as that used by the NCCB," charged ABC censor Schneider.

Aaron Spelling, producer of Starsky & Hutch and Charlie's Angels, warned in the New York Times: "I have a terrible fear that the time will come when any of us who has ever been connected with a police show will be in front of a McCarthy committee."

But NCCB head honcho Nicholas Johnson scoffed at Spelling's charge. Censorship, said Johnson, implies a free marketplace of ideas, which TV is not.

"The reality is this," said another NCCB spokesman. "The TV industry is a business system delivering the audience to the program sponsor. The audience is the product being sold. It's a contradiction to allow broadcasters to hide behind the First Amendment to sell audiences to advertisers, and then call public opinion censorship."

Like any form of repression, censorship stirs up a hornet's nest of angry emotions and contradictions. How else can such mudslinging semantic battles between the NCCB and the broadcast industry be explained? How else can one explain the ban on lewdness in prime-time sitcoms, while-at the same time-giggly, lubricious exchanges are permitted—even required—to enliven such game shows as Hollywood Squares? How else can one explain the double standard that allows censorship of sex in serious programming-but virtually encourages raunchy innuendo when advertisers sell their products?

Only this is clear: However ludicrous, pernicious and unnecessary TV censorship often is, it is here to stay—unless, of course, you are an advertiser.

premature premature ejaculation getting you down?



You'll never have to worry about premature ejaculation putting a damper on your sex life when you use Mr. Prolong aerosol spray or cream. A nontoxic, greaseless, mild anesthetic, Mr. Prolong will safely slow down your male sex response and help you maintain an erection.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING ... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

				-	-	
P. O. Box 2206 • Co			7.50	0.000	77.00	16
Please send:						
Mr. Prolong (ae	erosol)	@	\$7.	95		
Mr. Prolong (cr	eam)	1/2 02	2. @	\$	4.9	9
Mr. Prolong (cr	eam)	11/2 (oz.	@ ;	\$9.	95
Please Print				+	105	78A
Name						
Address						
City, State, Zip						
City, State, Zip Enclosed is my □ check □ accepted), or charge to my	money	ord	er (c	casi	n no	ot
Enclosed is my a check a	money	ord	er (d MC:	casi	n no	ot
Enclosed is my □ check □	money	ord A 🗆 Exp.	MC:	cas	n no	ot
Enclosed is my a check accepted), or charge to my	money V US	A	MC:	cas	1	ot ear
Enclosed is my a check accepted), or charge to my	money VIS	Exp.	MC: Date	mo.	y	I
Enclosed is my check caccepted), or charge to my	VO VIŠ	Exp.	Date	mo.	y	ear
Enclosed is my check caccepted), or charge to my	V VIS	Exp.	Date am o	mo.	y	ear
Enclosed is my check caccepted), or charge to my interbank No.	VIS VIS	Exp. (I	Date am o	mo.	y	ear

and promptly delivered. (Add \$5 for foreign ord

To make each technique you learn in this amazing manual crystal-clear . . .

TWO EXCITING NEW FILMS DEMONSTRATE IN LIVE ACTION THE KEYS TO SEXUAL FULFILLMENT

Not the same old tired films you have been accustomed to ... not the disappointing films that sound so much better in the advertisements than they actually are when you view them, but two sex-films that are bolder, more striking, more revealing, more instructive, and infinitely more beautiful than anything you have ever seen before!

Film #1 / ORAL SEX

This beautiful girl ... this handsome boy show you cunnilingus and fellatio as they should be performed ... sensitively, delicately, lovingly, not as a sordid, perverted act, but as a thrillingly exciting manifestation of the act of love.

You have to see this film to believe it . . . You have to actually witness the incredible frankness with which this deeply moving, sexual act is performed.

Here, with the aid of startling photographic techniques, oral sex is performed right before your eyes in all its splendor in a variety of interesting positions in what must surely rank as the most revealing film of its type ever produced!

A few years ago, indeed only a few months ago.

they would never have dared to make this film ... Now, from California where more beautiful and willing young actress-models are available than anywhere else in the world, comes this masterpiece of cinema techniques...

The magnificent photography, the masterful editing, and above all, the beautiful direction combines to bring you an 8MM film of professional quality and technical excellence that will thrill you beyond anything you have ever seen before . . . a masterpiece you have to see to appreciate!

Film #2 THE GLORIES OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

Chances are that in recent months you have read a great deal of glowing advertising for films of various types. Some of them have been good, some bad, most indifferent. Not so for THE GLORIES OF SEXUAL IN-TERCOURSE, however!

This film is in all probability the most beautiful rendition of sexual intercourse ever photographed anywhere! That may be a strong statement but in this case it is entirely justified!

The participants are unusual, to say the least. The girl is a great beauty, magnificent face, fantastic figure, long flowing hair ... charming, sensuous, delightfully seductive! The boy is handsome, well-built, obviously highly-experienced at the art of love. They are a beautiful couple and they make beautifully uninhibited love together!

You and your wife see this handsome pair, both nude, demonstrate seven positions of sexual intercourse like you've never seen them demonstrated before! The film quality is fantastic. The shots are bright and clear as a bell, and the closeups are a revelation! You won't be disappointed!

These exciting films in conjunction with Beryl Phillips' fascinating illustrated manual present you with specific sexual techniques you can use to make you so vastly superior to the average man at the art of pleasing women sexually that there is simply no comparison!

At Last...in Film...in Fabulous Still Photographs...in Plain No-Nonsense Language

A Woman Tells Men How Women Love To Be Loved!

Amazing Sexual Techniques Make You More Successful in Bed Than You Ever Dreamed You Could Be!

Forget everything you have ever read about sex before today! Forget all the expert advice, all the super-tips and instructions and socalled "inside" information that was supposed to transform you into the world's greatest lover overnight!

Forget it all just as though it never existed! Why? Because all that "expert" advice was written by men . . . By medi-

cal doctors pounding typewriters in dusty offices... By psychologists rattling off the latest theories... By psychiatrists drawing upon the sex experiences of their male patients (who are probably maladjusted or they wouldn't be patients in the first place!)

The truth of the matter is that no matter how knowledgeable doctors, psychiatrists and other scientific experts may be, no man really knows as much about what women like sexually as women do themselves!

The real authorities on the pleasures of sex are the experienced women, amateur and professional, who have gotten the most pleasure from it!

Find a woman who has really had an abundance of sexual experiences, and if you can get her to talk, she can probably teach you more about sex and seduction in 10 minutes than all the male experts combined can in 10 years! And now, for the first time ever, a woman like that has been found!

Her name is Beryl Phillips and she is an expert! She lives sex and she loves it! She has had every kind of sexual encounter you can imagine-and a lot you can't-with men, with women, with boys, with girls, alone and in groups! And most important, she discusses those experiences down to the last intimate detail in the same plain, earthy, uninhibited language she would use if she were sitting around with a group of her closest girl friends!

She tells you what women really think about sex! She tells you what they like! She tells you how they like it, and with the help of over 71 fantastic photographs of a stunning, long-haired young beauty and her handsome young partner having sexual intercourse,

anal, oral, digital and so on, in a variety of interesting positions she tells you how to really satisfy their needs and desires!

Other sex manuals aren't nearly this frank or this explicit or this knowledgeable! They don't begin to go this far, don't begin to give you the precise information and practical instruction you need to really succeed with women because they are written by men, and men don't really know what women think about sex!

Read the fantastic chapter on SEDUCTION for example, and you'll see what we mean! This material is dynamite! Unquestionably the best ever written on the subject and certainly the first time a beautiful woman has ever given you the hints you need to be a fabulously successful seducer!

You learn everything you have to know to win the woman of your choice . . . You learn the psychologically correct way to approach her, you learn how to create the right atmosphere, how to bring the conversation around to sex, how to "read" the tell-tale signs she unconsciously makes which indicate whether you are getting through to her or not. You learn what to say and what to do to arouse her, and how to bring her to heights of sexual satisfaction you never believed possible, once you do!

This is an incredibly valuable insight into the workings of a woman's mind and body! Read it in the afternoon . . . put it to work for you that very night with thrilling results!

Glance at the section called FOREPLAY and you'll realize how valuable this manual is . . . for here is precise instruction on the techniques of sexual arousal-how and where to kiss her and caress her. to hold her and touch her -that will enable you to drive your woman to a frenzy of passion unlike anything she has ever known before . . . and unquestionably make you a more successful lover than you may ever have thought you could be!

Turn to the chapter on ORAL AND ANAL SEX and if you don't find it an

absolute revelation ... the clearest, frankest, most revealing and most unusual information on the subject you have ever seen, this book won't cost you one single penny! You and your wife learn techniques in this chapter you may never have known existed. You see photographs such as you never believed possible. You improve your skill at the art of love beyond your wildest expectations!

And this is just the beginning ... Just a smattering of the overwhelming mass of solid advice and information that can help make you the confident, successful lover you have every right to be!

Read the chapter entitled FALLACIES AND MISCELLANEA, for example, and you thrill to material so revealing, so controversial and so reassuring-you'll bless the day you bought this book!

Or see the fantastic CASE HISTORIES! They are like nothing that has ever appeared anywhere before! ... So intimate, so revealing, so outspokenly uninhibited in every respect you'll hardly believe that even in this enlightened day and age, material like this actually appears in print!

Here six women . . fascinating young fashion model, a 35 year old black prostitute, a highly-sexed 45 year old beauty, a 15 year old hippie, a pretty young housewife-mother who plays around, and a beautiful, successful career girl, each describes in precise and explicit detail, her most satisfying sexual experience how she met him, what he did, and how he did it to thrill her beyond anything she had ever known before! It's as interesting, as instructive, as helpful as watching six experts making love right before your eyes, and it's guaranteed to do more to make you a great lover than all the other sex books you have ever read combined!

Answers Your Questions

And, as a further help, there is a section in which experienced women answer dozens of intimate,

penetrating questions which vitally concern men. These are frank, personal, truthful answers to such meaningful questions as, What makes for male sex-appeal? Do you find intercourse more satisfying than cunnilingus? What kind of date puts you in the mood for love? Would you rather eat than be eaten? What are some of the things a man can do to be more sexually appealing to women? Do most women really prefer "big" men? Does an older man's experience make up for a young man's greater virility? And on and on and on! These questions and answers alone are easily worth the cost of this entire manual!

This book defies description! It is so frank, so outspoken, so incredibly uninhibited, you have to read it to believe it . . Have to hold it in your hands to realize how valuable it can be to you! For this book was written with you in mind. It was designed to help youand your wife-achieve richer, fuller, more satis-fying sexual experiences than ever before, and it will! But you don't have to take our word for it! Actually see for yourself. You be the judge!

Free Trial Offer

Read this manual in your own home for 15 full days without risking a single penny! If you aren't thrilled and delighted with the fascinating insights into a woman's mind and body, and if the valuable information doesn't help you to win the woman of your choice, to arouse her to the fullest and to satisfy her sexually like you never have before, don't keep it! This manual must be infinitely superior to anything you have ever seen or simply return it for a complete refund, no questions asked! You must be satisfied in every way or you pay nothing!



71 FANTASTIC PHOTOGRAPHS

This is more than just the best manual of sexual techniques you have ever seen! This book is a rich and rewarding experience as well! . . . For here, to illustrate every idea the author presents, to show you the many positions of sexual intercourse she discusses, to give you some idea of the enormous variety of fore-play she recommends, and to teach you and inspire you and make you a better more

satisfying lover, you get 71 large, clear, magnificent photographs of an extraordinarily beautiful young girl and boy, both nude, having sexual intercourse, oral, anal and digital sex, and so on, like nothing you have ever seen in your life!

Even if there wasn't a word of text in this book, these utterly fantastic photographs would be well worth the cost of the entire book alonel

What do you really know about a woman's sexual needs?

What do you really know about her deep sexknow about her deep sex-ual longings, her secret desires, the sex fantasties she keeps locked away beneath the surface? Do you understand why the touches, the kisses, the caresses that arouse her tonight may leave her

her tonight may leave her cold tomorrow, or why it takes her longer to reach a climax on some occasions than it does on others? Do than it does on others? Do you recognize the signs that tell when foreplay must be prolonged? Can you tell when too much foreplay will turn her off? Are you aware that while

sometimes her nipples are more receptive to stimula-tion than her genitals there is an instant when your attention must rapidly switched or she rapidly switched or she will simply be annoyed? Do you know how to utilize certain neglected areas of sexual pleasure to turn a cold, defensive woman into a warm, passionate female throbbing with desired. with desire

There are keys that un lock the erotic nature of a Keys nature woman Keys nature has built in to insure that woman can be aroused so that reproduction can take place and the species

when you know what those keys are, and how to use them, you have the "open sesame" to a whole world of new sex ual excitement With ual excitement With them you can rejuvenate jaded sexual appetites You can turn humdrum sexual experiences into richly exciting sexual episodes You can be a

masterful lover, confident of success
Yes, when you truly understand the way a woman thinks and feels about sex, you don't have to be a sexual superman to make her tremble with anticipation and to arouse her to new heights of passion! You don't have to be a sexual athlete to bestow great pleasure, to bring you continue to be on the property of the great pleasure, to bring her to a frenzied climax. and to leave her deeply thrilled, satisfied and purring with contentment and fulfillment.

and fulfillment.

But these keys, these secrets, are for the most part known only to woman, and guessed at by man unless you can find a woman to tell them to you. An intelligent woman who doesn't fear men, who isn't angry, who really wants to help, and such a woman has written this brilliant book! You owe it to yourself and your wife to look it over, and you can do so without risking a single penny!

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET....

A WOMAN TELLS MEN HOW WOMEN LOVE TO BE LOVED By Beryl Phillips Not a Pamphlet! This is a book!

196 Pages! 71 Fantastic Photos! Beautifully printed and

put together!

PLUS **Manificently Explicit** 100 foot, 8mm FILM **ORAL SEX TECHNIQUES**

Regular Value \$15

Regular

Value \$10

Beautifully Photographed 100 foot, 8mm FILM THE GLORIES OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE



Regular Value \$15 Total Value \$40

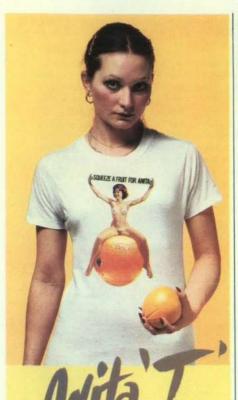
NOW, FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY \$20

Gentlemen: Please send me (a) How Women Love to be Loved PLUS the two films in black & white ONLY \$20.00

(b) How Women Love to be Loved PLUS the two films in COLOR -ONLY \$30.00

HU58 27 Milburn Street Bronxville, N.Y. 10708

My full payment of is enclosed I wish to have my order send C.O.D. for which I enclose a \$1.00 deposit. Name City State Zip



This unique T-shirt was created to give Anita Bryant all the exposure she deserves. The shirt, which comes in assorted colors, was designed from the original Mystery Guest picture featured in the January '78 CHIC. And if you'a like to hang Anita, there are wall posters available.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

40.000	Please send Anita T-shirts @ \$5.95 —— Anita posters @ \$4.95							
	HOW	SIZE S. M. L. XL	COLOR	TOTAL				
		0,111,0,110						
		1			3			
Chiefe	010 0	ilable is	allow O	() Habt bi	J (I D)			
white (W), tan	(T) and go	ld (G). Si), light blu ublimation	transfer			
 MCARLOCK MANAGED 		ester/50%	cotton s		U578AC			
Please	e Print			n	USTONC			
Name			y III					
Addre	SS	100	1					
City. S	State, 2	Zip						
Enclos	ed is m	y 🗆 check		ey order (c	ash not			
accept	ed), or (charge to n	ny 🗆 VIS	A II MC:				
Interban	dr No.		111	Exp. Date	-			
			,	mo.	year			
Signat	ture, D	ate	4	Subtotal \$_				
	Oh	io residents,	add 4% s	ales tax _				
	P	ostage, hand	dling and i	nsurance	.50			
				TOTAL S_	-			
craftsma	inship an	it if my me d returned w herwise all s	ithin 10 d	is defective ays it will be nal.	replaced			
working	days or I	ess. All orde	rs are dis	will be ship creetly packs ders.) Quanti	aged and			

AN AFFAIR

(continued from page 94)

time I knew I was going to make it. I could feel the mounting miracle of it moving toward the final point. I was going to come inside of her cunt, the bitch. I was going to pour the juices into her, and there was nothing she could do, the cunt. She was mine. I was the conquering army, I was the rapist, I was dominance, I was death.

She was helpless under me, her head rolling, rocking, as she made sounds: "Arrrggghh!...uggg!...oh...oh...oofff!...ooooh!" My cock sensed it all, fed on it. I made a strange sound, then I spurted. I spurted right into her center, and she took it, all of it. I rolled off.

I wiped off on the sheet. In 5 minutes she was snoring. I too was soon asleep.

In the morning we both showered and dressed. "I'll take you to breakfast."

"All right," Mercedes said. "By the way, did we fuck last night?"

"My God, don't you remember? We must have fucked for 45 minutes!"

"I do feel like I've been fucked."

We went out to a place around the corner. I ordered eggs over easy with bacon and coffee, wheat toast. Mercedes ordered hotcakes and ham, coffee. We sat by the window and watched the traffic and drank our coffee. The waitress brought our orders. I took a bite of egg. Mercedes poured syrup over her hotcakes.

"My God," she said, "you must have really fucked me! I can feel the semen running down my leg."

I decided not to see her again.

She phoned me 2 or 3 weeks later. "I got married," she said, "to Little Jack. You met him at the party. He has a short, fat dick. I like his short, fat dick. And he's a nice guy and he's got money. We're moving to the Valley."

"All right, Mercedes. Luck with all."

A couple of weeks later it was Mercedes on the phone again: "I miss those nights of drinking and talking with you; suppose I come over tonight?"

"All right."

She was there in 15 minutes, rolling joints and drinking beer. "Little Jack is a nice guy. We're happy together."

I sucked at my beer.

"I don't want to fuck," she went on.
"I'm tired of abortions. I'm really tired of abortions."

"We'll figure something out."

"I just want to smoke and talk and drink."

"That's not enough for me."

"All you guys want to do is fuck."

"I like it."

"Well, I can't fuck. I don't want to fuck."

"Relax."

We sat on the couch. We didn't kiss. Mercedes was not a good conversationalist, and her laugh was still coarse and high and not true. But she had her legs and her ass and her hair. I had found some interesting women, God knows, but Mercedes just wasn't one. I had intended to write a dirty story for one of the magazines that night, and here she was fucking up my night, or not fucking it up.

The beer kept coming and the joints went around. She still had the same job. She was having trouble with her car. Little Jack was going to buy her a new one, or maybe she'd get a Yamaha. Little Jack had a short, fat dick. She was reading *Grapefruit* by Yoko Ono. She was still tired of abortions. The Valley was nice, but she missed Venice, the group. And she used to ride her bicycle along the walk.

I don't know how long we talked or she talked, but much beer went down, and she said she was too drunk to drive home.

"Take your clothes off and go to bed," I told her.

"But no fucking," she said.

"I won't use your cunt."

She undressed and went to bed. I undressed and went into the bathroom. She saw me come walking out with a jar of Vaseline.

"What are you going to do?"

"Just take it easy, baby, take it easy."
I took the Vaseline out and rubbed it
over my cock. Then I turned out the
light and got into bed.

"Turn your back to me," I said.

I reached one arm under her and played with her bottom breast, and with my top hand I played with the top breast. It felt good with my face in her hair. I hardened and slipped it into her ass. I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her ass in toward me, sliding it in. "Ooooohh...," she moaned.

I began working. I dug it in deeper and slammed and slammed. The cheeks of her ass were very big and soft; they felt like pillows full of air. I ripped and ripped and began to sweat. Then I rolled her onto her stomach and sunk it deeper. It was getting tighter. I got into the end of her colon, and she screamed.

"Shut up, Goddamn you. You want

the cops?"

It was tight in the colon. I slipped it in farther. The grip was enormous. I felt as if I were fucking the inside of a rubber hose; the friction was immense. I rammed it in and in, got a hitch in my side, a burning pain, but continued. I

was slicing her in half, right up the backbone. I roared it in like a madman, and then I began to climax. I pumped the juices into her intestine; they kept coming. Then I lay there. She was crying.

"Goddamnit," I told her, "I didn't use your cunt. I told you I wouldn't use

your cunt." I rolled off.

In the morning Mercedes said very little, got dressed and left for work. This, I thought, is it.

It was a good 6 to 8 weeks when I answered the phone and it was Mercedes: "Hank, I'd like to come by. But just for talk and beer and a few joints. Nothing else."

"Come by if you wish."

Mercedes was there in 15 minutes. She looked very good. I'd never seen a miniskirt that short, and her legs looked fine. I kissed her a long one right off. She broke off.

"I couldn't walk for two days after that last one. Don't rip my butt open again."

"All right, honest Injun, I won't."

It was about the same. We sat on the couch with the radio on, talked, drank beer, smoked. I kissed her again and again. I couldn't stop. She looked steaming that night, yet she insisted that she couldn't. Little Jack loved her; love meant a lot in this world.

"It sure does," I said. "You don't love me."

"You're a married woman."

"I don't love Little Jack, but I care for him very much, and he loves me."

"It sounds fine to me."

"Have you ever been in love?"

"Yes, a couple of times."

"Where are they tonight?"

"I don't know. Probably with other men. I don't care."

We talked a long time that night and drank a long time and smoked any number of joints. Around 2 a.m. Mercedes said, "I'm too high to drive home. I'll total the car."

"Take your clothes off and go to bed."

"All right, but I've got an idea."

"Like what?"

"I want to watch you beat that thing off. I want to watch it squirt juice!"

"All right, that's fair enough. It's a deal."

Mercedes undressed and went to bed. I undressed and stood at the side of the bed. "Sit up so you can see better."

Mercedes sat up on the edge of the bed. I spit on my palm and began to rub my cock.

"Oh, look, it's growing!"

"Uh, huh...."

"It's getting big!"
"Uh, huh..."

"Oh, it's all purple with big veins! It's throbbing! It's ugly!"

"Yeah."

I kept beating my cock, and I moved it near her face. She watched it. Just as I was about to climax, I stopped.

"Oh," she said.

"Look, I've got a better idea."

"What?"

"You beat it off."

"All right."

She started in. "Am I doing it right?"

"A little harder. And get most of it, rub most of it, not just up near the head."

"All right . . . Oh, God, look at it . . . I want to see it squirt juice!"

"Keep going! Oh, my God!"

I was just about to come, and I ripped it out of her hand.

"Oh, damn you!" Mercedes cried.

Then she swiftly reached out and put it in her mouth. She began sucking and bobbing, running her tongue along the back of my cock while it was in her mouth.

"Oh, you bitch!"

Then she pulled her mouth off my throbbing shaft.

"Go ahead! Go ahead! Finish me off!"
"No!"

"Well, Goddamnit then!"

I pushed her over backwards on the bed and leaped upon her. I kissed her viciously and drove my cock on in. I worked violently, pumping and pumping; I reached near to it quickly; I moaned and then it began spurting; I pumped it full into her, feeling it enter, feeling it steam into her center.

I rolled off.

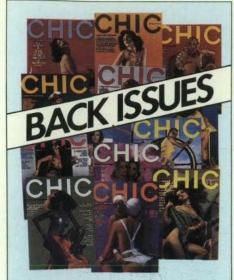
When I awoke in the morning, Mercedes was gone. There was no note; she was simply gone. I got up and took a shower and an Alka Seltzer, two Alka Seltzers. I pissed. I brushed my teeth. Then I went back to bed and slept until noon.

It has been 4 months now, and she has not phoned. She will not phone. I will never see Mercedes again, and neither of us will miss the other. What it meant, I have no idea.

There is a new one down from Berkeley. She has buck teeth and a little baby's voice. She fucks me while sitting on my lap and facing me. She's 22 and doesn't have any breasts. I have no idea what she wants. Her name is Diane. She gets up early in the morning and starts drinking whiskey.

I sometimes drive past the building that Mercedes works in. That's as close as I'll ever get to seeing her again. It's that way for many people all over America. We do things without knowing why, and later we don't care why we did them. But I wish Diane had tits; breasts, I mean.





CHIC now offers you more than a full year of ass with class.

	E TIME PRODU	
Send me CHIC	BACK ISSUE(s) @	\$2.25 each.
NOV '76 DEC '76 JAN '77 FEB '77 MAR '77 APR '77	MAY '77 JUN '77 JUL '77 AUG '77 SEP '77 OCT '77 NOV '77	DEC '77 JAN '78 FEB '78 MAR '78 APR '78 MAY '78
Please Print		HU578X
Name		
Address		
City, State, Zip Enclosed is my accepted), or charge		
Interbank No.	Exp. Da	mo. year
Signature, Date	Subtota	1 \$
	s, add 4% sales ta ndling and insuran	
	TOTAL	L \$

.........

.

.

.

.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING ... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

X-RATED PAPERS LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216 ☐ Set of four packs X-Rated papers (#2528) @ \$2 ☐ 4 packs X-Rated papers and poster of our beavergirl (see our display ad) #2534 Poster(s) #3921 @ \$3.95 each, or ☐ 1 year HUSTLER subscription @ \$22 and receive 4 packs of papers and poster FREE #6001 (#2535) Please Print **HU578Y** Name Address City, State, Zip Enclosed is my □ check □ money order accepted), or charge to my □ VISA □ MC: Signature, Date Subtotal Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax Postage, handling and insurance TOTAL



........

THE TERRORIST BOOM—You've heard of the PLO, the SLA and the AFL-CIO. But there are other groups springing up all over the world. Now you can read about them first, in next month's tongue-in-cheek collection of humorous notes from the underground. By Ronald Washam.



PROFILE: ROGER MacBRIDE—The leader of the Libertarian Party, America's third largest political party, preaches a common-sense doctrine of rugged individualism that would revamp the income tax, foreign-aid policies and the regulations governing sexual conduct and drug use. So why isn't this man president? By Paul Hoffman.

WHO'S WHO IN BLUEGRASS—In many ways bluegrass isn't just a form of music, but a way of life. As you'll see in our behind-the-scenes look at this neglected but definitely lively musical form, it's the people who make the music, not the other way around. By Bob Allen.



CELEBRITY COCKS—At long last, HUSTLER shows you the cocks of the famous! Our illustrated guide will take you on a tour of places you won't find on a Hollywood map. By Tom Hachtman.

TALKING WOMAN—A lonely beachcomber follows a willing waitress to the big city, only to receive a painful lesson in sexual politics from this liberated lioness. Fiction by Harold Norse.

PHOTO FEATURES—Some summer delights named SUE, ANNE and REBECCA, along with a meaty pictorial to whet your appetite.



PLUS—Our usual unique entertainment and education in SEX PRACTICES, KINKY KORNER, BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, HONEY, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK and BEAVER HUNT.



AGAG IS NO JOKE!

WHEN THE CRITICS SAY YOU'RE GREAT. BUT THE CENSORS SAY Simon YOU'RE BANNED! on sale grosse

"A cross between Carly Simon and Lenny Bruce." NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

"Barbara Markay maybe the first act to break big out of the new punk rock venue. She is funny and the effect is electrifying. Markay, one of Juilliard's more off-beat graduates has a firm sense of music. and it showed in her songs. It is done with such verve, spirit and (bad) taste that for the first two numbers the audience was stunned. Then it cheered."

BILLBOARD

"Barbara Markay's compositions are a true-below-the-belt hit." PLAYBOY

"Ms. Markay is an outrageous and very funny woman. Her material is rude and she somehow manages to offend every-body in the audience before she's through. She makes you laugh while she stabs you in the back. Her HOT BOX is really hot and makes the Broadway version of

GREASE look and sound like kid stuff. Barbara's out of her mind and with a little exposure could drive you out of yours." MICHAEL'S THING

"Barbara Markay is lubriciously obscene and invariably funny." AFTER DARK

"Those of you who share my very affectionate remembrances of Barbara Markay's place, the all-time champion bizarre hangout, will be happy to know that Barbara's greatest hit's are

on sale. Still the funniest and grossest music I've ever heard. Don't miss the piano work as the lyrics catch you either. Barbara, of course, is a phenomenal

pianist as well as a convincing singer" WOODSTOCK TIMES

"Nice, mellow, soft, sensitive stuff"

THE AQUARIAN

"The vilest, dirtiest, filthiest record album we've ever heard." SCREW

'Barbara Markay, America's new female Lenny Bruce, is fast becoming the most talked about entertainer in the country." GENESIS

Due to FCC regulations the following songs have been banned from radio and T.V. airplay. IT'S ALLRITE TO FUCK ALLNITE, THE LESBIAN'S LAMENT, THE VIBRATOR

BLUES. GLASS. ASS. SESSAME SNATCH, HOT CHOCOLATE COCK, THE ROCKVILLE CENTER TANGO, ALL-AMERICAN QUEEN, GIVE YOUR FLESH TO ME, WHOREHOUSE BLUES, and JOHN DENVER MEETS CHER.

AVAILABLE ON HOT BOX - RECORDS \$6.95-TAPES \$8.95.

For instant action anytime call

TOLL-FREE (800) 221-8466

In New York State call (212) 877-1781

HOT BOX



Giding Highon the Range

To order HUSTLER's X-Rated Papers, see coupon on page 134.



With HUSTLER X-Rated Rulling Papers

Our papers are a 'beaver-and a-half' wide and made from the finest-quality, even-burning European rice paper. Each X-rated package will stimulate your senses with a trio of collectible cards featuring HUSTLER Honeys, outrageous photos and mind-boggling cartoons pulled from the pages of HUSTLER Magazine.

Dealer inquiries invited. Call toll-free: 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)